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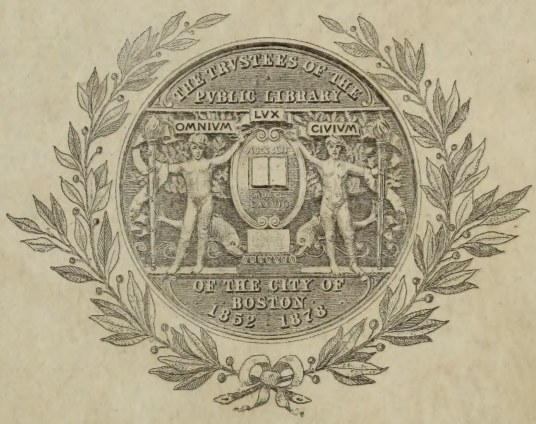
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A COLLECTION

OF THE

Vocal Music in Shakespeare's Plays

INCLUDING THE WHOLE OF THE

SONGS, DUETTS, GLEES, CHORUSES, &c.,

ENGRAVED FROM ORIGINAL MS. AND EARLY PRINTED COPIES,

CHIEFLY FROM THE COLLECTION OF

W. KITCHINER, Esq., M.D.,

REVISED AND ARRANGED WITH AN ACCOMPANIMENT FOR THE PIANOFORTE,

BY

Mr. ADDISON,

*4044.20
2.1

AND MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE

Hon. Mrs. GEORGE WROTTESLEY,

BY

JOHN CAULFIELD.

London:
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B. H.
(27957)
Nov. 14 '91

* 4044.20
8.1.

PREFACE.

The fascinating words of Shakespeare have raised a kindred spirit in the minds of various great Composers of Music, who have so worthily emulated the sublimity of the great Poet, that we are lost in admiration of the mutual harmony created in our minds between them; and almost run into a confused idea, whether the words may not have been adapted to the Music!

But besides the Plays that require elaborate compositions, and which, as such, have been taken as texts by Purcell, Dr. Arne, Mendelssohn, Stevens, Matthew Lock, Charles E. Horn, Sir H. R. Bishop, and other celebrated musicians, there are to be found dispersed in various Plays short passages in verse that manifestly require to be sung:—these, snatches as it were, are left to the discretion of the Performer or Manager;—but from time immemorial fine old melodies, eminently adapted to each occasion, have been adopted, but were never before collected or published.

Numerous enquiries were made of the compiler of this work for the music that was sung in so captivating a manner by Mrs. Jordan, as Ophelia.

It was traditional, but never published; and under those circumstances he was induced to endeavour to write out the melodies by the ear—which Mrs. Jordan herself was kind enough to listen to, and approve,—when with the addition of a bass by Dr. Arnold it was published, and met with a success that led to the idea of compiling all the similar adaptations, with the rest of the music of Shakespeare's Plays:—materials were eagerly sought for, and the aid of the leading eminent Performers of that period solicited, for these extra passages, and in all cases freely given.

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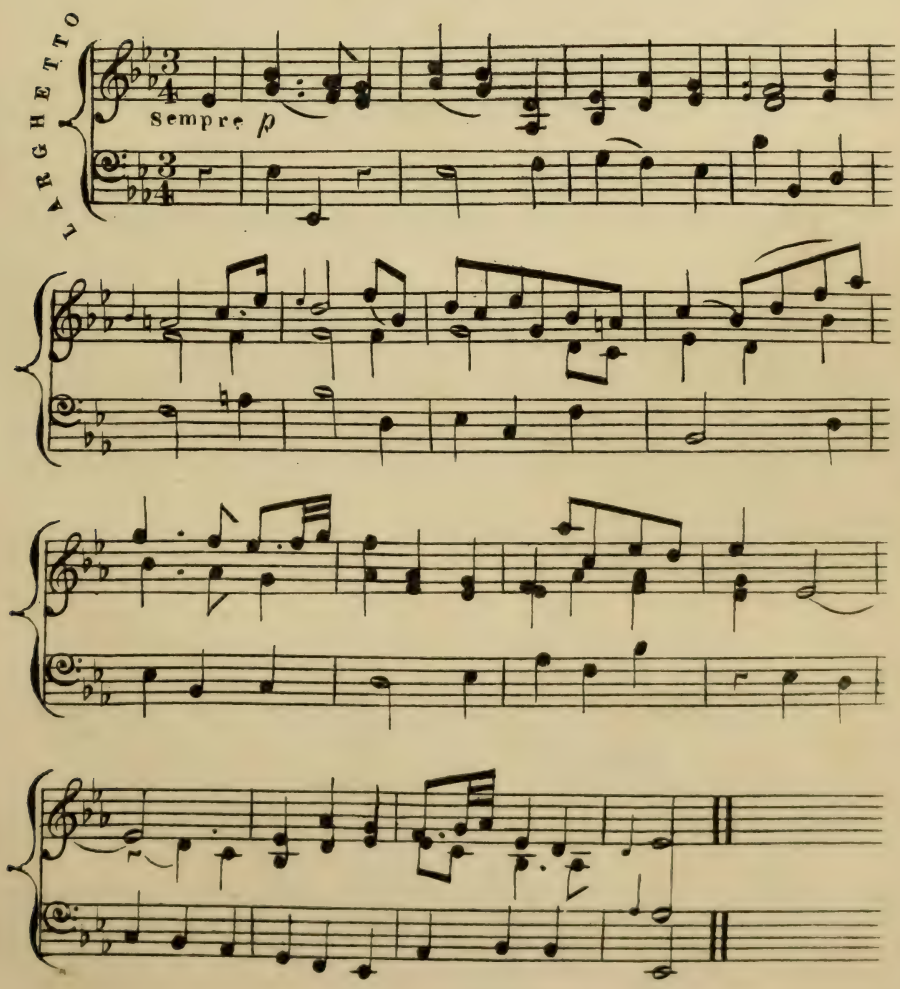
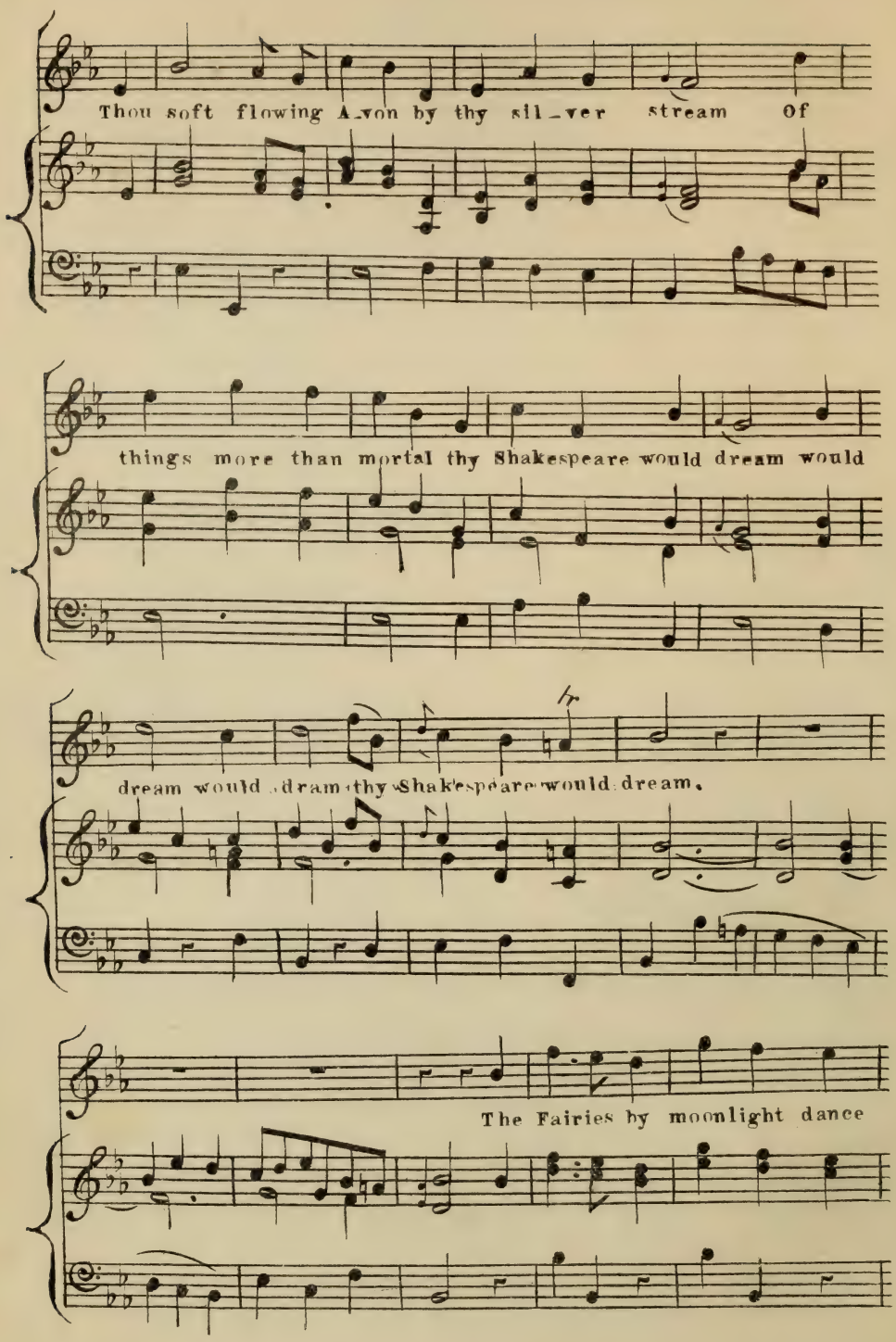
Thou soft flowing Avon.

WRITTEN BY GARRICK. COMPOSED BY Dr ARNE.




Thou soft flowing A_von by thy sil_ver stream Of
things more than mortal thy Shakespeare would dream would
dream would dram thy Shakespeare would dream.
The Fairies by moonlight dance

round his green bed for hallow'd the Turf is which

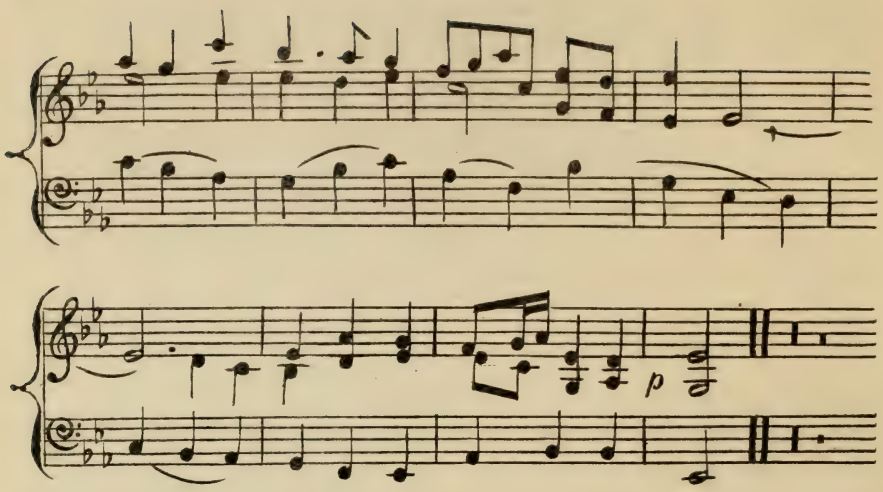
pillow'd his head The Fairies by moonlight dance

round his green bed For hal low'd the

Turf is which pil - - low'd his head-

V. S.

turn over for symphony



2

The love stricken maiden, the sighing young swain;
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain;
The sweet bud of beauty no blights here shall dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

3

Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their truth,
Here smiling old age feels the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here Poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

4

Flow on silver Avon, in song ever flow,
Be the swan on thy bosom still whiter than snow:
Ever full be thy stream like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Antony & Cleopatra.

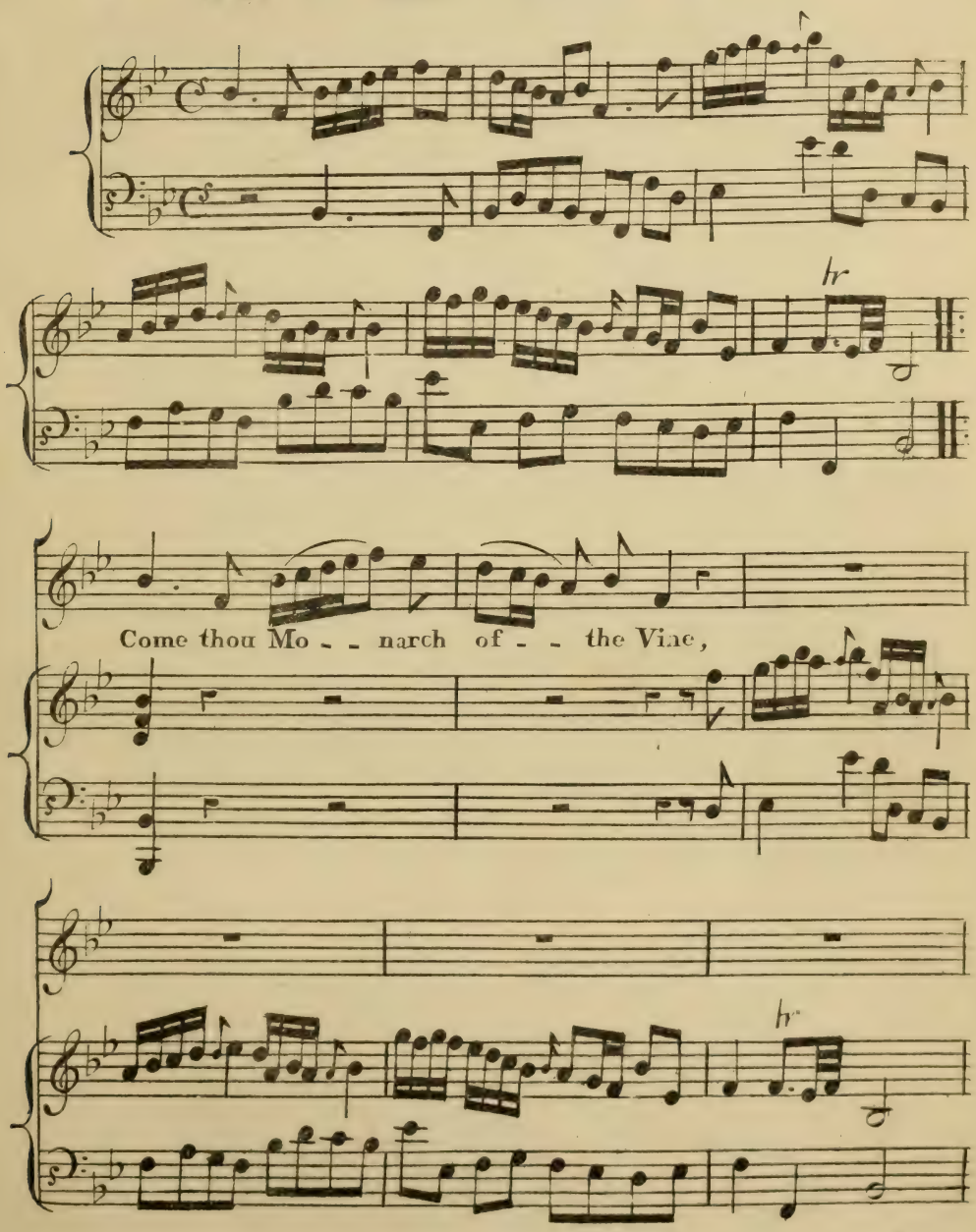
THOMAS HAILES LACY.

Publisher of Theatrical Music.

89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Antony & Cleopatra.

Act 2. — Scene 7

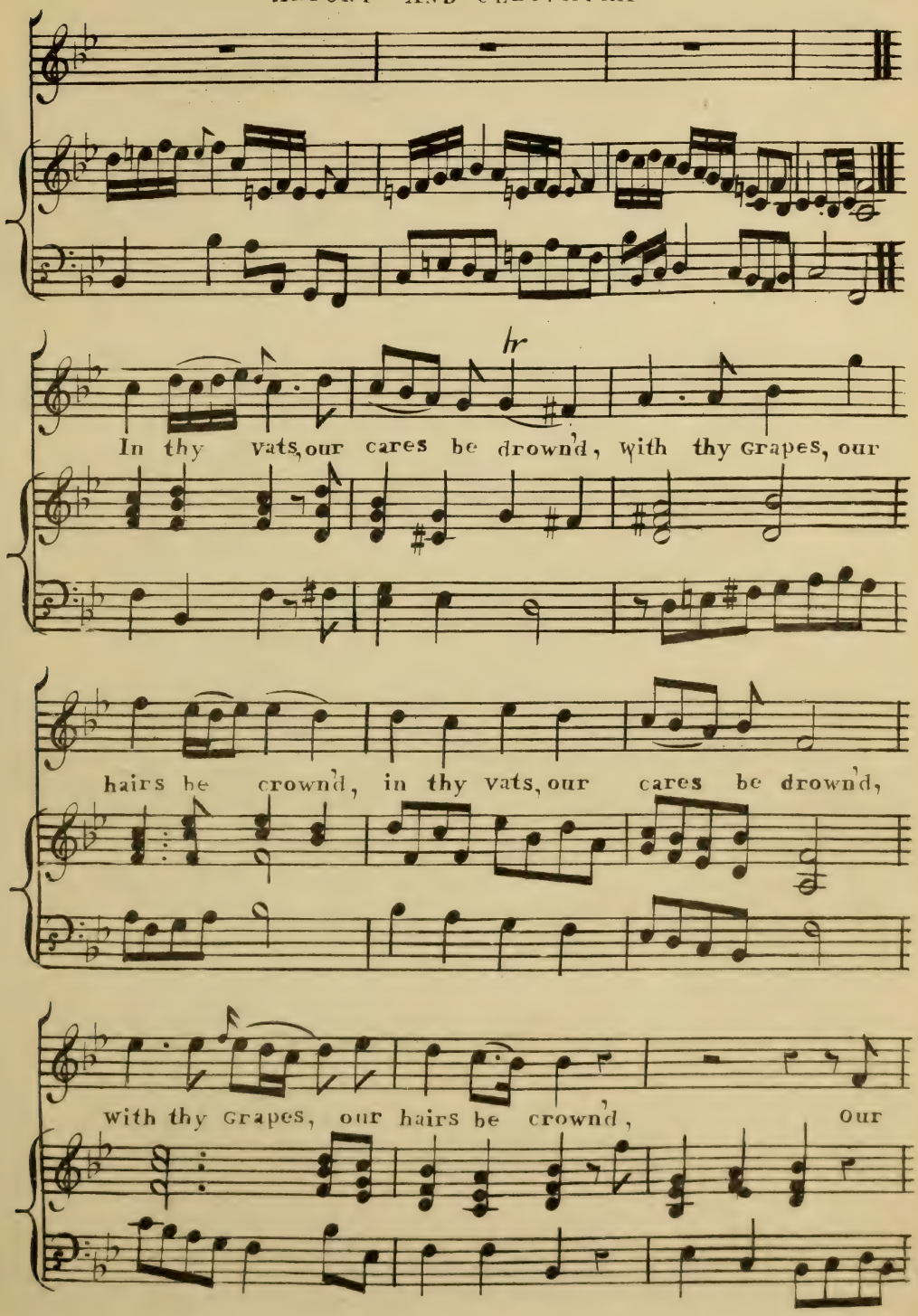


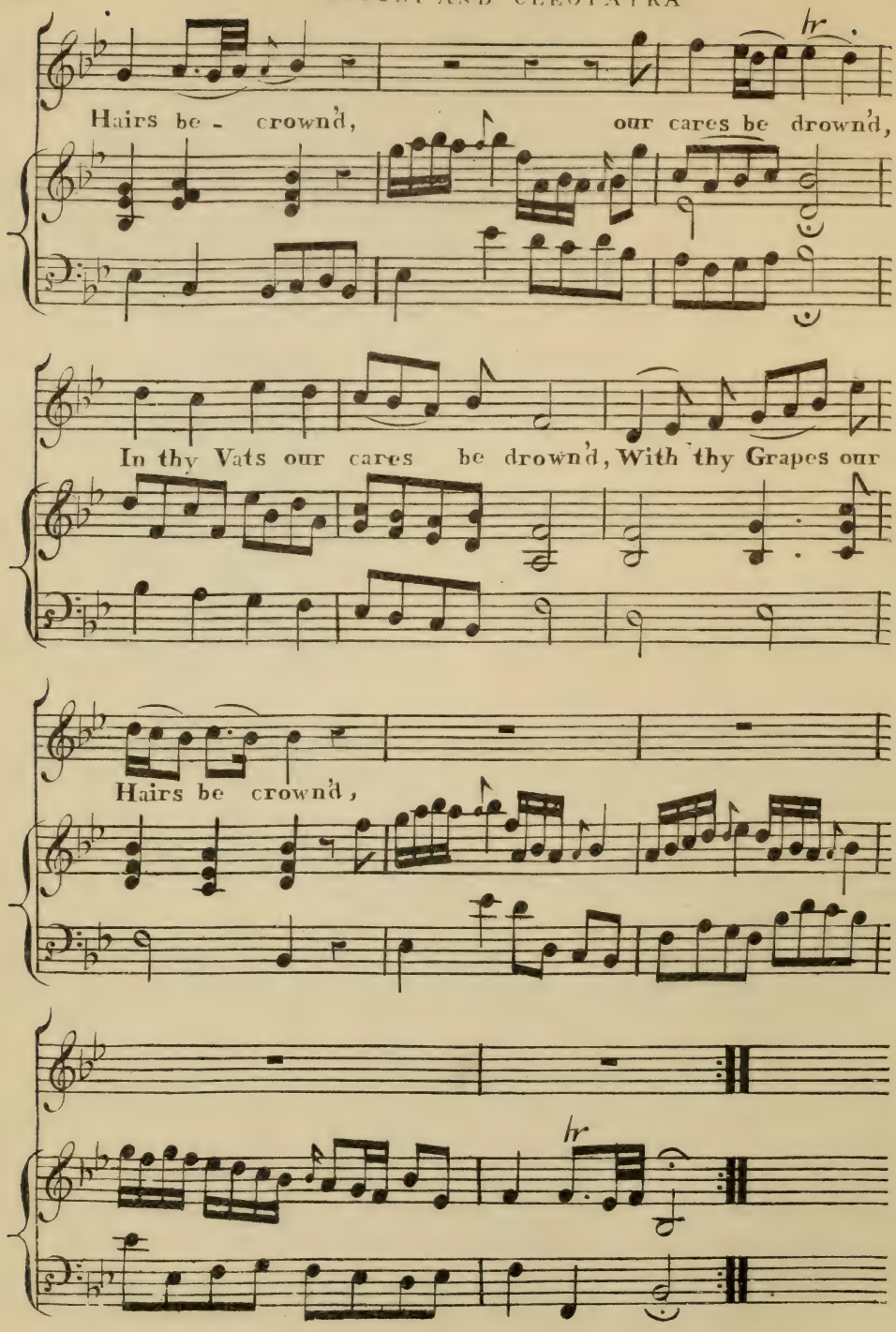
Come thou Mo - narch of - the Vine, Plum - - py Bacchus

with - pink Eyne,

Come thou Monarch of - - the Vine, Plumpy Bacchus

with - pink Eyne, Plum - py Bac - chus with pink Eyne,


In thy vats, our cares be drown'd, with thy Grapes, our
hairs be crown'd, in thy vats, our cares be drown'd,
with thy Grapes, our hairs be crown'd, our


Hairs be - crown'd, our cares be drown'd,
In thy Vats our cares be drown'd, With thy Grapes our
Hairs be crown'd,

THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Arranged for the Piano Forte

by Mr. Addison.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE
WHO LOVES TO LIVE WITH ME.

THOMAS HAILES LACY.

Publisher of Theatrical Music.

89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Two of the songs in this charming Play are set by Dr. Arne. Of both these pieces he has omitted to notice some of the words, a circumstance greatly to be regretted and difficult to be accounted for. The first song, "*Under the Greenwood Tree,*" is followed by a chorus, "*Who doth Ambition shun.*" Mr. Linley has supplied Arne's omission and adhered very closely to his original conception in the introductory air, as he has also done to the quick movement of the second song, "*Blow, blow, thou Winter wind,*" than which a more exquisitely tender and elegant melody, or one more expressive of the poet's sentiment was never imagined. These judicious additions to Arne's melody are both inserted.

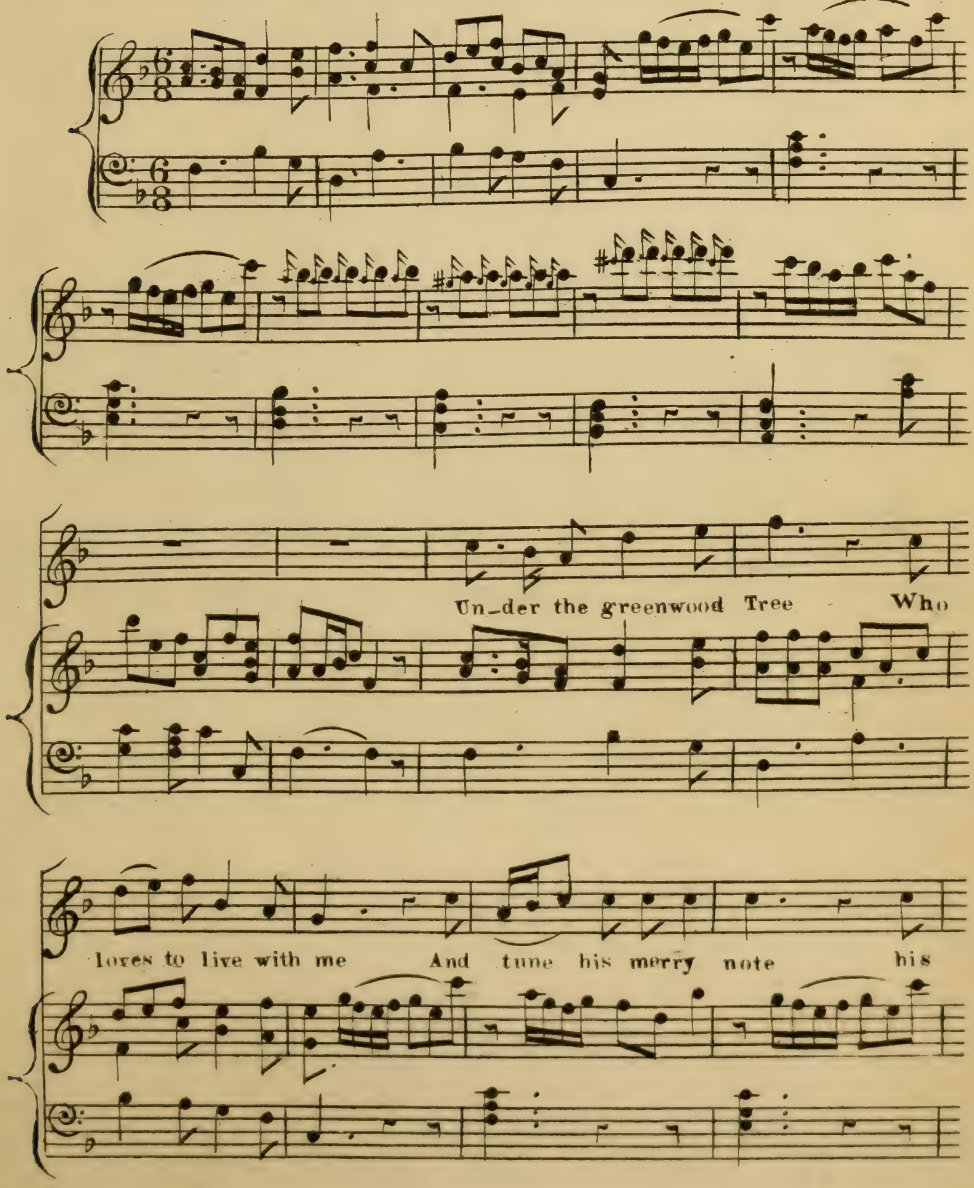
Mr. Steevens has been eminently successful in his glee to the words, "*It was a Lover and his Lass,*" the words of which appear to have been incorrectly given in the folio of 1623; they are here corrected from a quarto MS. in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh: it contains about thirty-four songs with words, and sixteen song and dance tunes. The latter part of the manuscript, which bears the name of a former proprietor, "William Stirling," and the date "May 1639," consists of Psalm tunes, evidently in the same handwriting, and written about the same time as the earlier portions. The inaccuracies in the folio, which have given much trouble to Commentators, are not to be found in this manuscript. In the printed copy, the last verse stands in the place of the second. This was observed and remedied by Dr. Thèrlby, and the words "ring time," then rendered "rang time," and by Commentators altered to *rank* time, were first restored to the proper meaning by Steevens, who explains them as signifying the *aptest* season for marriage.

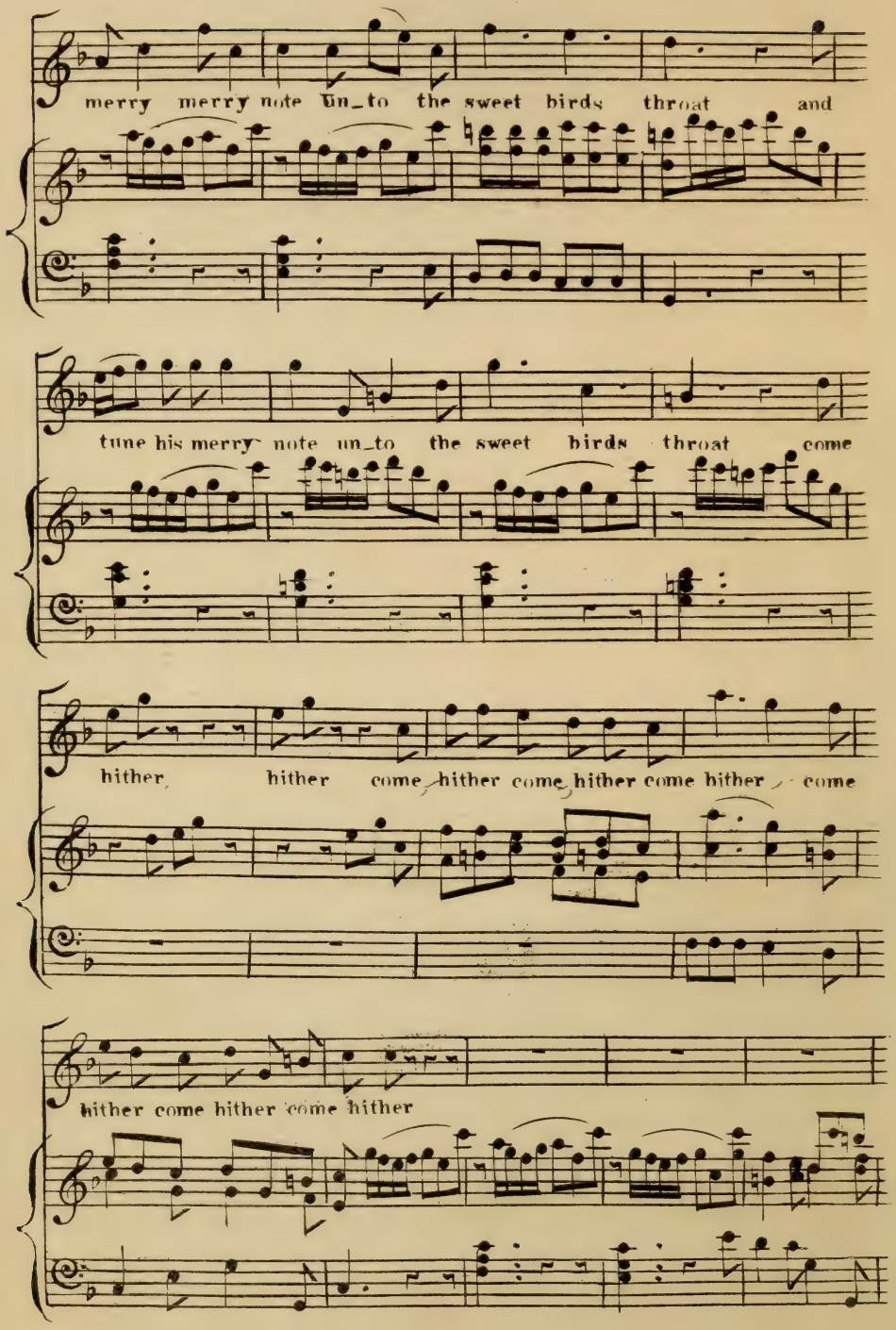
Stafford Smith's glee of "*What shall he have that killed the Deer,*" is admirably expressed and deservedly popular.

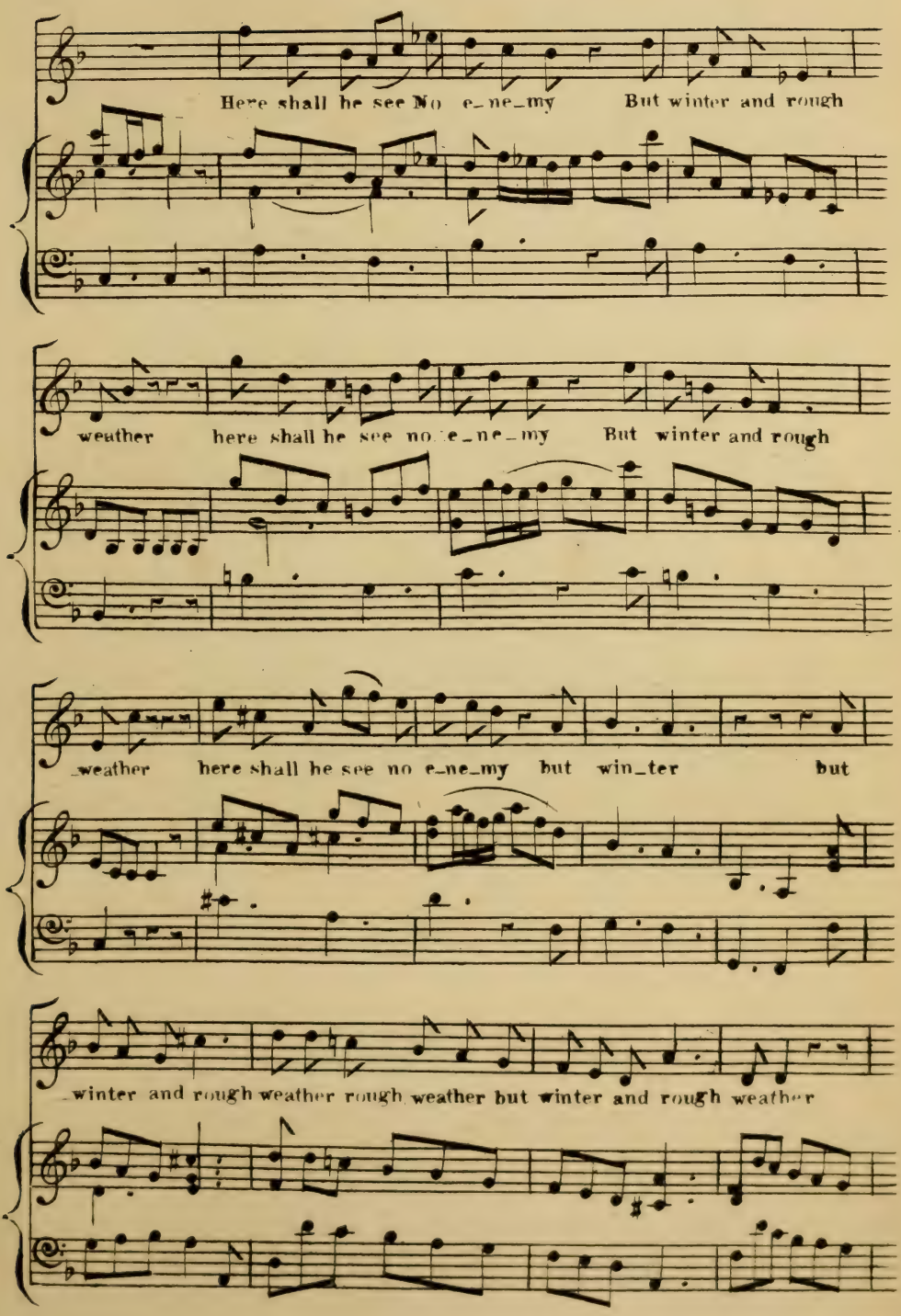
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

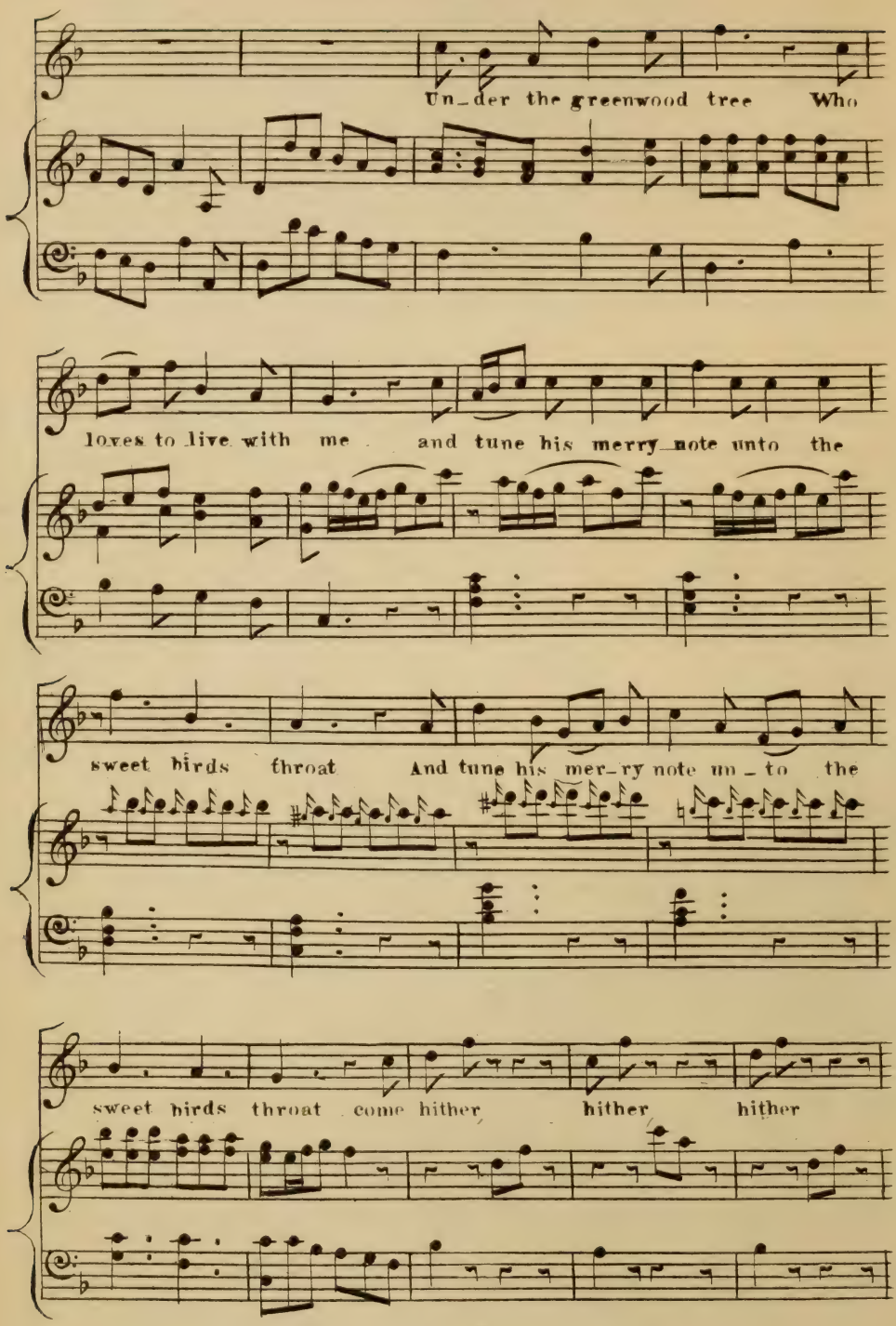
Composd by Dr ARNE.

ACT 2. SCENE 5.




merry merry note un_to the sweet birds throat and
tune his merry note un_to the sweet birds throat come
hither hither come hither come hither come hither come
hither come hither come hither


Here shall he see No e_ne_my But winter and rough
weather here shall he see no e_ne_my But winter and rough
_weather here shall he see no e_ne_my but win_ter but
_winter and rough weather rough weather but winter and rough weather

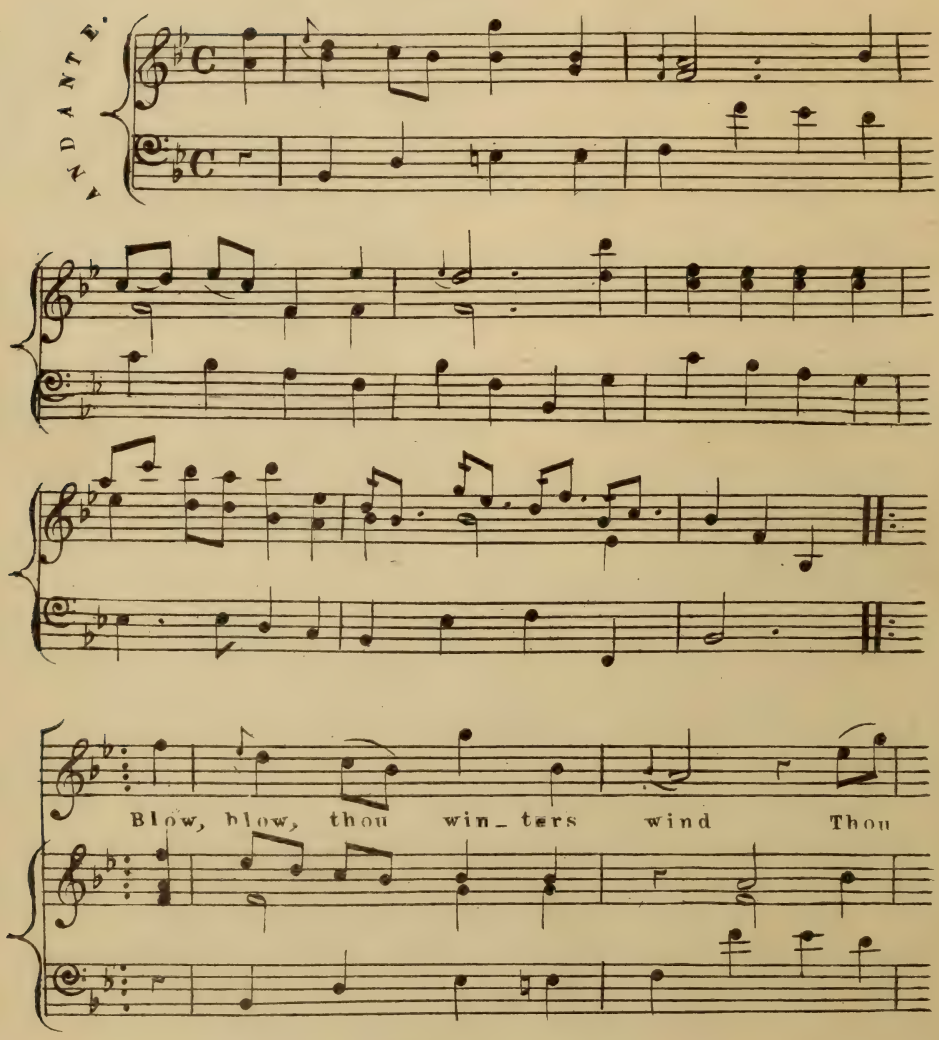

Un_der the greenwood tree Who
loves to live with me and tune his merry_note unto the
sweet birds throat And tune his mer_ry note un_to the
sweet birds throat come hither hither hither

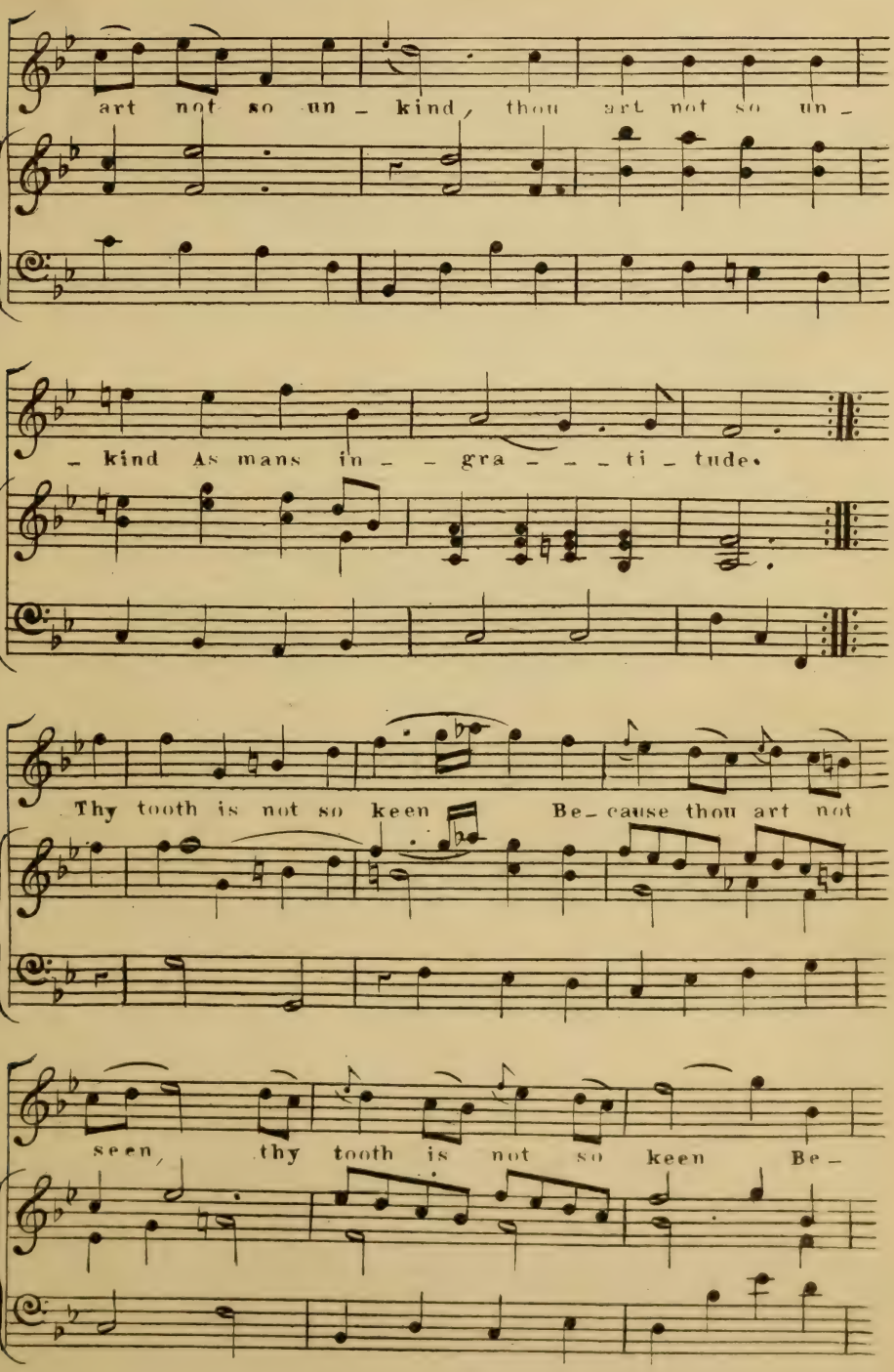
hither, come hither, come hither come hither come hither, come

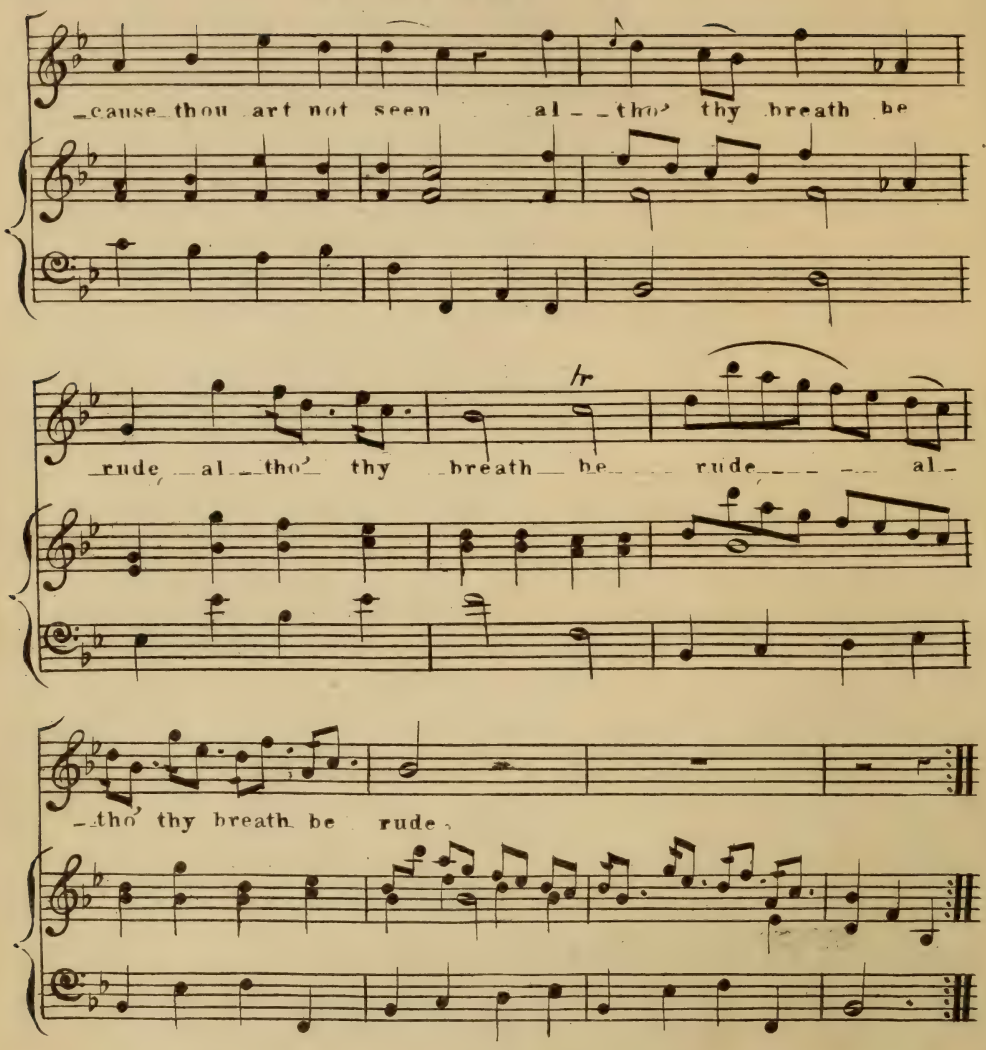
hither, come hither, come hither.

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND.

Composed by Dr. ARNE.




art not so un - kind, thou art not so un -
- kind As mans in - - gra - - - ti - tude.
Thy tooth is not so keen Be - cause thou art not
seen, thy tooth is not so keen Be -



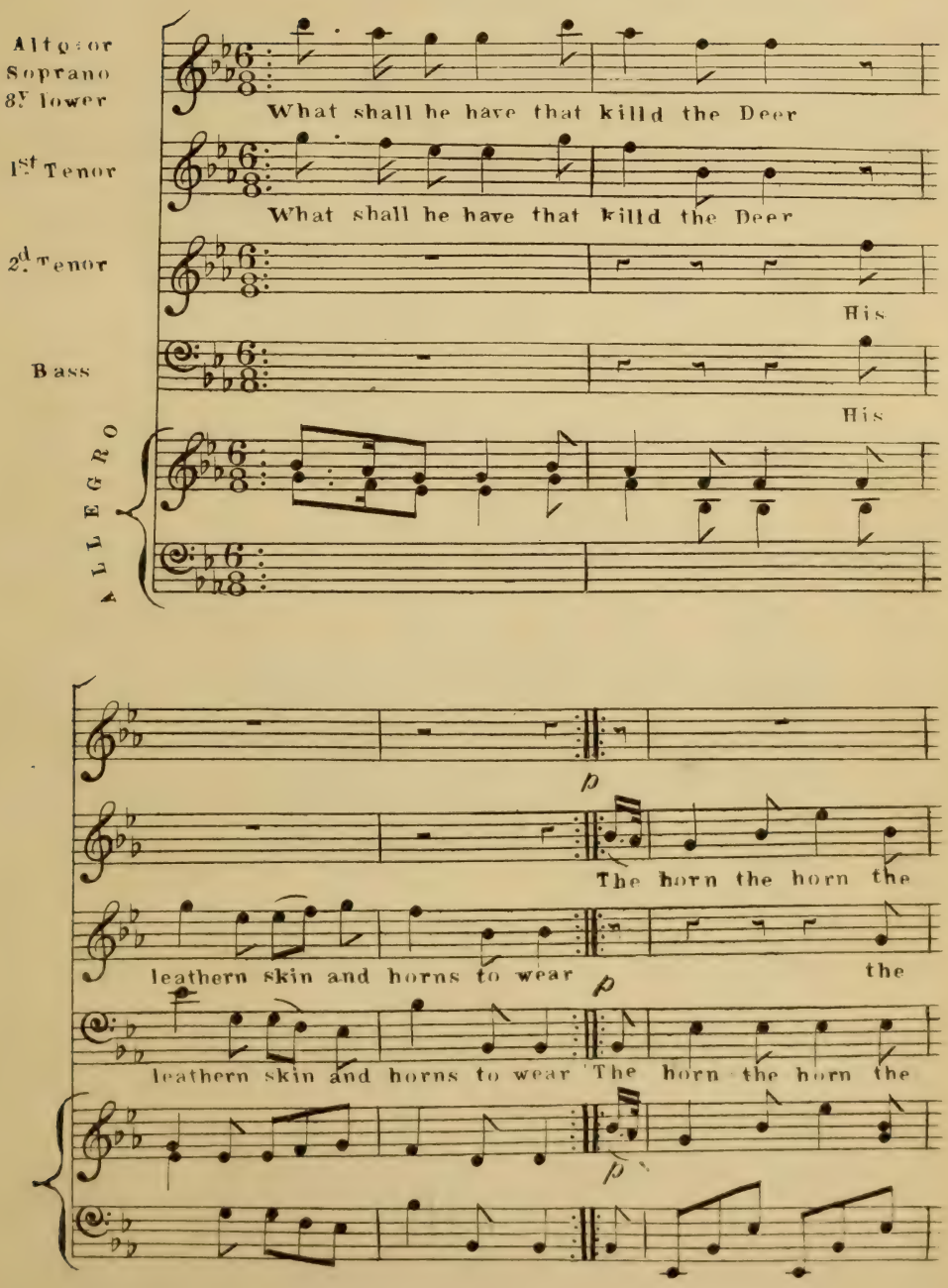
— 2 —

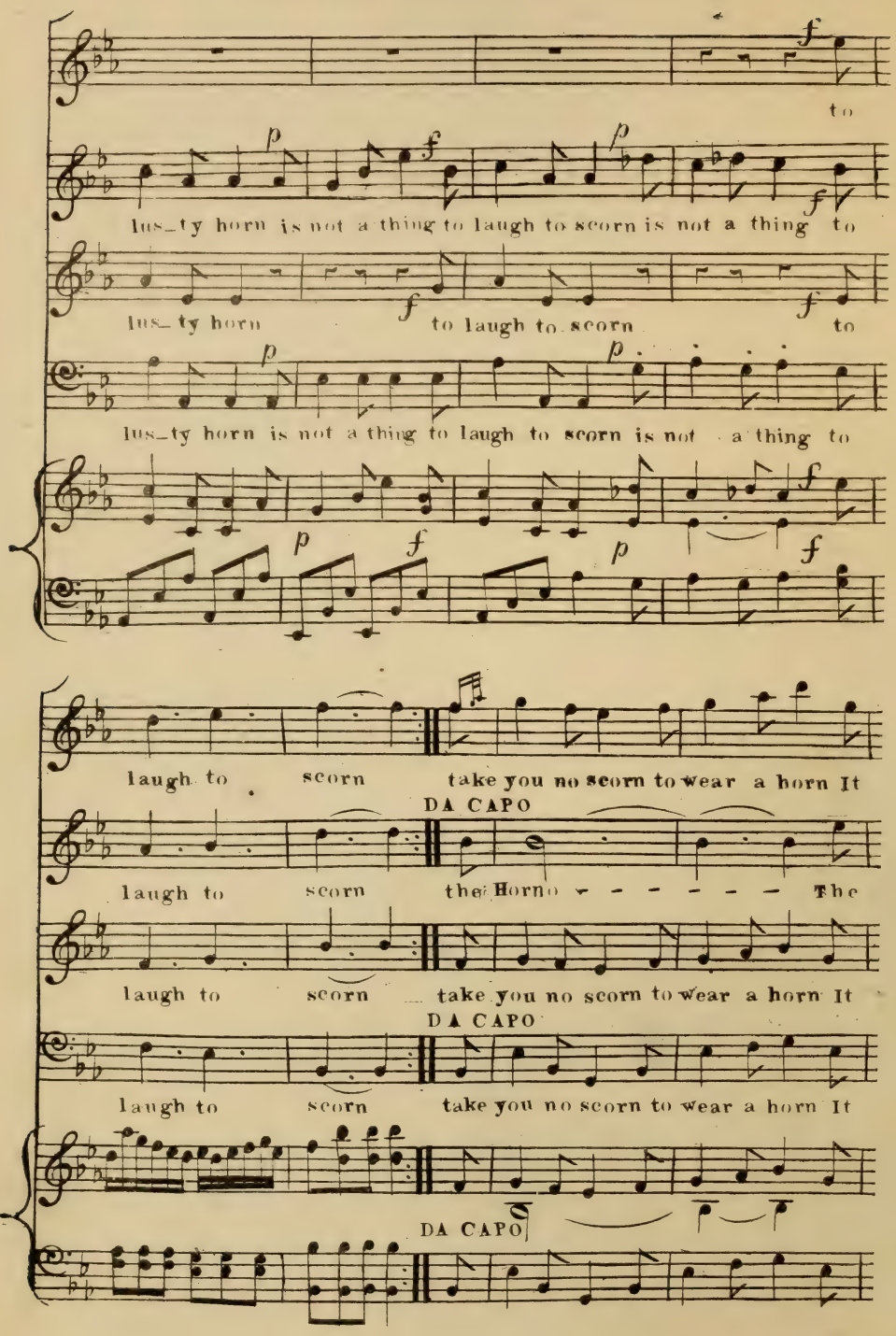
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

GLEE

Act 4. Composd by Scene 2.

STAFFORD SMITH




to
lus_ty horn is not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
lus_ty horn to laugh to scorn to
lus_ty horn is not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
laugh to scorn take you no scorn to wear a horn It
DA CAPO
laugh to scorn the Horno - - - - - - The
laugh to scorn take you no scorn to wear a horn It
DA CAPO
laugh to scorn take you no scorn to wear a horn It
DA CAPO

was a crest ere thou wast born It was a crest ere thou wast born the

Horn ere thou wast born

was a crest ere thou wast born It was a crest ere thou wast born

was a crest ere thou wast born It was a crest ere thou wast born

Repeat this passage *p*

f

horn the horn It was a crest ere thou wast born

f

the horn the horn It was a crest ere thou wast born

f

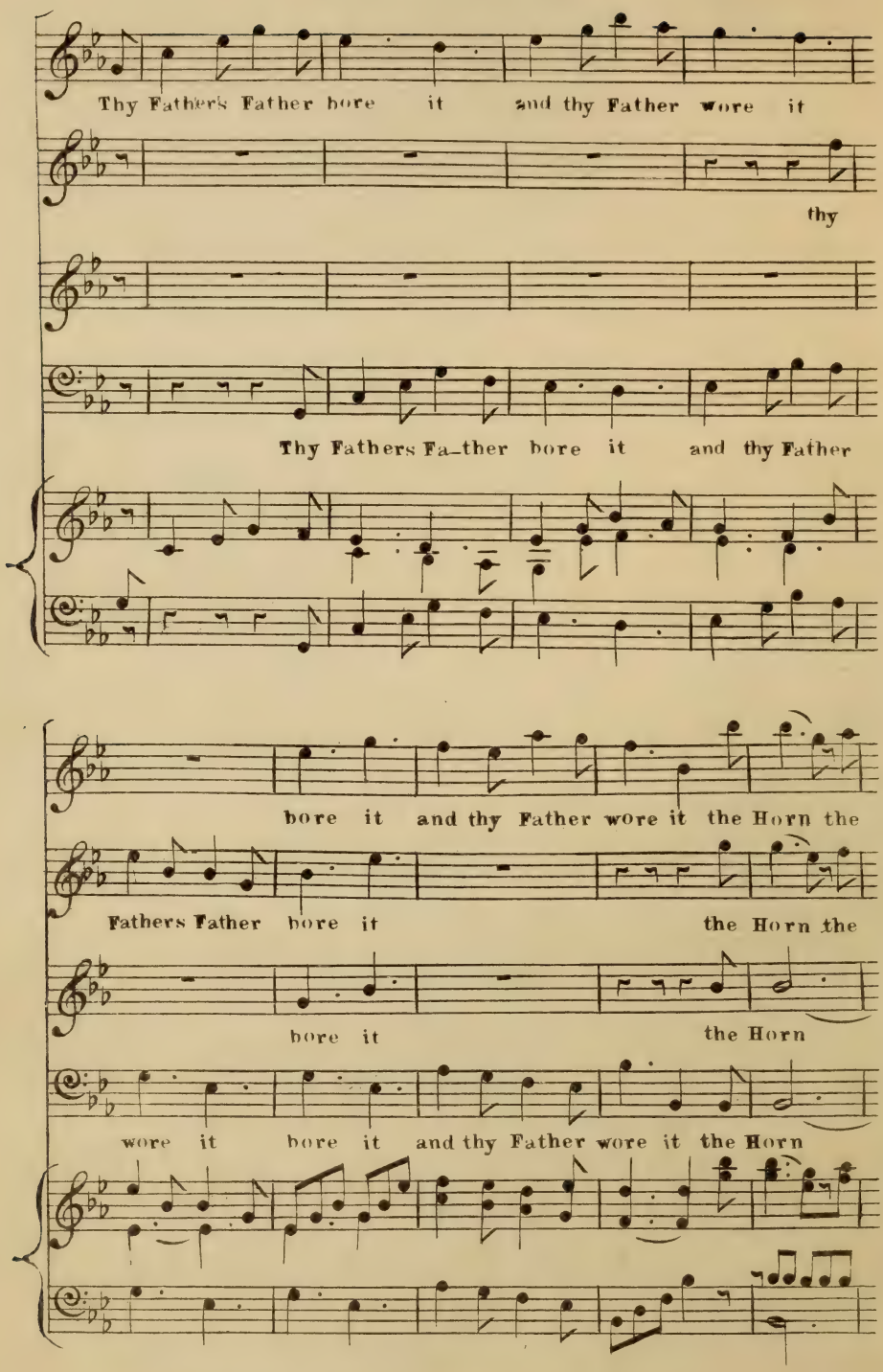
the horn the horn It was a crest ere thou wast born

f

the horn the horn It was a crest ere thou wast born

f

f


Thy Father's Father bore it and thy Father wore it
thy
Thy Fathers Fa-ther bore it and thy Father
bore it and thy Father wore it the Horn the
Fathers Father bore it the Horn the
bore it the Horn
wore it bore it and thy Father wore it the Horn

p

Horn the lusty lusty horn is not a thing to

Horn the lusty lusty horn

p

is not a thing to

p

f

laugh to scorn the Horn horn is,

the Horn horn is

f

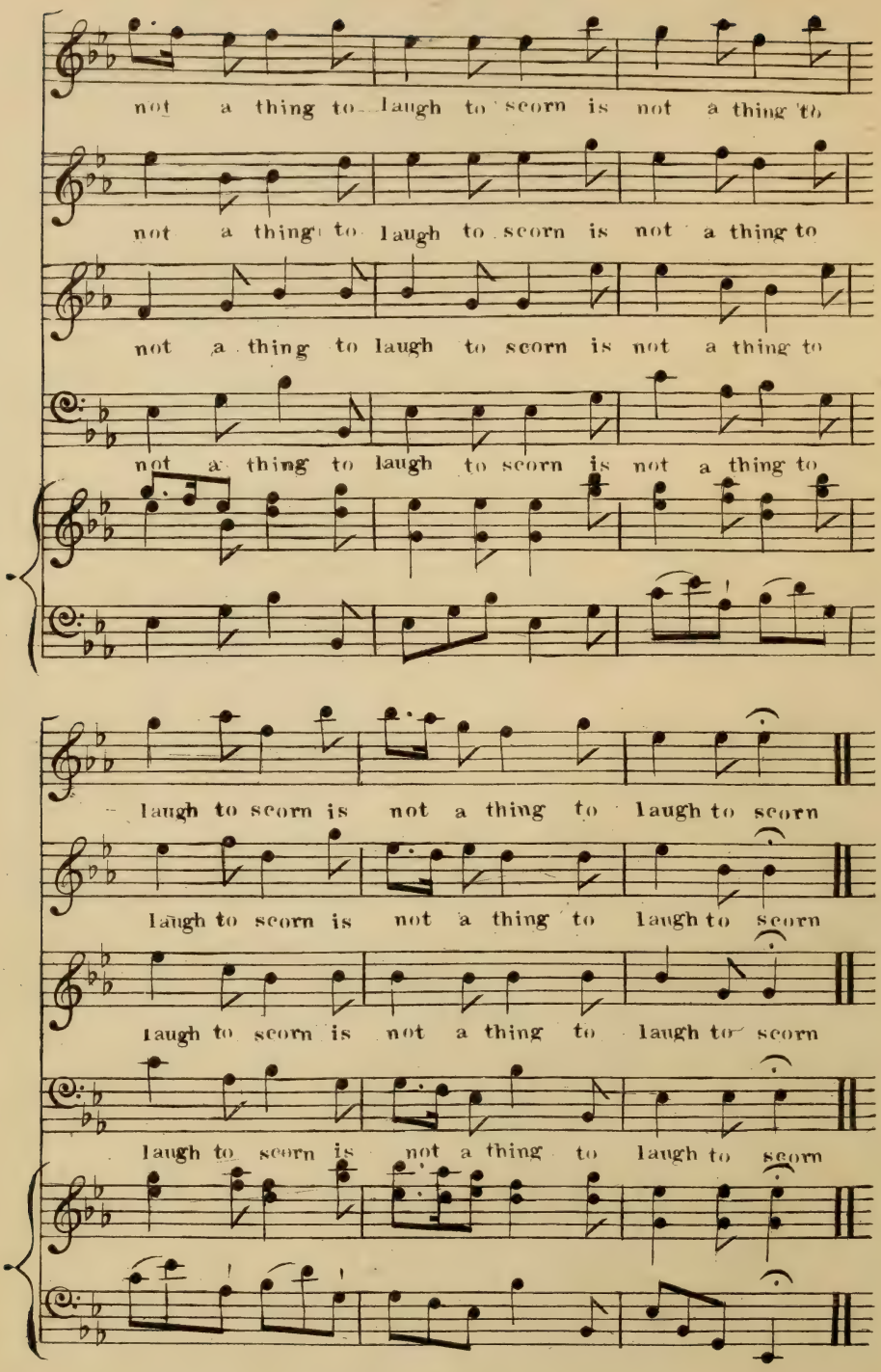
the Horn the horn the lusty lusty horn is

f

laugh to scorn the Horn the horn the lusty lusty horn is

hr hr hr

f


not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
not a thing to laugh to scorn is not a thing to
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laugh to scorn is not a thing to laugh to scorn
laugh to scorn is not a thing to laugh to scorn
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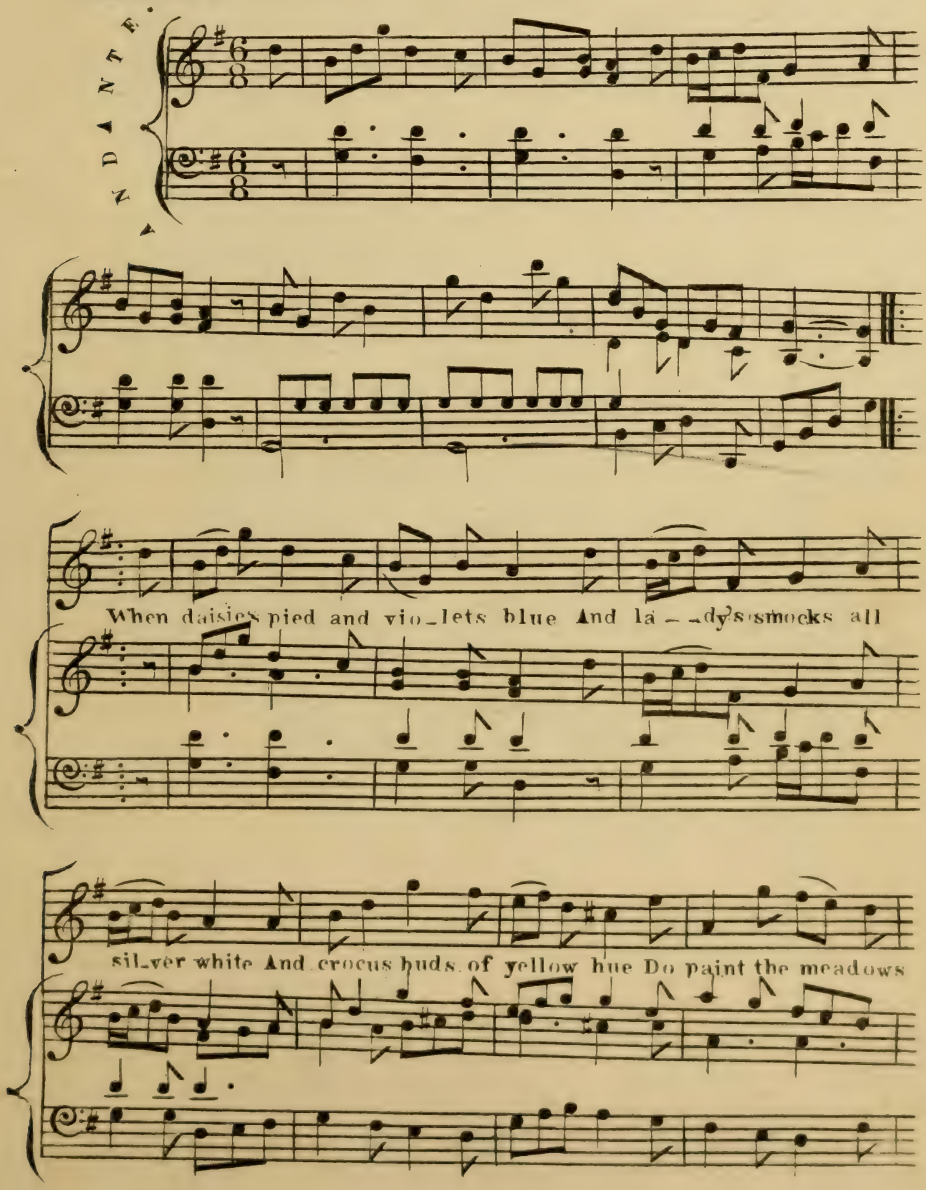
laugh to scorn is not a thing to laugh to scorn

WHEN DAISIES PIED.

COMPOSED BY Dr ARNE.



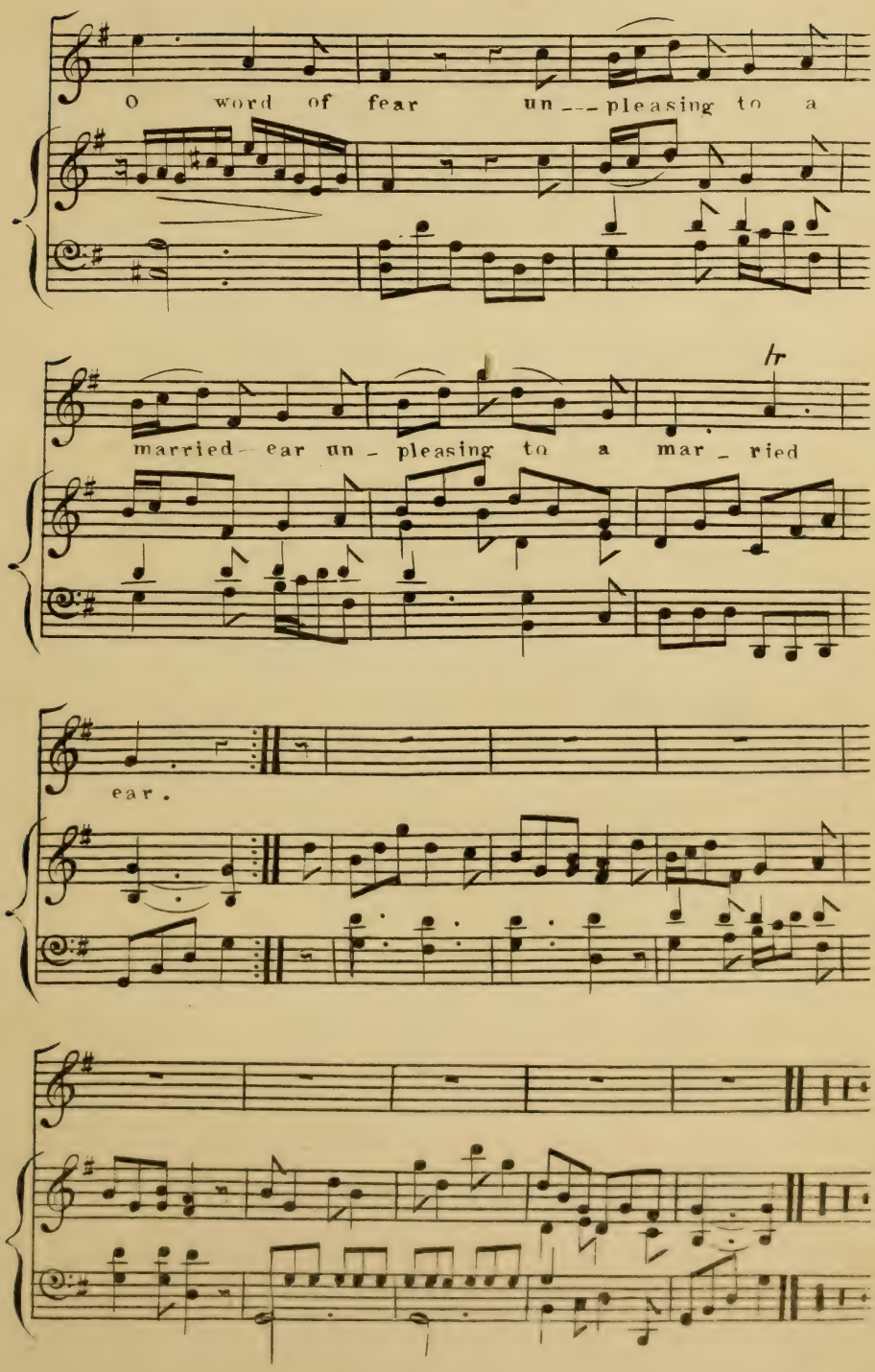
with delight The Cuckoo then on

p

ev - ry - tree mocks married men mocks married men

mocks married men for thus sings she Cuckoo cuckoo

cuckoo cuckoo O word of fear


O word of fear un --- pleasing to a
married- ear un - pleasing to a mar - ried
ear.

1

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady smocks all silver white,
And crocus buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings she,
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

2

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmens clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer frocks,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings she,
Cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo, O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

GLEE

Act 5. Composed by Scene 3.

R. L. S. STEVENS.

Soprano 1mo

It was a lo_ver and his

Soprano 2do

It was a lover a lo - - ver and his

Alto

It was a lo_ver and his lass and his

Tenor

It was a lo_ver it was a lo_ver and his

Basso

It was a lo_ver and his lass a lover and his

VIVACE

lass with a hey and a hoand a hey no_ni_no that o'er the

lass with a hey and a hoand a hey no_ni_no that o'er the

lass with a hey and a hoand a hey no_ni_no that o'er the

lass with a hey and a hoand a hey no_ni_no that o'er the

lass with a hey and a hoand a hey no_ni_no that o'er the

1st time 2d time

green corn fields did pass in the spring time time the

green corn fields did pass in the spring time time the

green corn fields did pass in the spring time time the

green corn fields did pass in the spring time time the

green corn fields did pass in the spring time time the

1st time 2d time

pret-ty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

pret-ty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

pret-ty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

pret-ty spring time when birds do sing hey ding ding a

pret-ty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

ding ding ding a ding sweet lovers love the spring

ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet lovers love the spring

ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet lovers love the spring

ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet lovers love the spring

ding ding ding a ding sweet lovers love the spring

1st time 2d time

sweet lo-vers love the spring the spring - -

sweet lo-vers love the spring the spring - -

sweet lo-vers love the spring the spring - -

sweet lo-vers love the spring the spring - - And

sweet lo-vers love the spring the spring - - And

1st time 2d time

And therefore take the pre-sent time with a

And therefore take the pre-sent pre-sent time with a

And therefore take the pre-sent pre-sent time with a

therefore take the pre-sent time the pre-sent time with a

therefore take the pre-sent time the pre-sent time with a

hey and a ho and a hey n ni no for love is

hey and a ho and a hey no ni no for love is

hey and a ho and a hey no ni no for love is

hey and a ho and a hey no ni no for love is

hey and a ho and a hey no ni no for love is

crown-ed with the prime in the spring time the

crown-ed with the prime in the spring time the

crown-ed with the prime in the spring time the

crown-ed with the prime in the spring time the

crown-ed with the prime in the spring time the

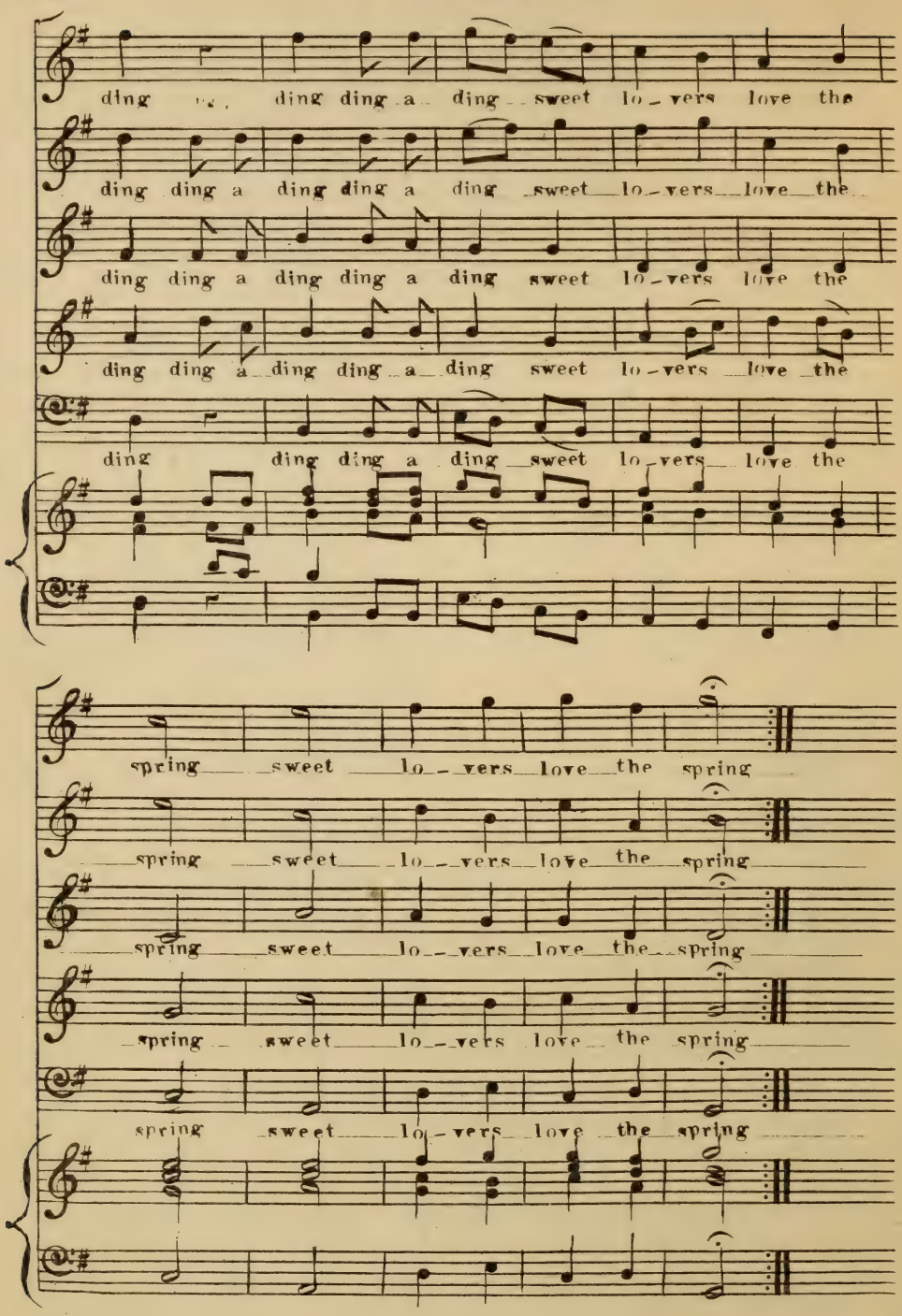
pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding ding a

pretty spring time when birds do sing hey ding a

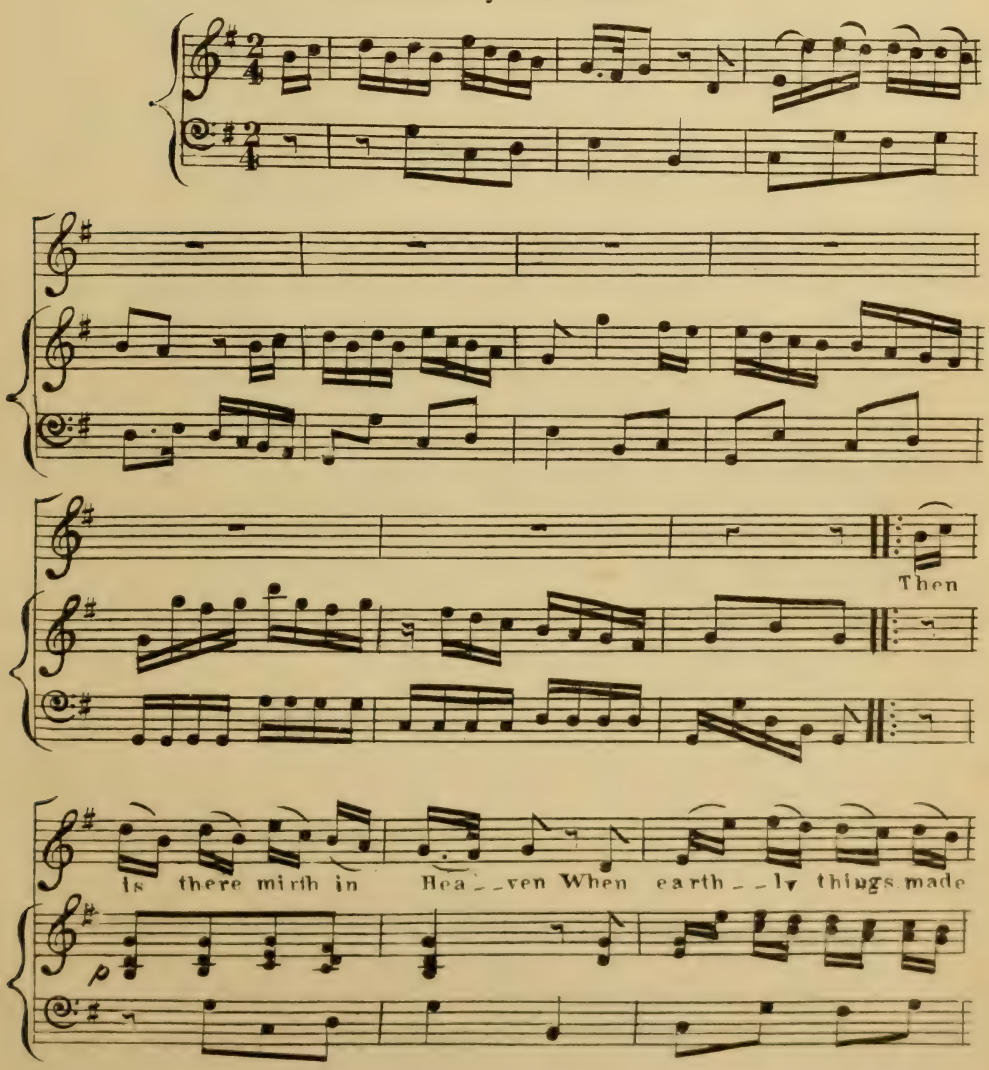

ding ding ding a ding sweet lo-vers love the
ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet lo-vers love the
ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet lo-vers love the
ding ding a ding ding a ding sweet lo-vers love the
ding ding ding a ding sweet lo-vers love the
spring sweet lo-vers love the spring
spring sweet lo-vers love the spring
spring sweet lo-vers love the spring
spring sweet lo-vers love the spring
spring sweet lo-vers love the spring

HYMEN'S SONG.

Then is there Mirth in Heaven.

ACT 5. SCENE 4.

Composed by Dr ARNE.



e_ven when earthly things made e_ven a_

1st time. 2d time.

tone a tone to_ _ ge_ ther ge_ ther

Good

Duke re_ceive thy Daughter Hy_ men from Hea_ven

p

brought her Hy_ men from Hea_ven brought her yea

brought her hi-ther yea brought her brought her hither That

thou mights join her hand with his whose heart with in her

bosom is whose heart with in her bo-som is whose—

1st time. 2d time.

heart with in her bo-som is. bo-som is.

THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

CYMBELINE.

Arranged for the Piano Forte, by Wm. Addison.

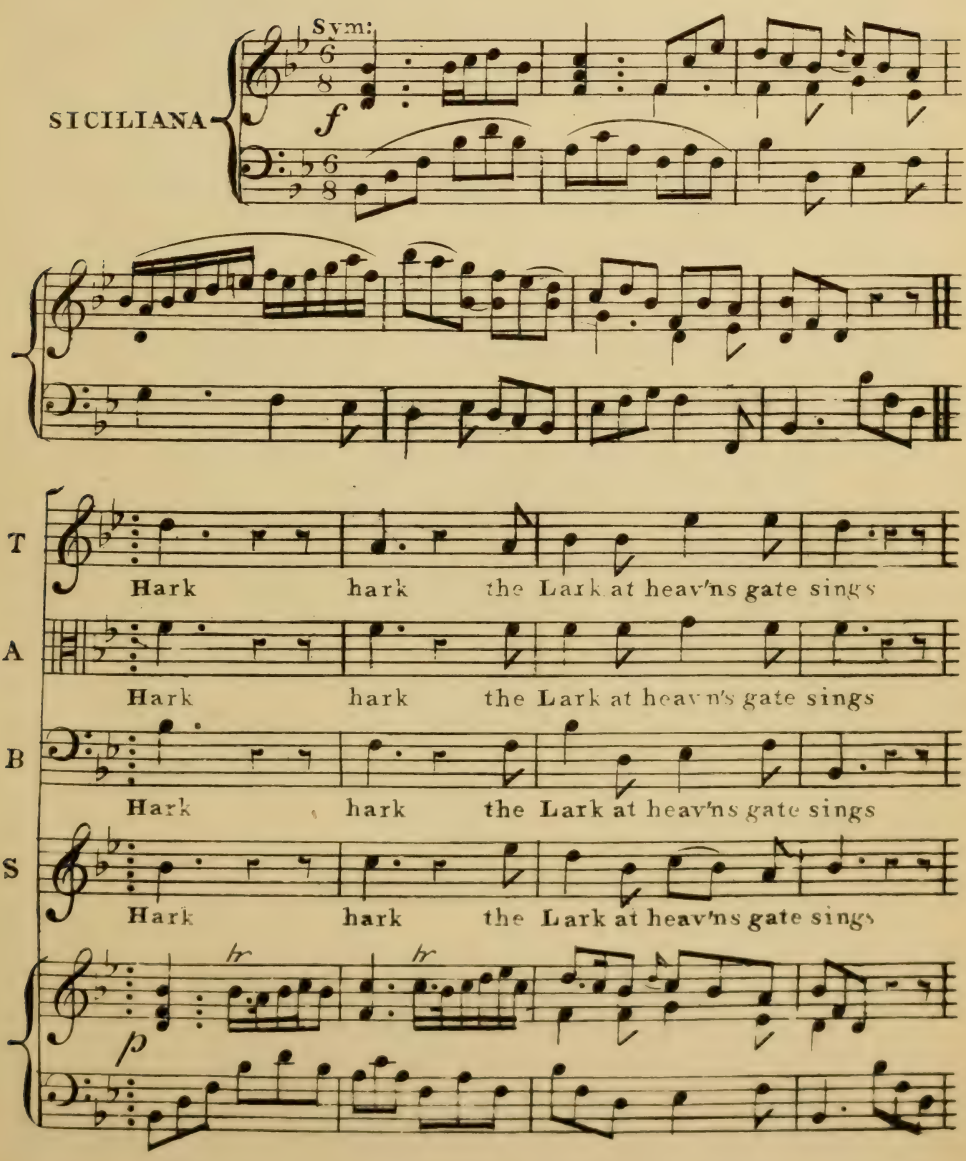
THOMAS HAILES LACY,

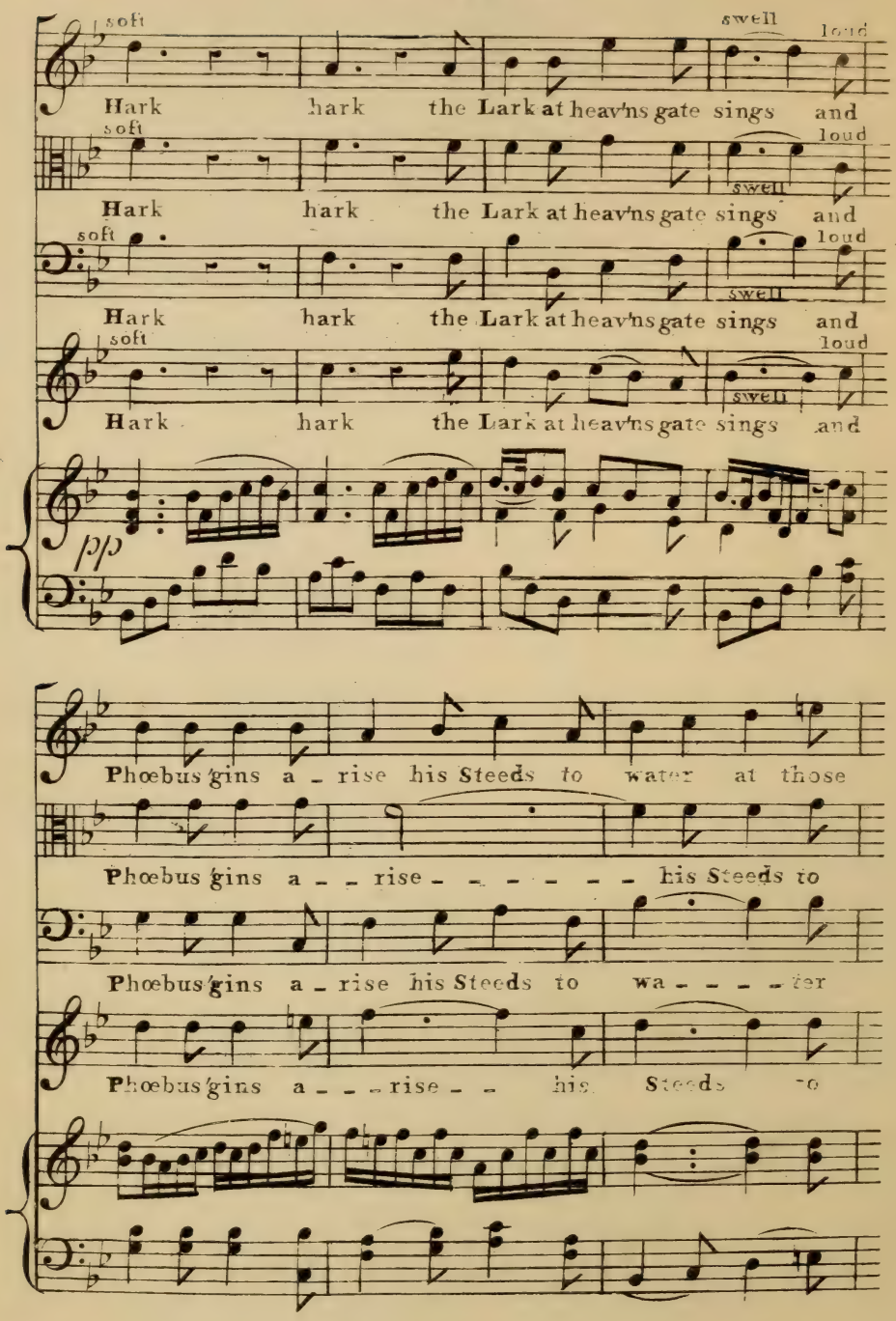
Publisher of Theatrical Music,

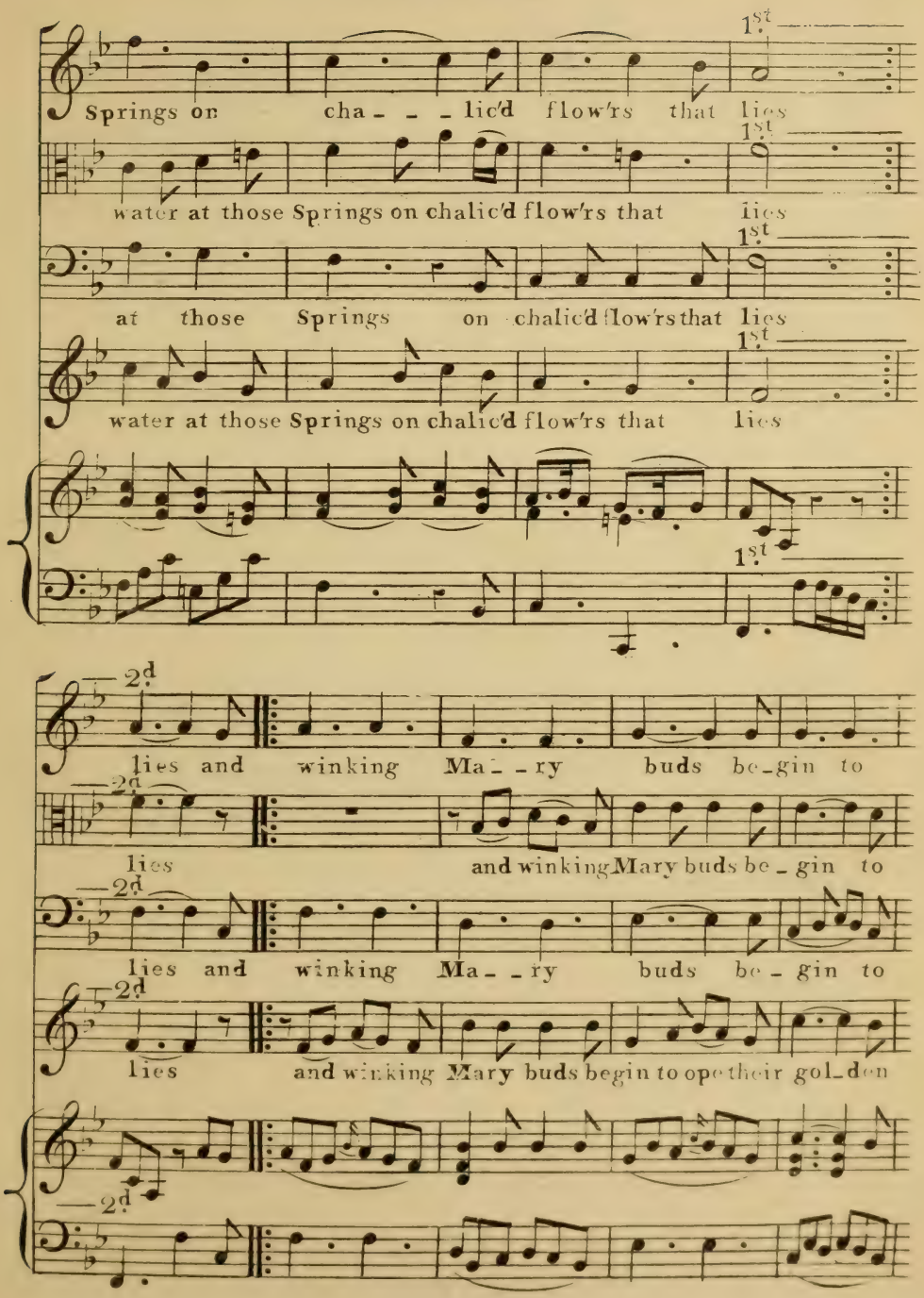
89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

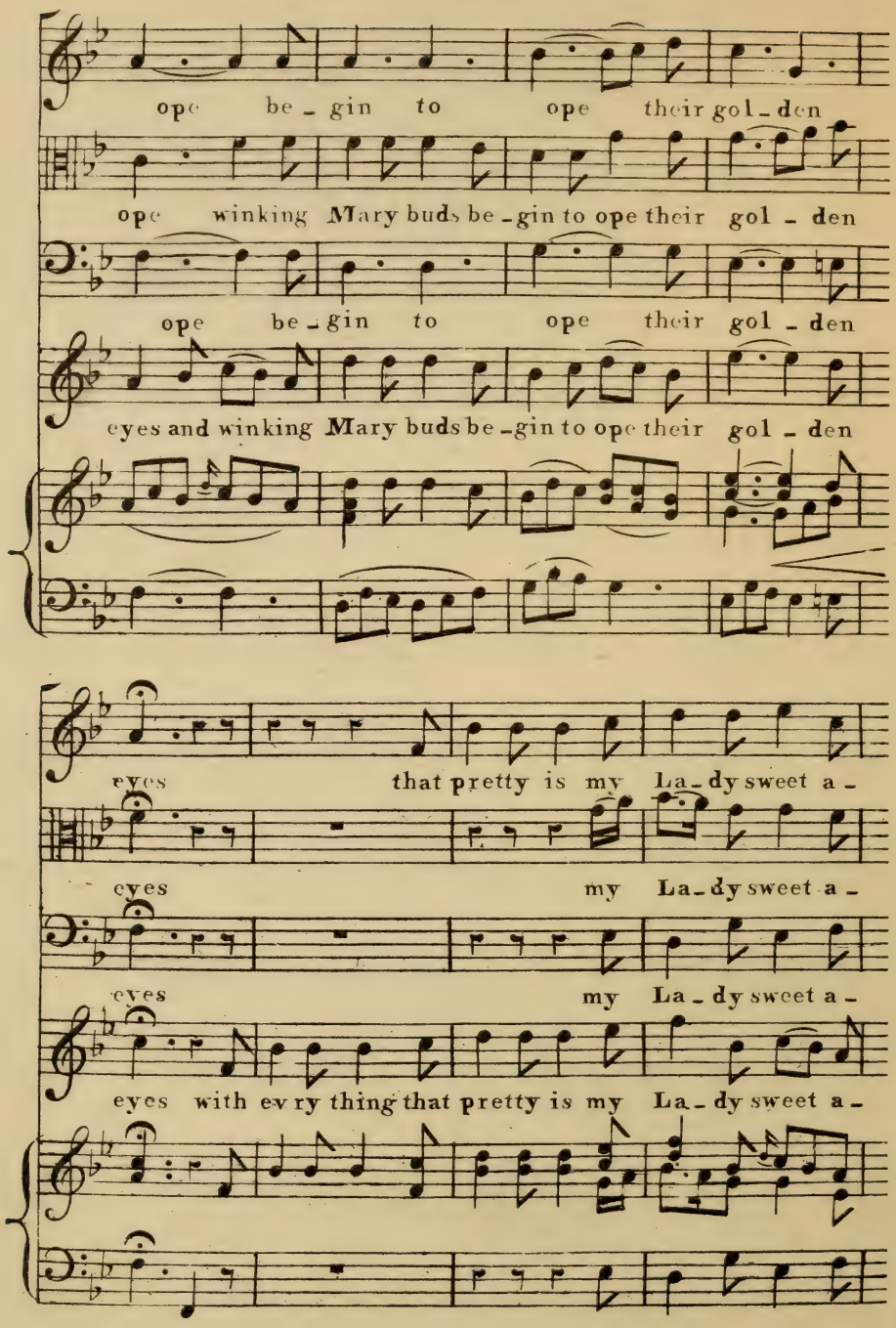
CYMBELINE.

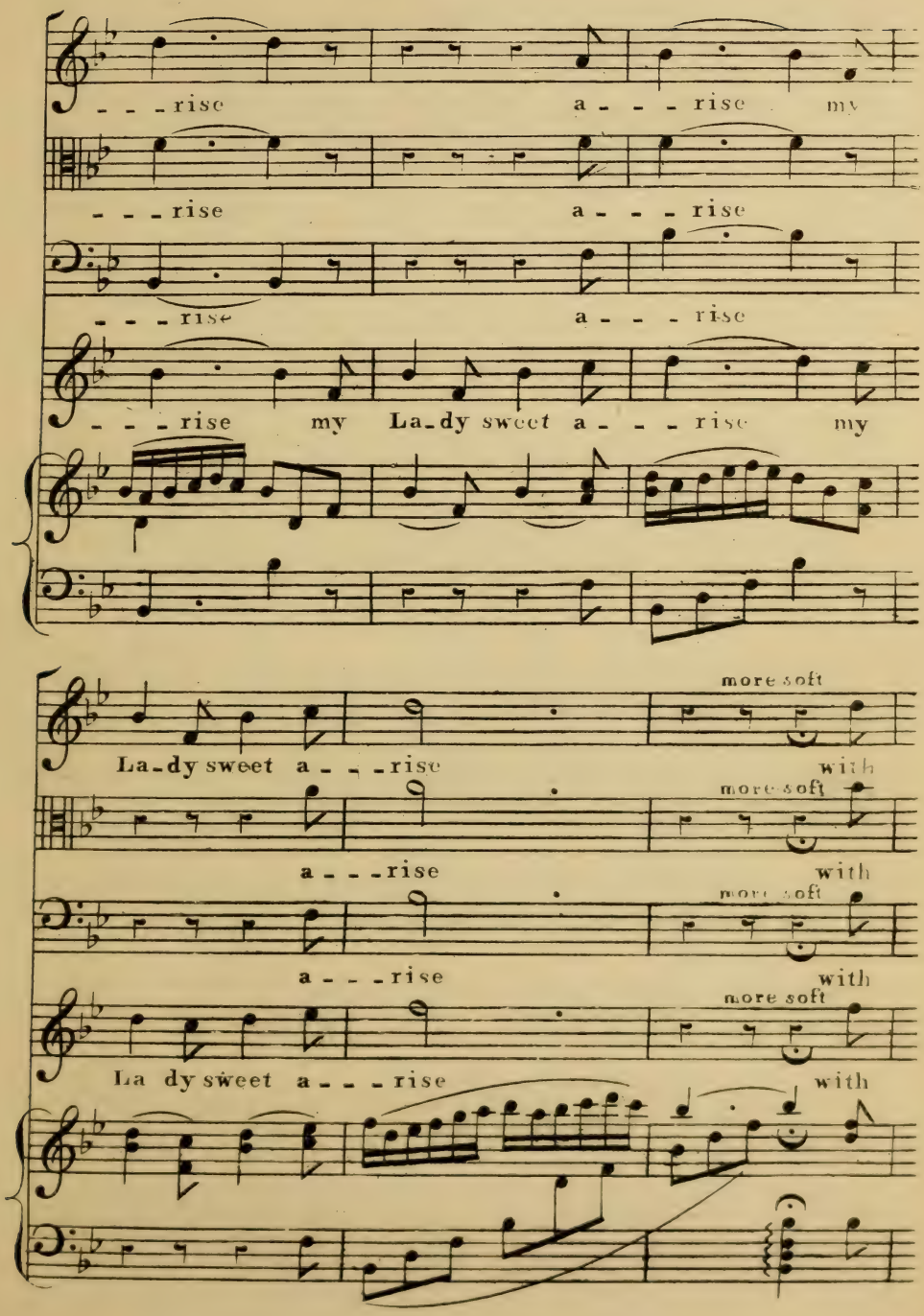
Act 2. Scene 3.

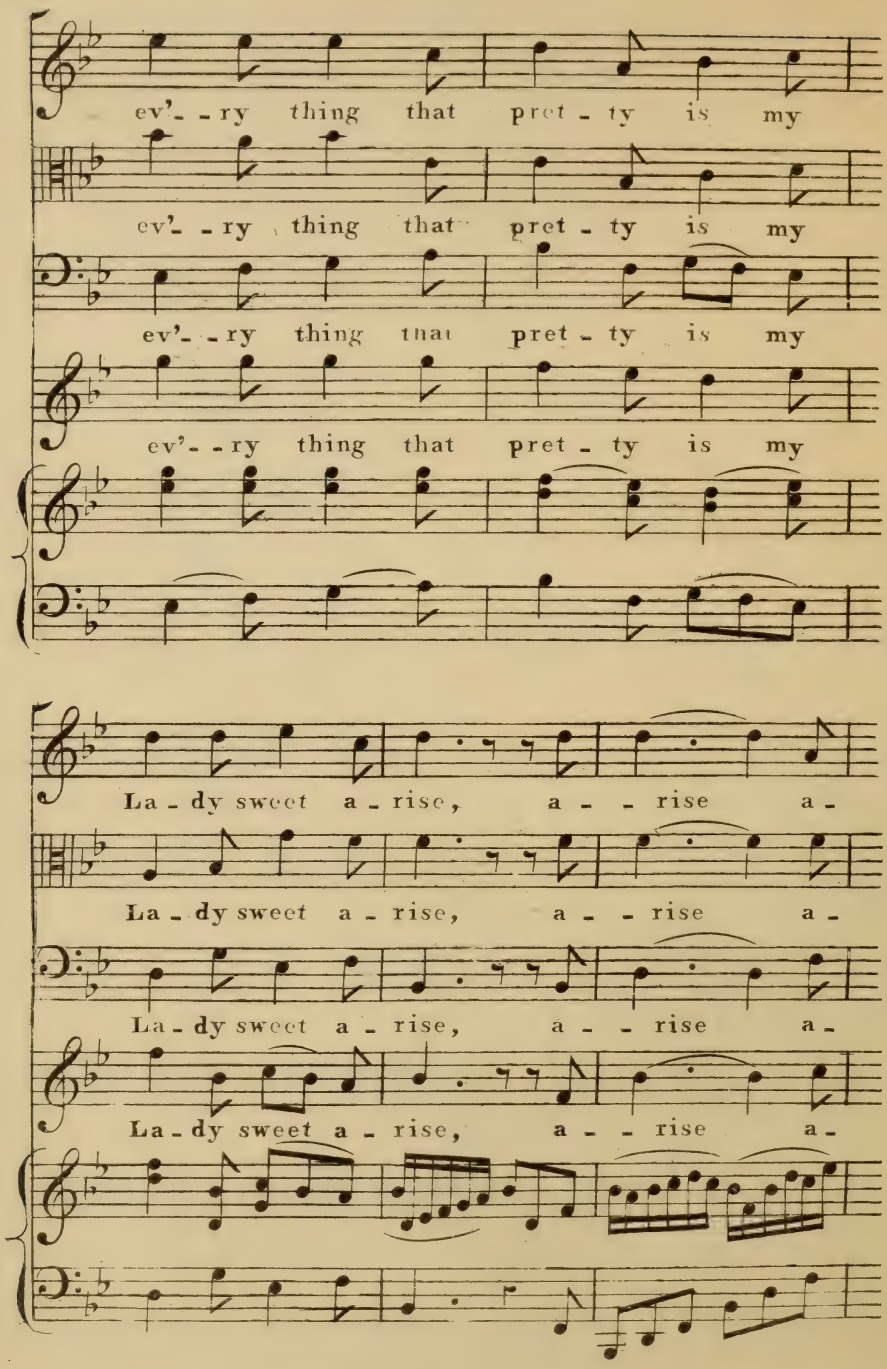


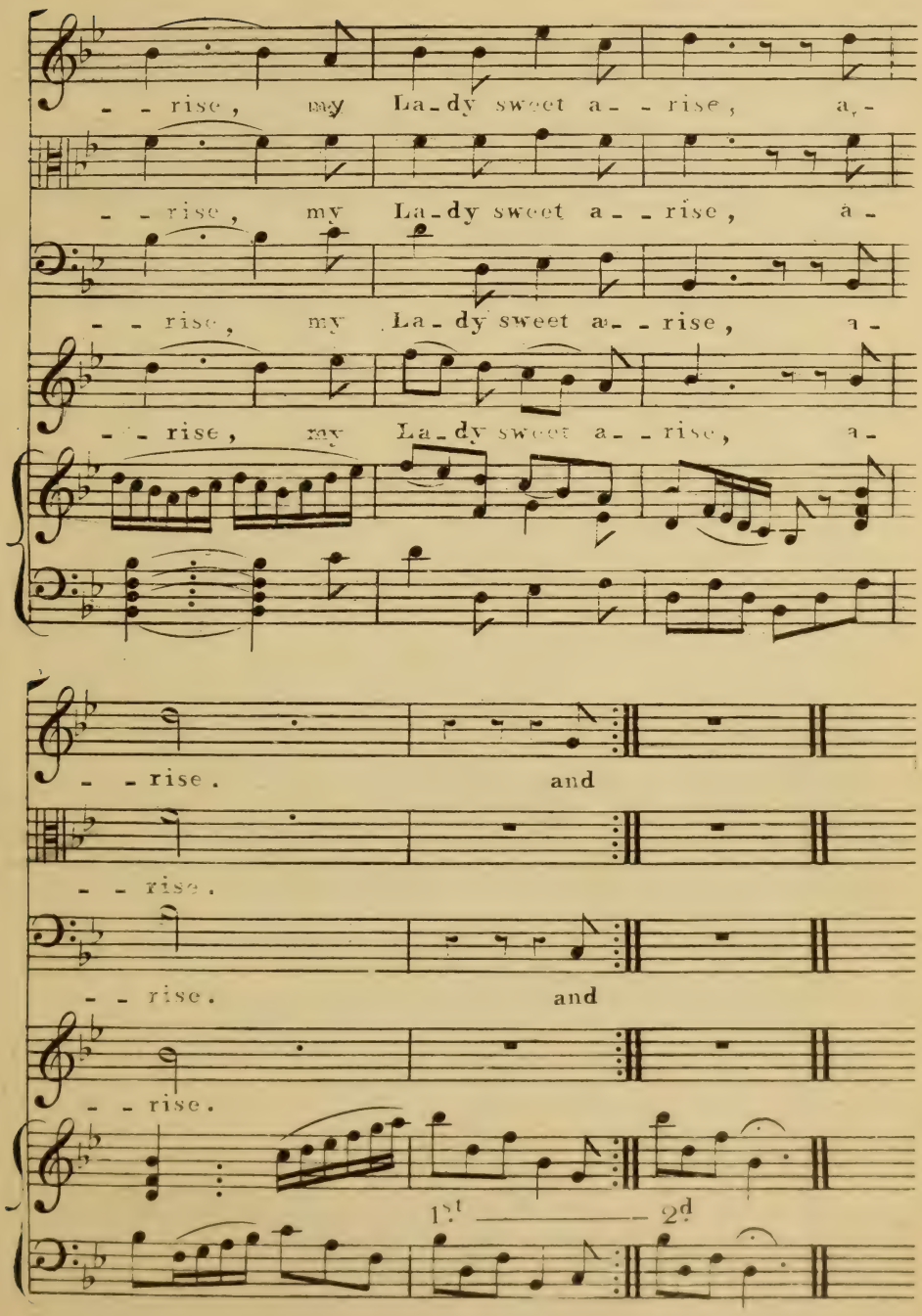

soft
swell
loud
Hark hark the Lark at heav'ns gate sings and
Hark hark the Lark at heav'ns gate sings and
Hark hark the Lark at heav'ns gate sings and
Hark hark the Lark at heav'ns gate sings and
pp
Phœbus 'gins a - rise his Steeds to water at those
Phœbus 'gins a - - rise - - - - - - - his Steeds to
Phœbus 'gins a - rise his Steeds to wa - - - - ter
Phœbus 'gins a - - - rise - - his Steeds to


1st
Springs on cha - - - lic'd flow'rs that lies
1st
water at those Springs on chalic'd flow'rs that lies
1st
at those Springs on chalic'd flow'rs that lies
1st
water at those Springs on chalic'd flow'rs that lies
1st
2d
lies and winking Ma - - ry buds be - gin to
2d
lies and winking Mary buds be - gin to
2d
lies and winking Ma - - ry buds be - gin to
2d
lies and winking Mary buds begin to ope their gol - den
2d

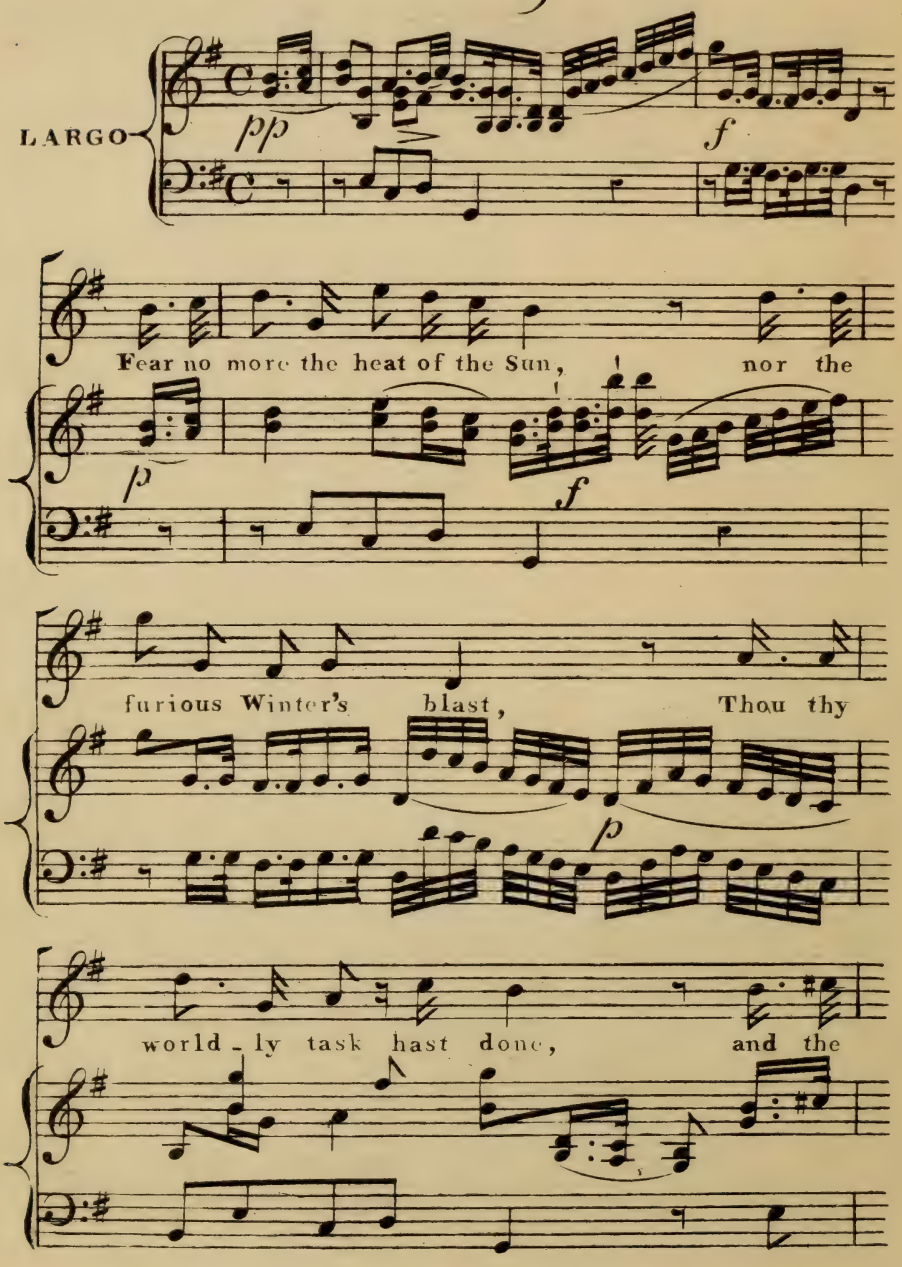

ope be - gin to ope their gol - den
ope winking Mary buds be - gin to ope their gol - den
ope be - gin to ope their gol - den
eyes and winking Mary buds be - gin to ope their gol - den
eyes that pretty is my La - dy sweet a -
eyes my La - dy sweet a -
eyes my La - dy sweet a -
eyes with ev ry thing that pretty is my La - dy sweet a -


- - - rise a - - - rise my
- - - rise a - - - rise
- - - rise a - - - rise
- - - rise my La-dy sweet a - - - rise my
La-dy sweet a - - - rise
more soft
with
a - - - rise
more soft
with
a - - - rise
more soft
with
La dy sweet a - - - rise
more soft
with


ev'- - ry thing that pret - ty is my
ev'- - ry thing that pret - ty is my
ev'- - ry thing that pret - ty is my
ev'- - ry thing that pret - ty is my
La - dy sweet a - rise, a - - rise a -
La - dy sweet a - rise, a - - rise a -
La - dy sweet a - rise, a - - rise a -
La - dy sweet a - rise, a - - rise a -


- - rise, my La-dy sweet a- - rise, a-
- - rise, my La-dy sweet a- - rise, a-
- - rise, my La-dy sweet a- - rise, a-
- - rise, my La-dy sweet a- - rise, a-
- - rise. and
- - rise.
- - rise. and
- - rise.
1st 2d

FEAR NO MORE THE HEAT OF THE SUN.



dream the dream of life is past Golden

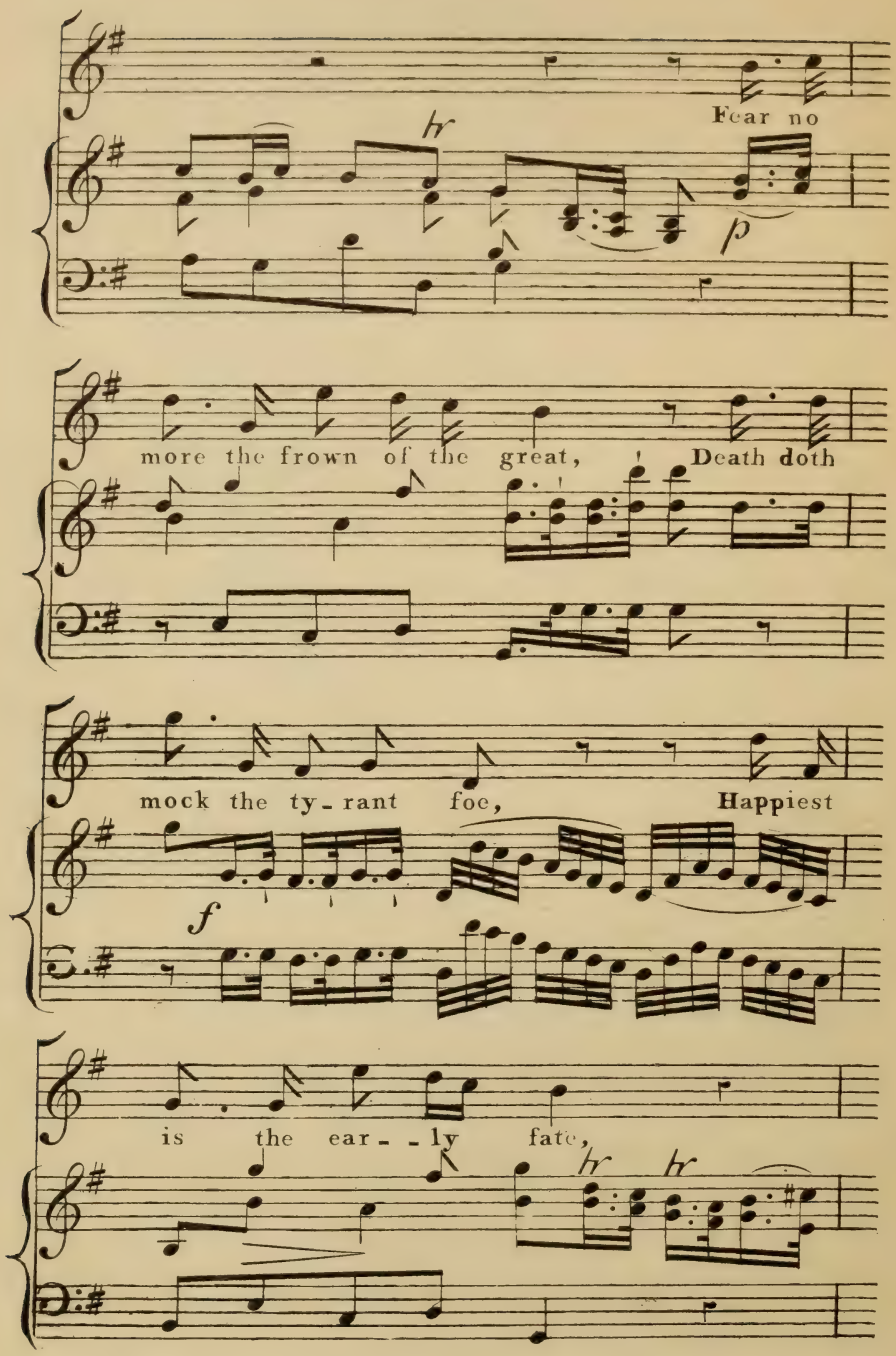
lads, lads and Girls, Golden

lads and Girls all must fol - low

thee and come to dust.

dim.

pp


Fear no
more the frown of the great, Death doth
mock the ty-rant foe, Happiest
is the ear--ly fate,

mi - - se - ry with time doth grow,

rinf.

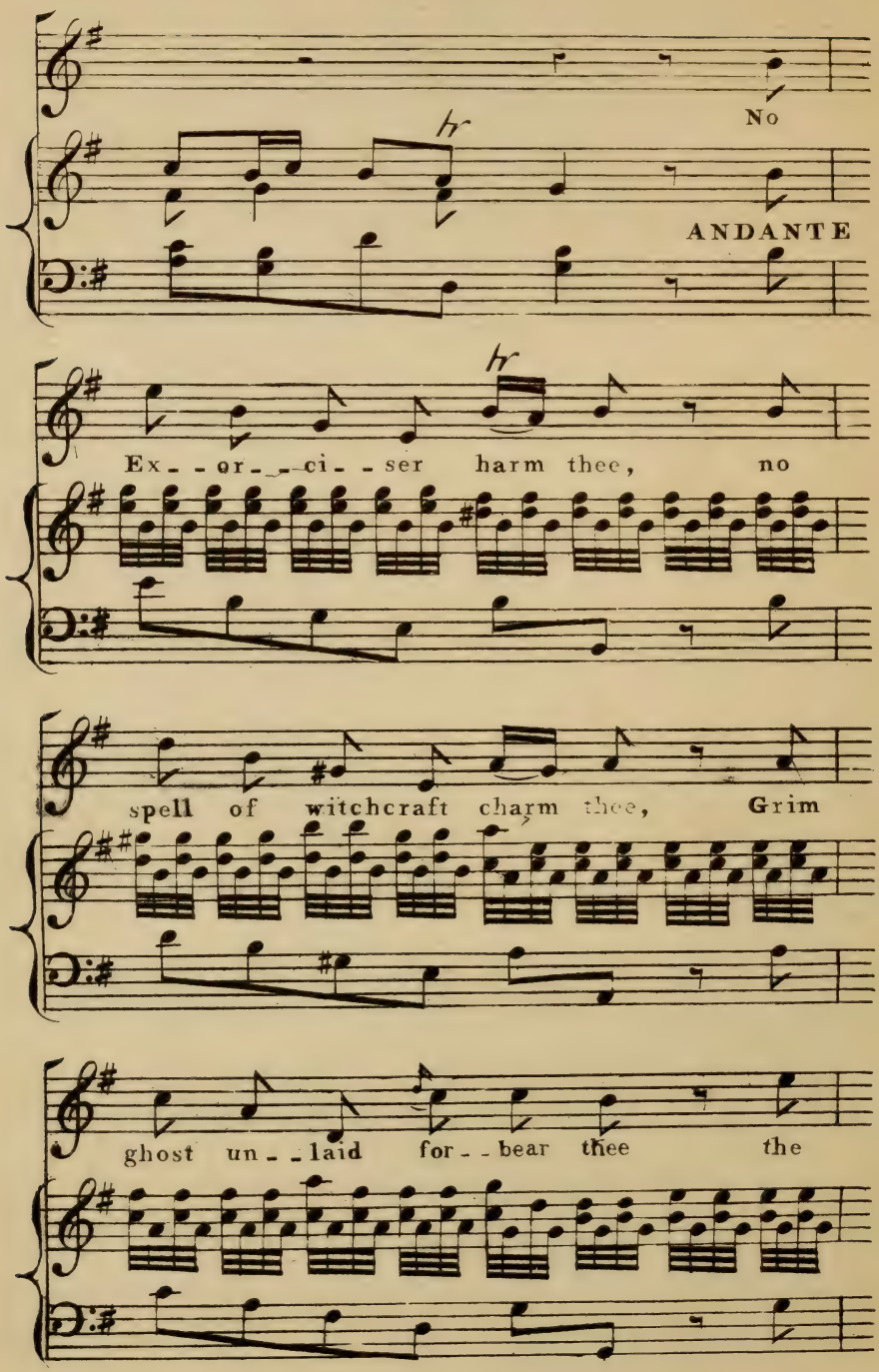
Monarhs, Monarhs,

Sa - - ges. Pea - - sants must follow

dim.

thee and come to dust.

pp


No
ANDANTE
Ex - - or - - ci - - ser harm thee, no
spell of witchcraft charm thee, Grim
ghost un - - laid for - - bear thee the

fai - - ry elves be near thee, the

fai - - ry elves be near thee.

ten

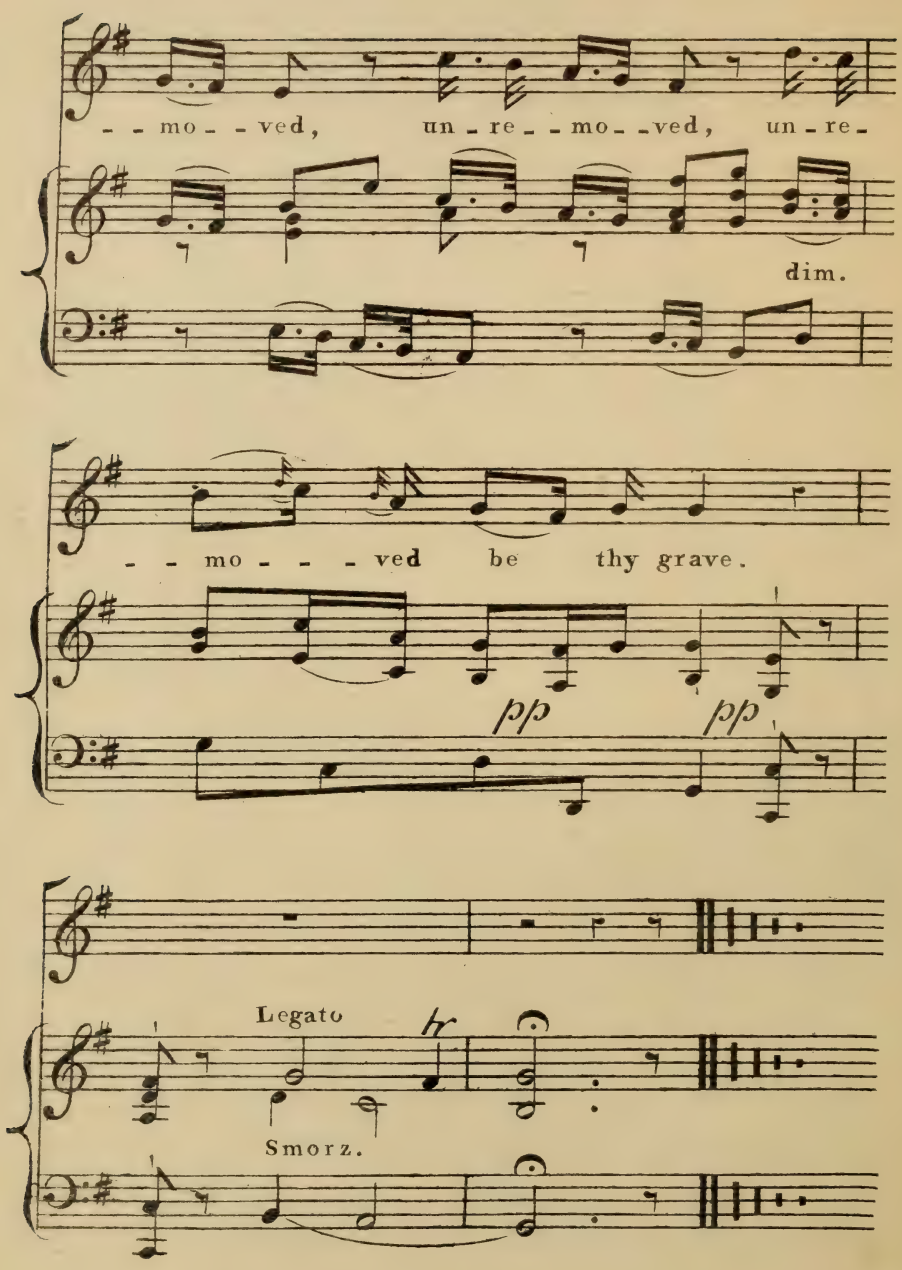
Quiet

f

LARGO

con - - sum - ma - - tion have, Un - re -

p


- - mo - - ved, un - re - - mo - - ved, un - re -
dim.
- - mo - - - ved be thy grave.
pp
pp
Legato
hr
Smorz.

THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Hamlet.

CLARE OF OPHELIA

THOMAS HAILES LACY.

Publisher of Theatrical Music,

89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

HAMLET.

The wild and pathetic airs of Ophelia were collected and published by W. Linley (brother of Mrs. Sheridan,) as he remembered them to have been repeatedly sung by Miss Field, of Drury Lane Theatre, afterwards Mrs. Foster (she died 1789); and he says, " the impression remained too strong " on his mind to make him doubt the correctness of the airs agreeably to " her delivery of them."

Dr. Arnold also noted them down from Mrs. Jordan's voice, and Mr. Ayrton has followed that version in Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare. The notes are the same in both, but in the former it is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, in the latter common time. The melody is printed in common time in *The Beggar's Opera* (1728) to " *You'll think e'er many days ensue,*"—and in the *Generous Freemason* (1781).

" *To-morrow it is St. Valentine's Day,*" is to be found in several ballad Operas, such as *The Cobbler's Opera* (1729), *The Quaker's Opera* (1728), &c.; also under this name, in *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1707) vol. 2, p. 44, and in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, beginning "*Arise, arise, my juggy, my puggy.*" Other versions will be found under the names of " *Who list to lead a Soldier's life,*" and " *Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor.*"

" *My Robin is to the Greenwood gone,*" or " *Bonny sweet Robin.*" This is contained in Anthony Holborne's *Citharn Schoole* (1597), in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, in William Ballet's Lute Book, and in other manuscripts and printed works.

There are two copies in William Ballet's Lute Book, and the second is entitled "*Robin Hood is to the green-wood gone.*" It is, therefore, probably the tune of a ballad of Robin Hood, now lost,—Ophelia sings a line of it—

" For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."

In Peele's *Edward I.* (1593), we find, enter a harper and sings to the tune, " *Who list to lead a Soldier's life.*" There is also in the Roxburgh's ballads, a song of " *The Life and Death of King Richard III, who, after many murders committed by him, was slain at Bosworth by Henry VII. King of England,*" beginning—

" In England once there reigned a King,
A tyrant fierce, and fell,"—

these are only different versions of the same air.

Dr. Percy selected some of the fragments of ancient ballads which were dispersed through Shakespeare's Plays, and especially those sung by Ophelia, and connected them by a few supplemental stanzas into his charming ballad, " *The Friar of Orders Gray*" (made into a splendid glee by Dr. Callcott), the first line of which is taken from that sung by Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew.*

Hamlet.

Act 4. — Scene 5.

OPHELIA

Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN —— How now, Ophelia?

How should I your true love know. From an

o - - ther one? By his coc - kle hat and

staff, And his san - - dal shoon?

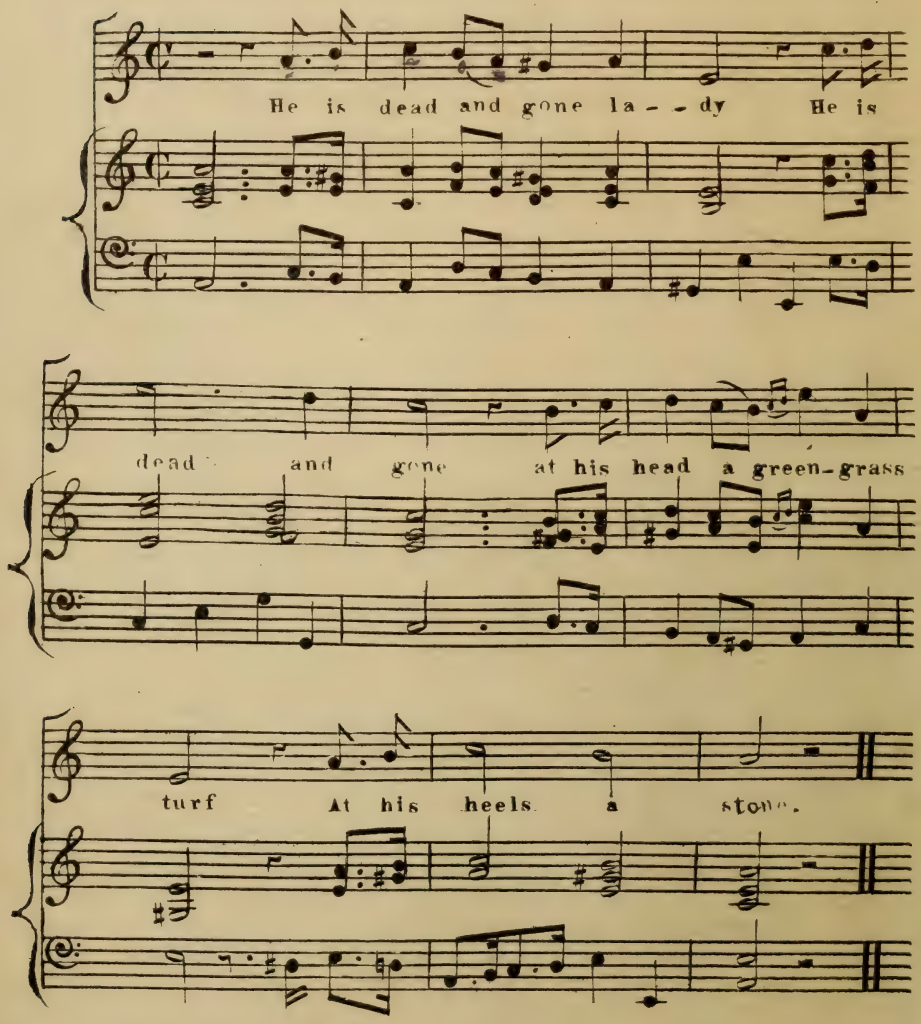
Usually sung Ad libitum without an Accompaniment.

QUEEN

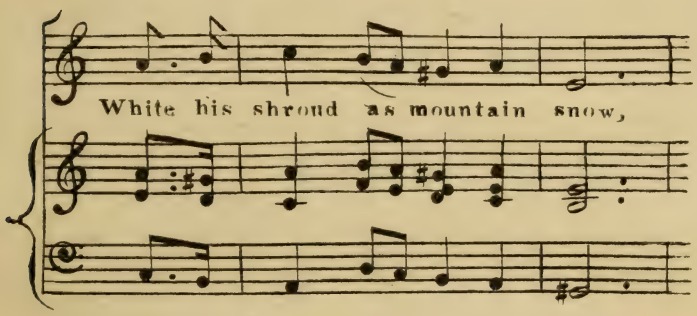
Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA

Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

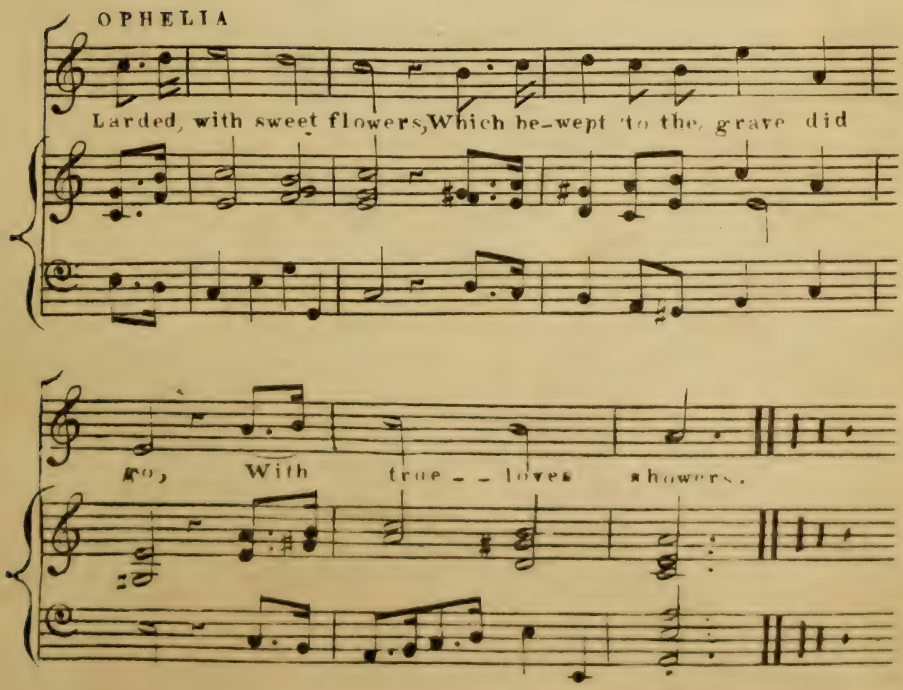


QUEEN — Nay, but Ophelia,
OPHELIA — Pray you, mark.



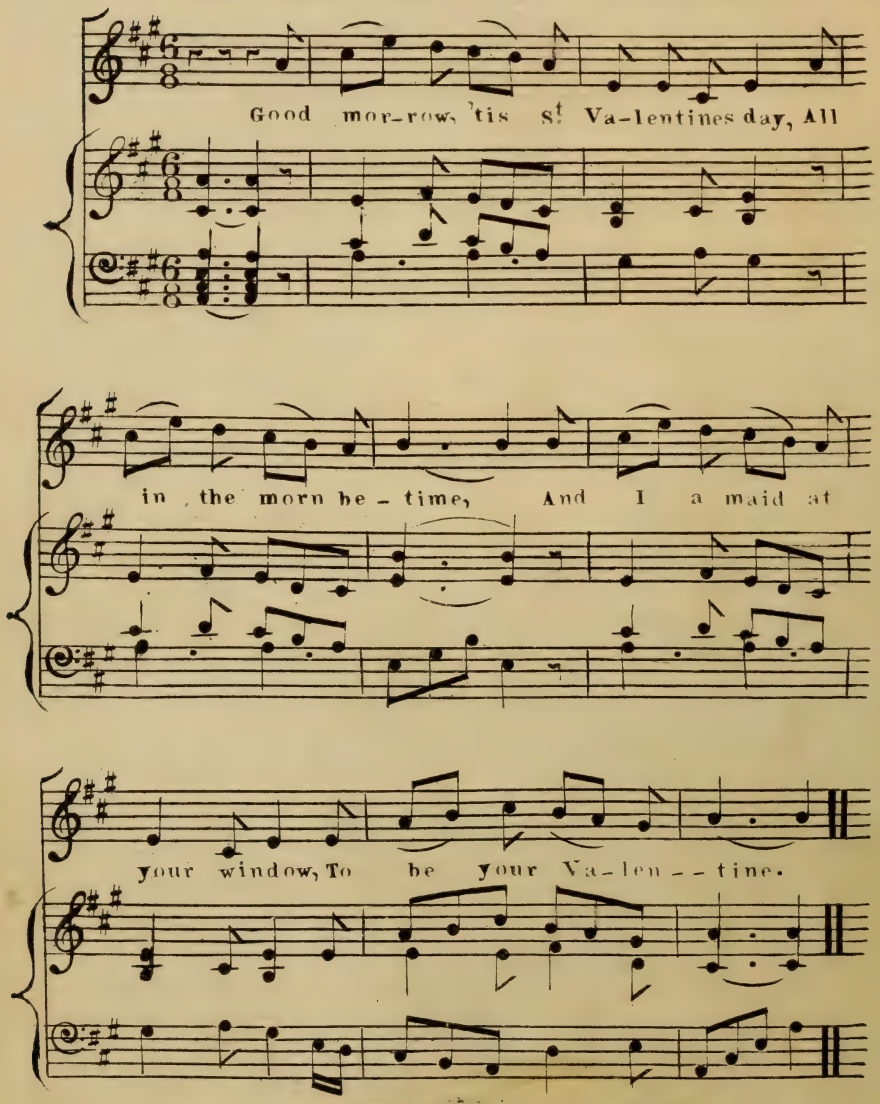
Enter KING

QUEEN — Alas, look here, my lord.



OPHELIA

Pray, let us have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this:



KING. *Pretty Ophelia.*

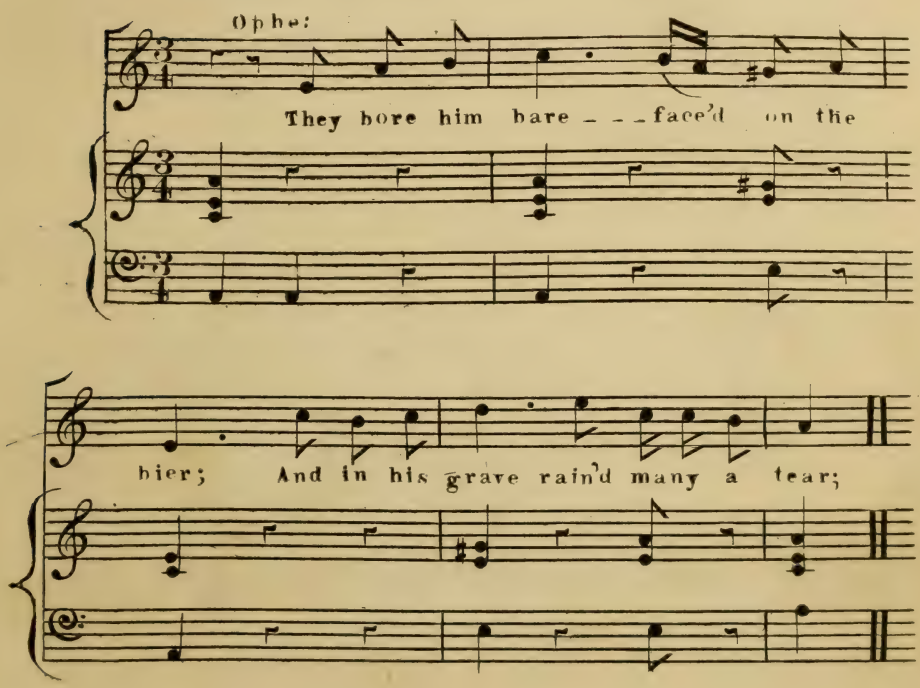
OPHELIA. *Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make an end on't.*

2ND VERSE.

Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in a maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

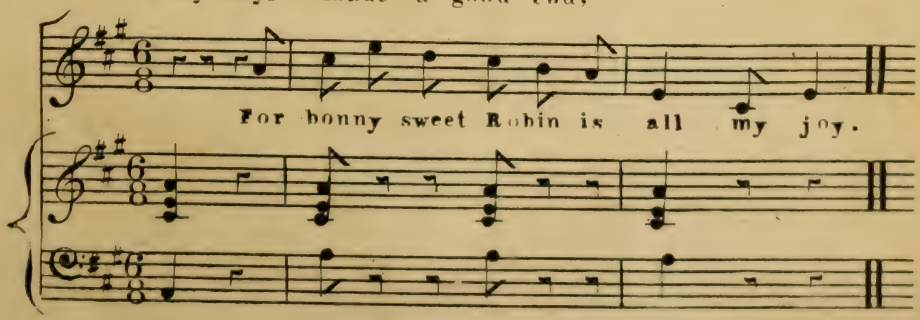
LAERTES

Nature is fine in love: and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.



OPHELIA

There's a daisy: I would give you some violets;
but they withered all, when my father died:
They say, he made a good end,



LEARTES

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

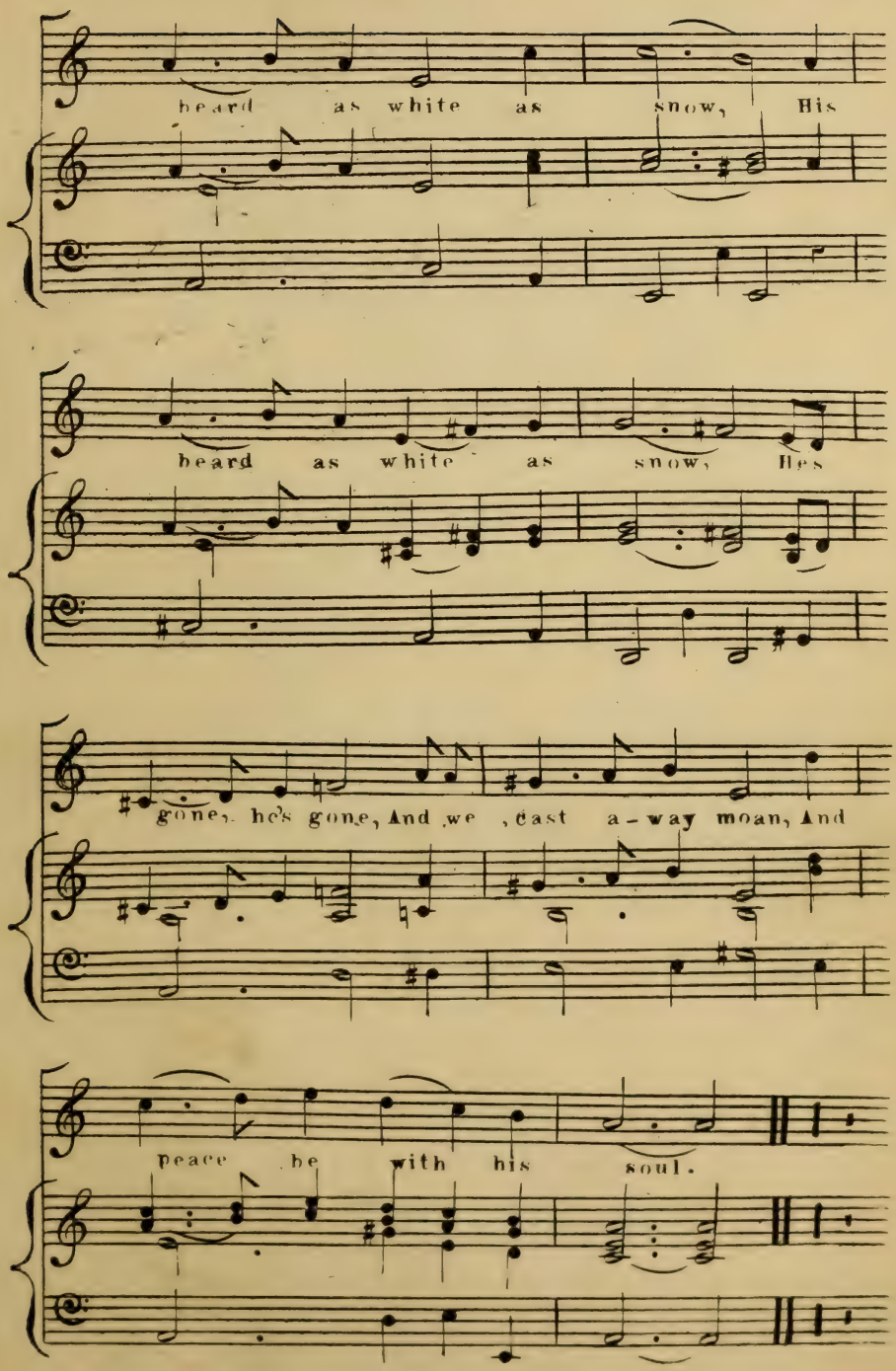
Ophe:

And will he not come a - - - gain? and

will he not come a - - - gain? No,

no, he's dead gone to his death-bed, He

ne - - ver will come a - - - gain. His


beard as white as snow, His
beard as white as snow, His
gone, he's gone, And we cast a-way moan, And
peace be with his soul.

GRAVE DIGGERS SONG

Act 5. — Scene 1.

{Go, get thee to Yaughn, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

digs and sings.

In youth when I did

love did love, Me thought 'twas ve - ry

sweet a, To con-tract, O, the time, for

ah my behove O me thought there was no - thing

meet a

Usually sung without an Accomp^t.

Hamlet — Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

Grave Digger.

A pick-axe and a spade, a spade, For-

-and a shroud-ing sheet-a; O, a

pit of clay for to be made For

such a guest is meet-a.

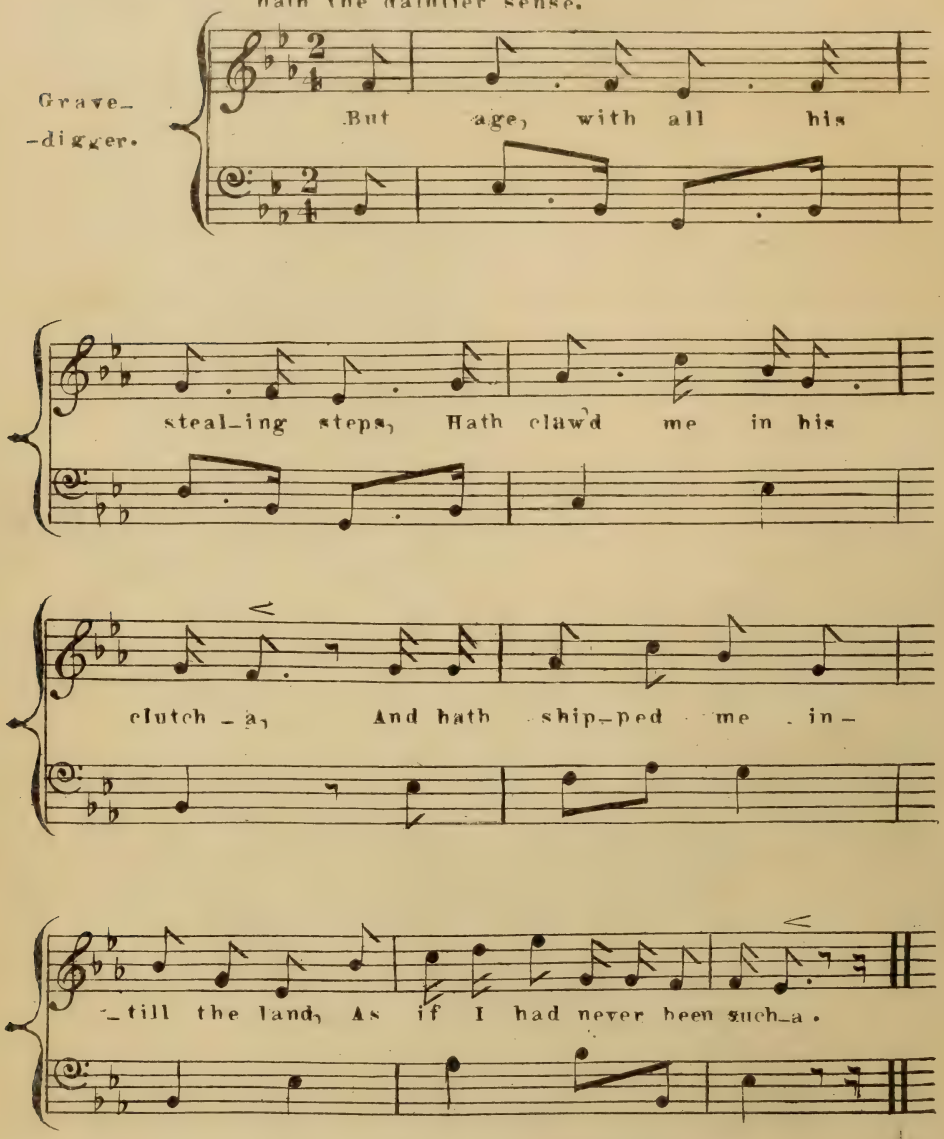
Ditto

Hamlet.— Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave making.

Horatio.— Custom hath it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet.— 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Grave-digger.



THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

HENRY IV. Part 2.

THOMAS HAILES LACY.

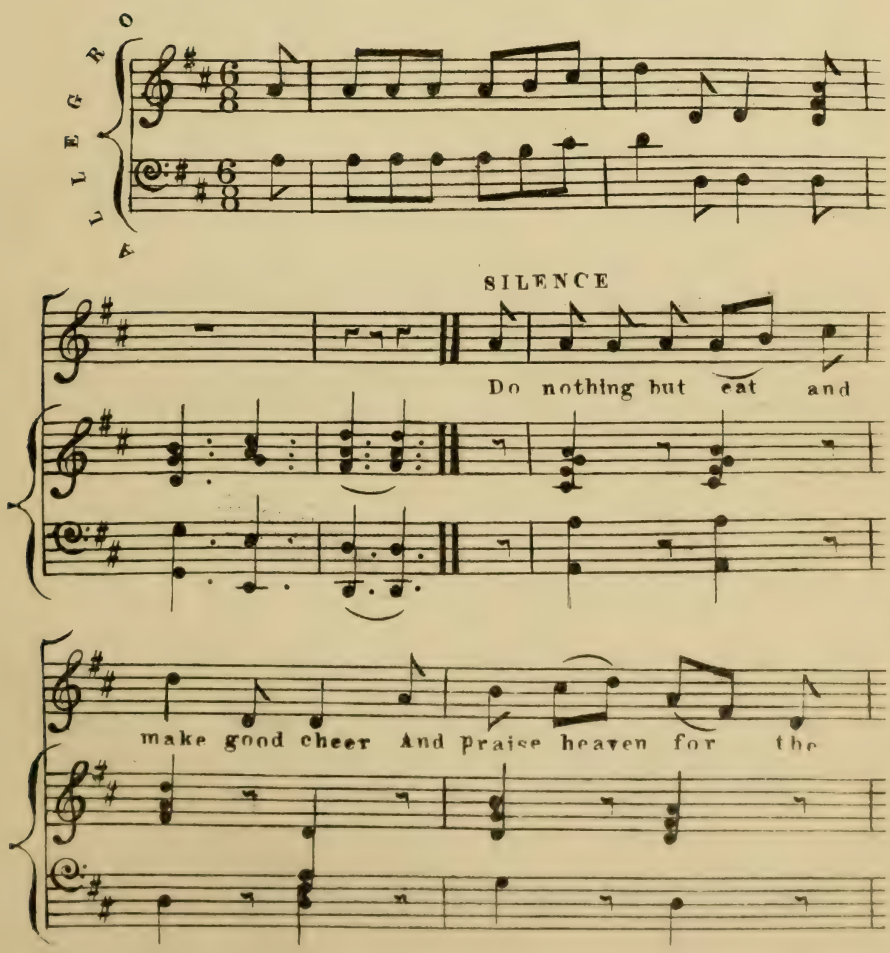
Publisher of Theatrical Music.

89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

HENRY THE FOURTH, PART 2.

Song & Chorus.

Act 5. Scene 3.



mer_ry good year When flesh is cheap and

Females dear And lus_ty lads roam here and there Oh

then comes in the merry good year the merry good year the

merry good year Oh then comes in the merry good year.

CHORUS

When flesh is cheap and females dear and females dear and

When flesh is cheap and females dear and females dear and

When flesh is cheap and females dear and females dear and

females dear Oh then comes in the mer-ry good year the

females dear Oh then comes in the mer-ry good year the

females dear Oh then comes in the mer-ry good year the

VOLTI

merry good year the merry good year Oh then comes in the

merry good year the merry good year Oh then comes in the

merry good year the merry good year Oh then comes in the

merry the merry good year.

merry the merry good year.

merry the merry good year

ff

THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

HENRY VIII.

THOMAS HAILES LACY.

Publisher of Theatrical Music.

89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Henry the Eighth.

Act 3. Scene 1.

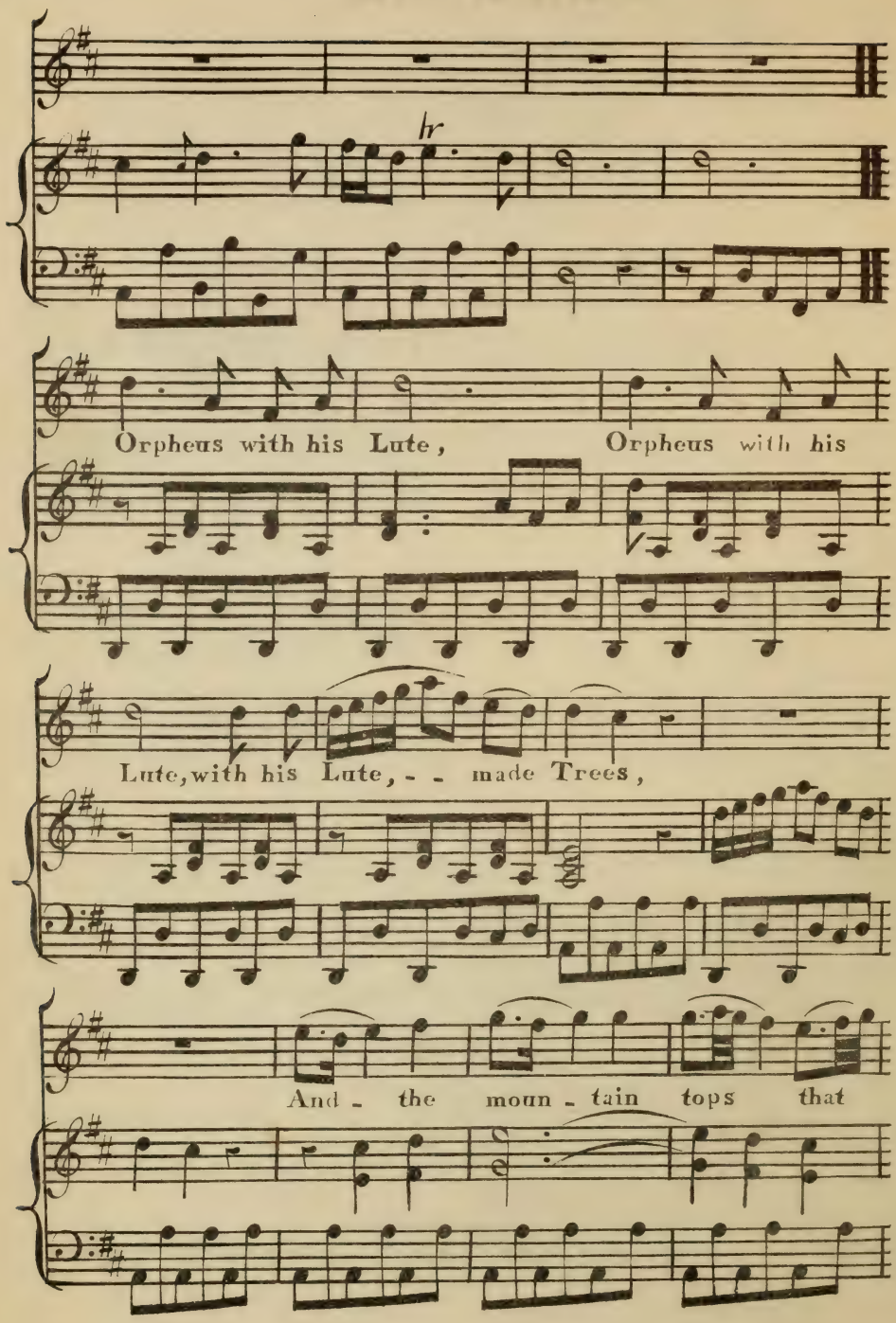
ANDANTE

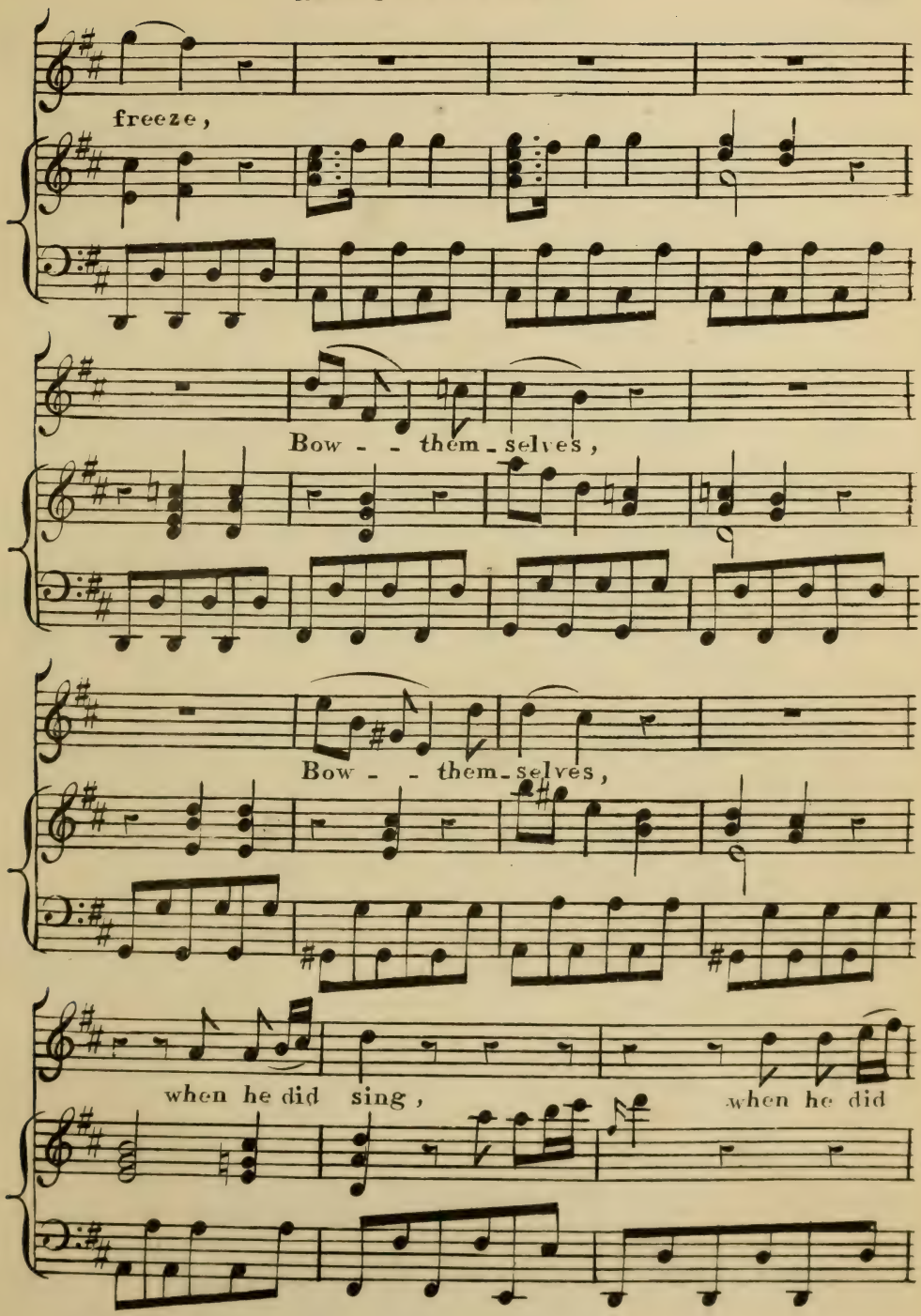
tr

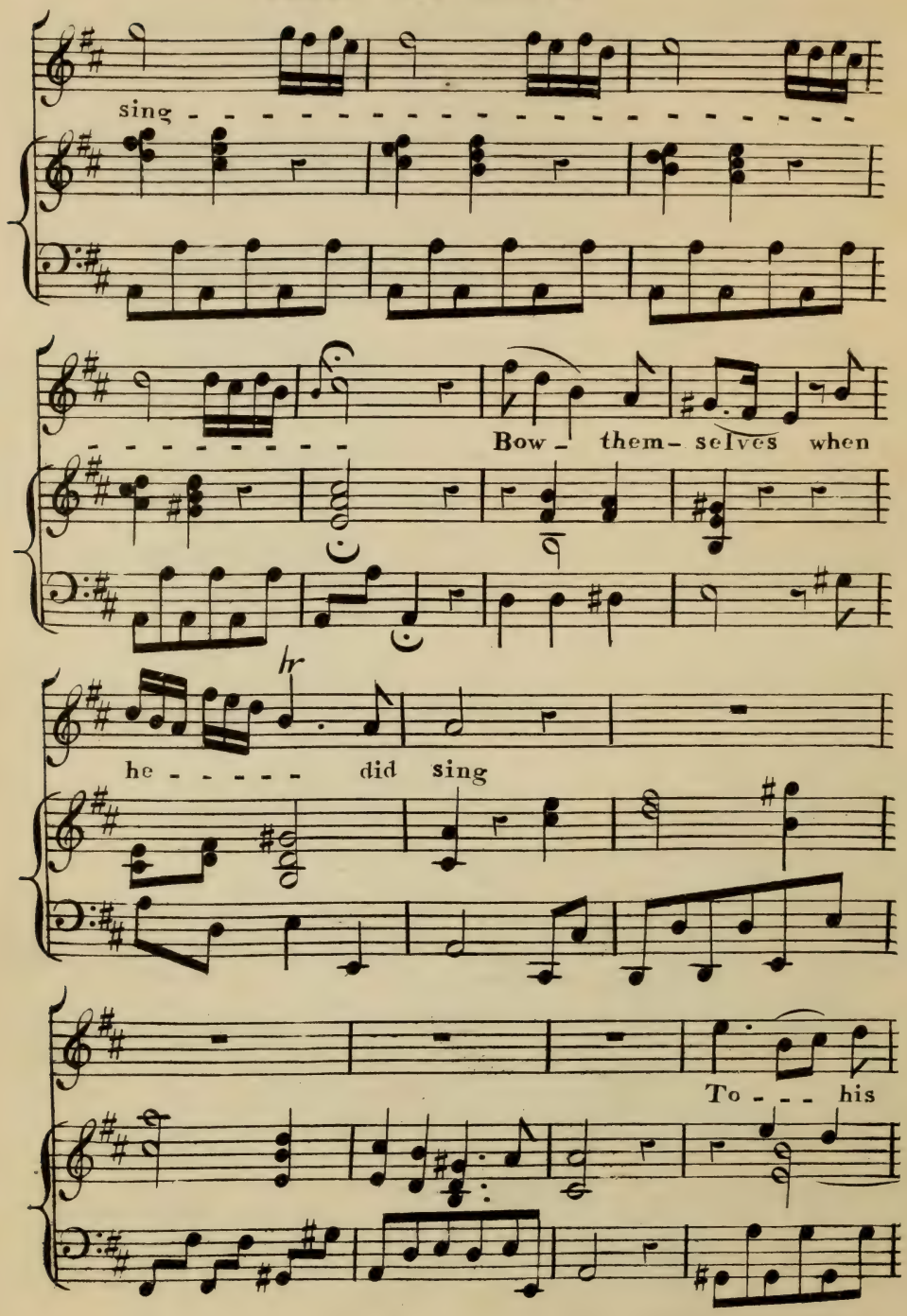
tr

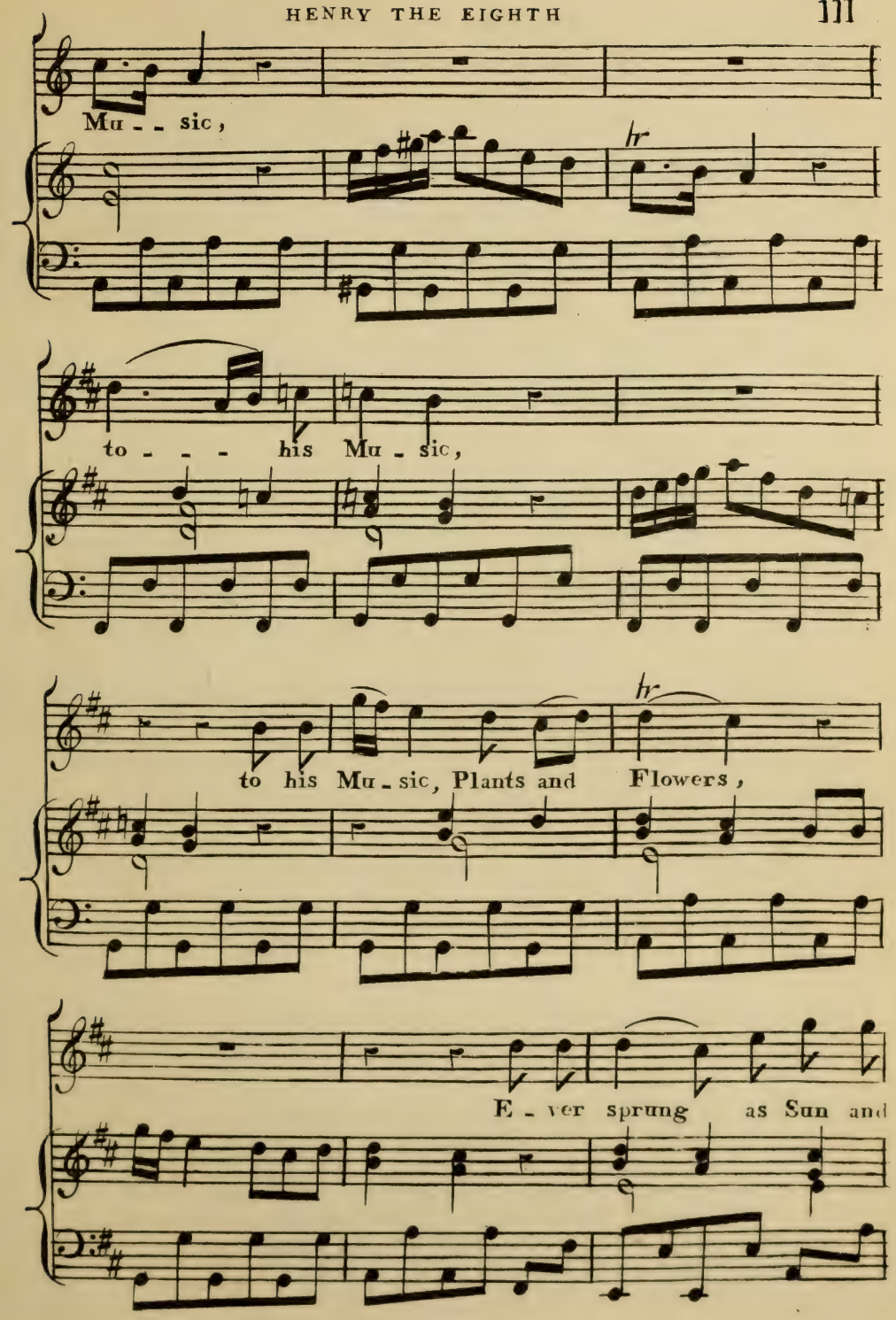
tr

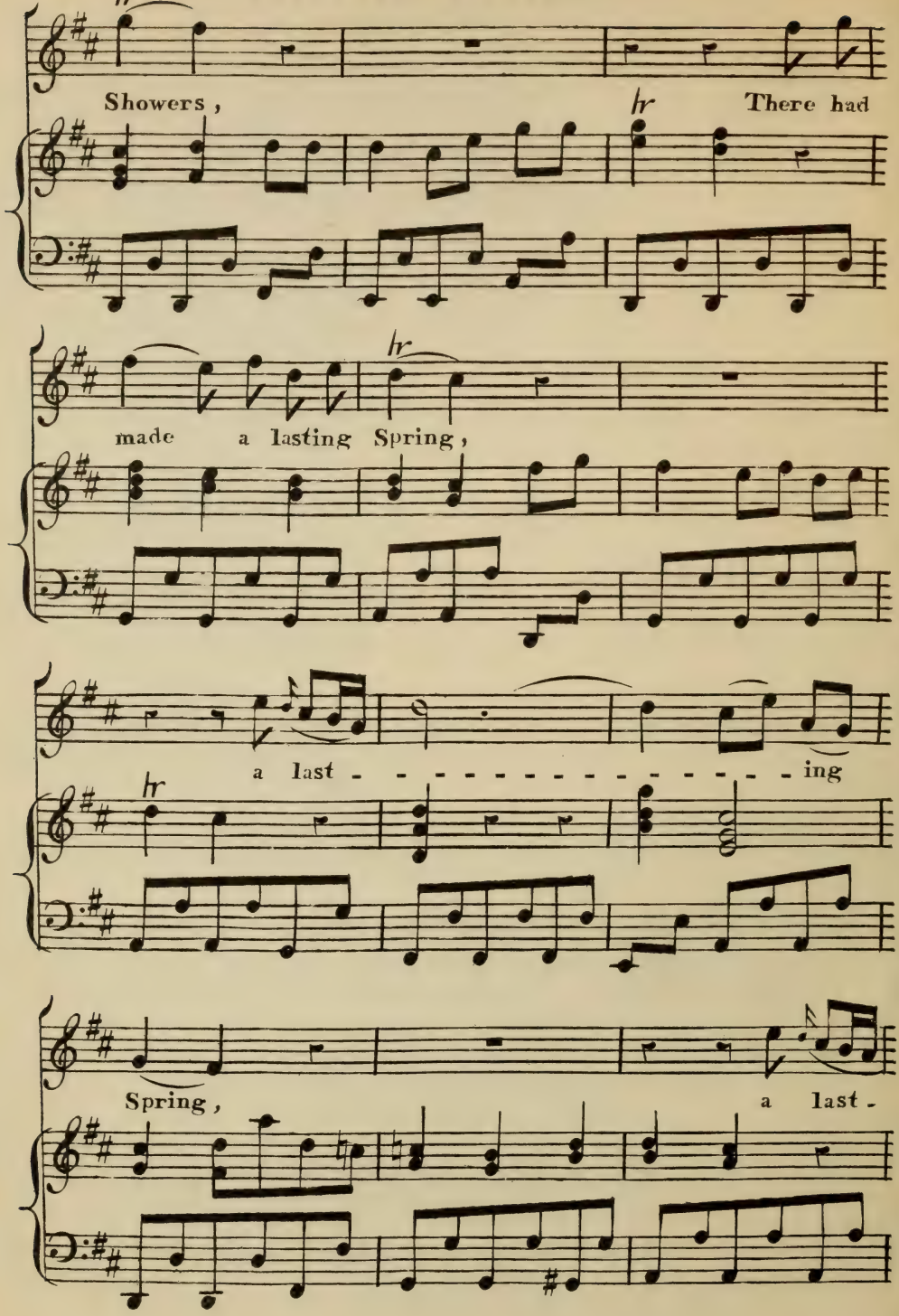
tr

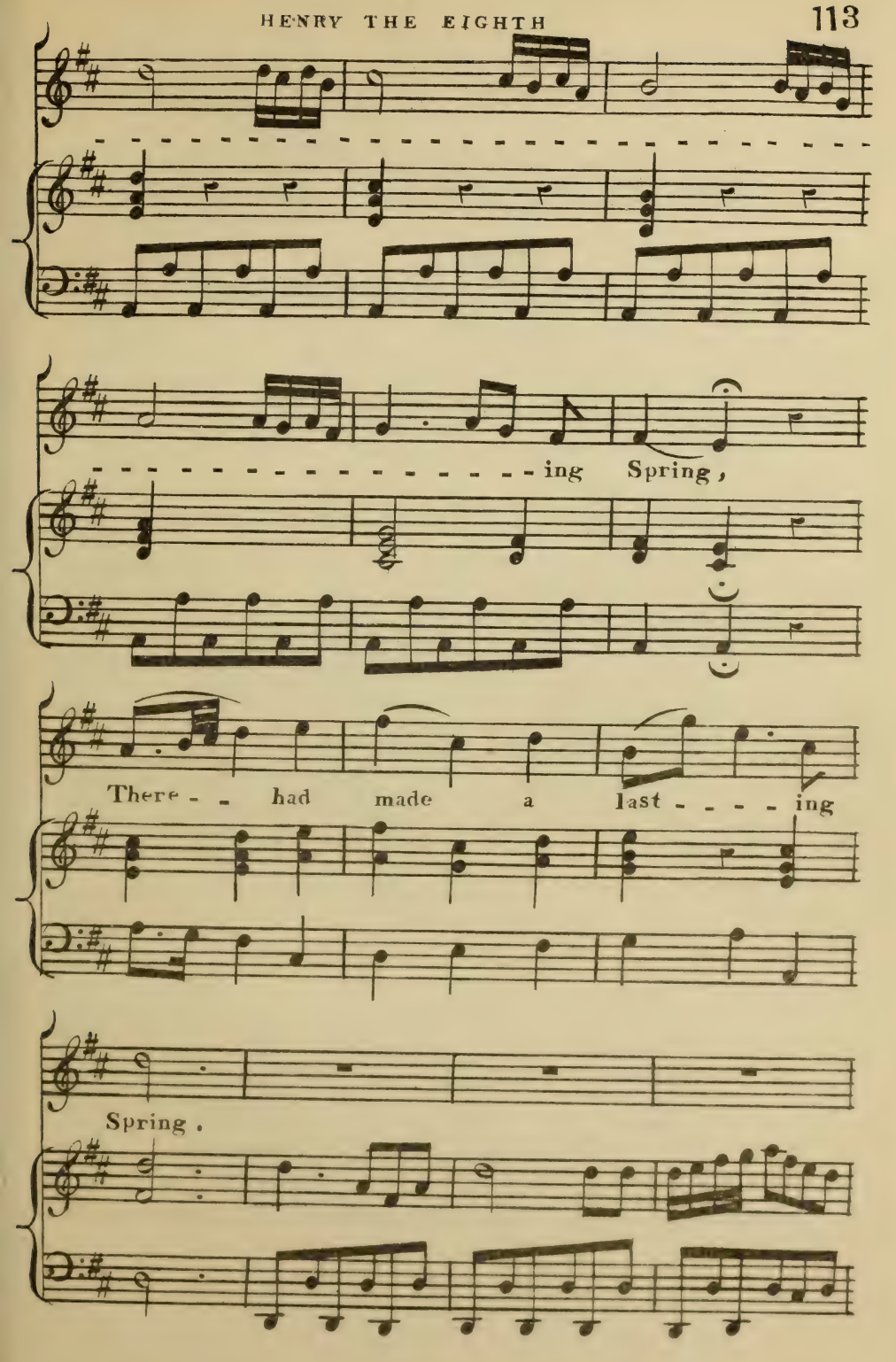

hr
Orpheus with his Lute, Orpheus with his
Lute, with his Lute, - - made Trees,
And - the moun - tain tops that

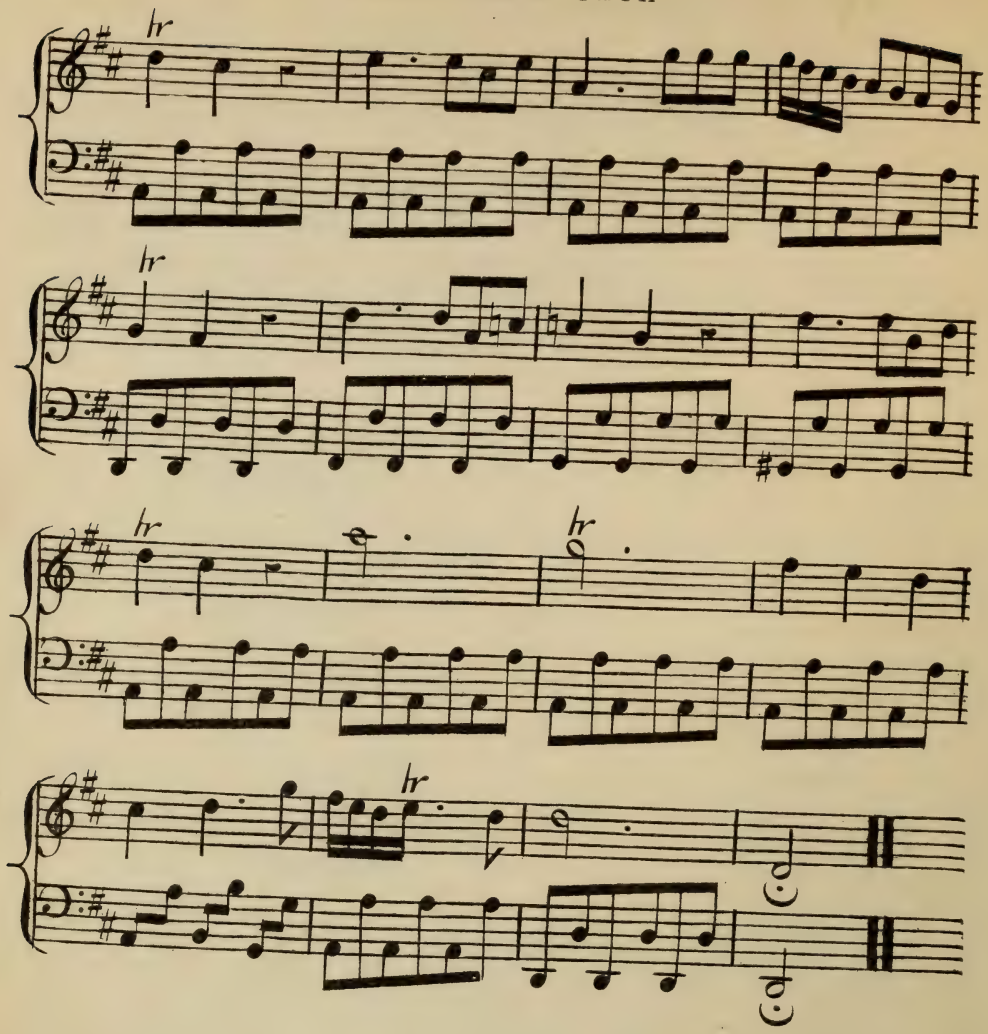

freeze,
Bow - - them - selves,
Bow - - them - selves,
when he did sing, when he did


sing -
- - - - - - - Bow - them - selves when
he - - - - - did sing
To - - - his


Mu - - sic,
hr
to - - - his Mu - sic,
hr
to his Mu - sic, Plants and Flowers,
E - ver sprung as Sun and


hr
Showers,
hr
There had
made a lasting Spring,
hr
a last - - - - - - - - - - - - - - ing
hr
Spring,
a last -


ing Spring,
There - - had made a last - - - - ing
Spring.



2

Every thing that heard him Play,
E'vn the Billows of the Sea,
Hung their Heads and then lay by.
On sweet Music is such art,
Killing care, and grief of Heart,
Fall asleep, or hearing die.

THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

KING LEAR.

THOMAS HAILES LACY.

Publisher of Theatrical Music,

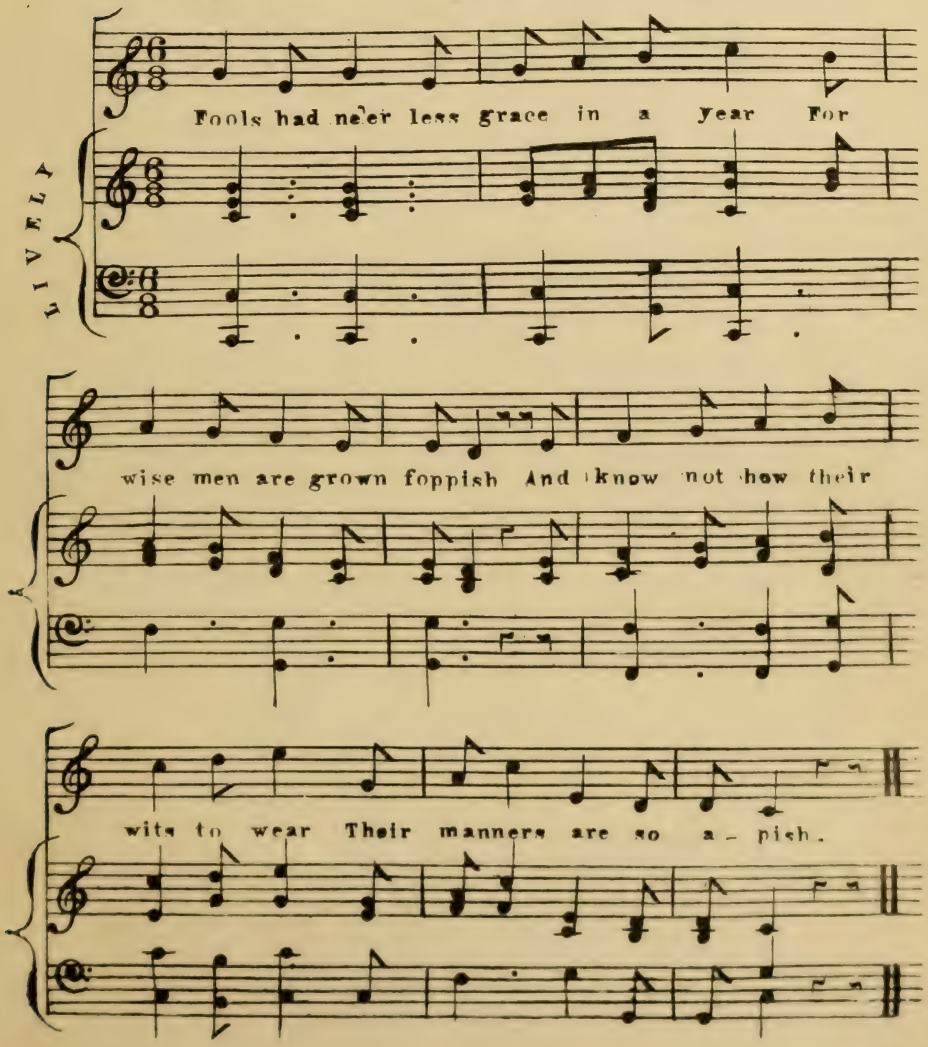
89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

King Lear.

Act 1. Scene 4.

FOOL

Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gavst thy golden one away, if I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so.

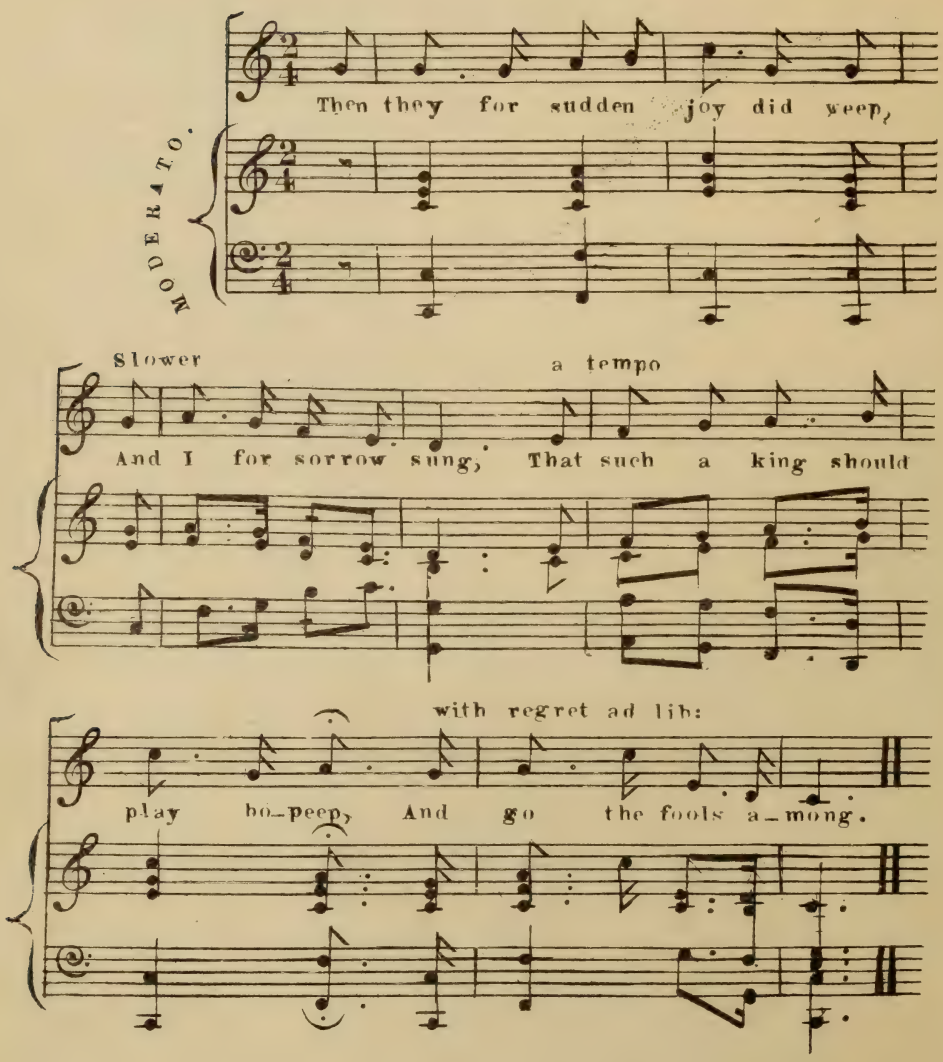


KING.

When were you wont to be so full of song Sirrah?

FOOL.

I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou madest thy daughters thy mother:



FOOL { Thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing. Yes, forsooth I will hold my tongue; so your face (To Gon.) bids me though you say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor

slower and with feeling

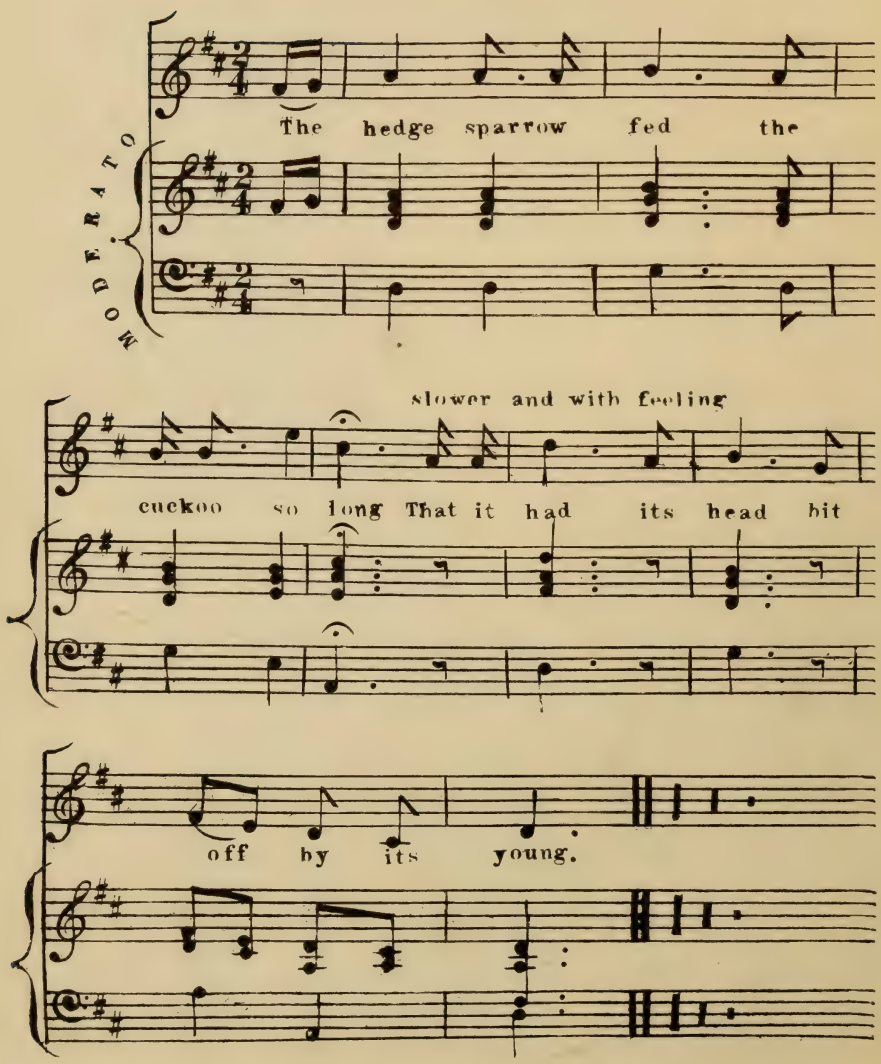
crust nor crum, Wea - ry of all shall

want some.

Act I. Scene 4.

FOOL.

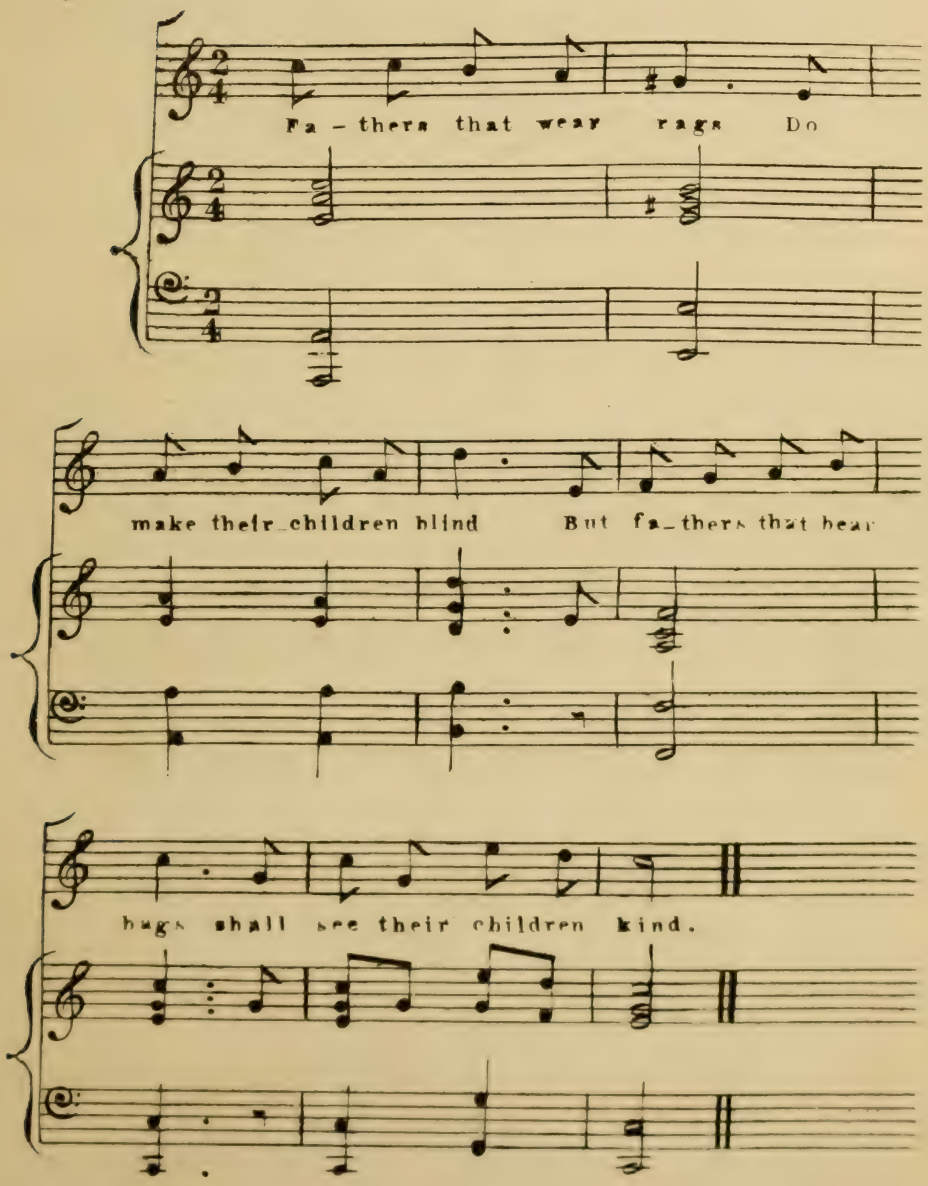
For you trow, nuncle.



Act 2. — Scene 4.

FOOL

Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese
fly that way.



FOOL { When a wise man gives thee better council, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

MODERATO

That Sir which serves and seeks for gain And follows but for form Will pack when it be-gins to rain and leave you in the storm But I will tarry the fool the fool will stay the fool the fool will stay.

THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Love's Labours Lost.

Arranged for the Piano Forte by Wm. Addison.

ON A DAY ALACK THE DAY

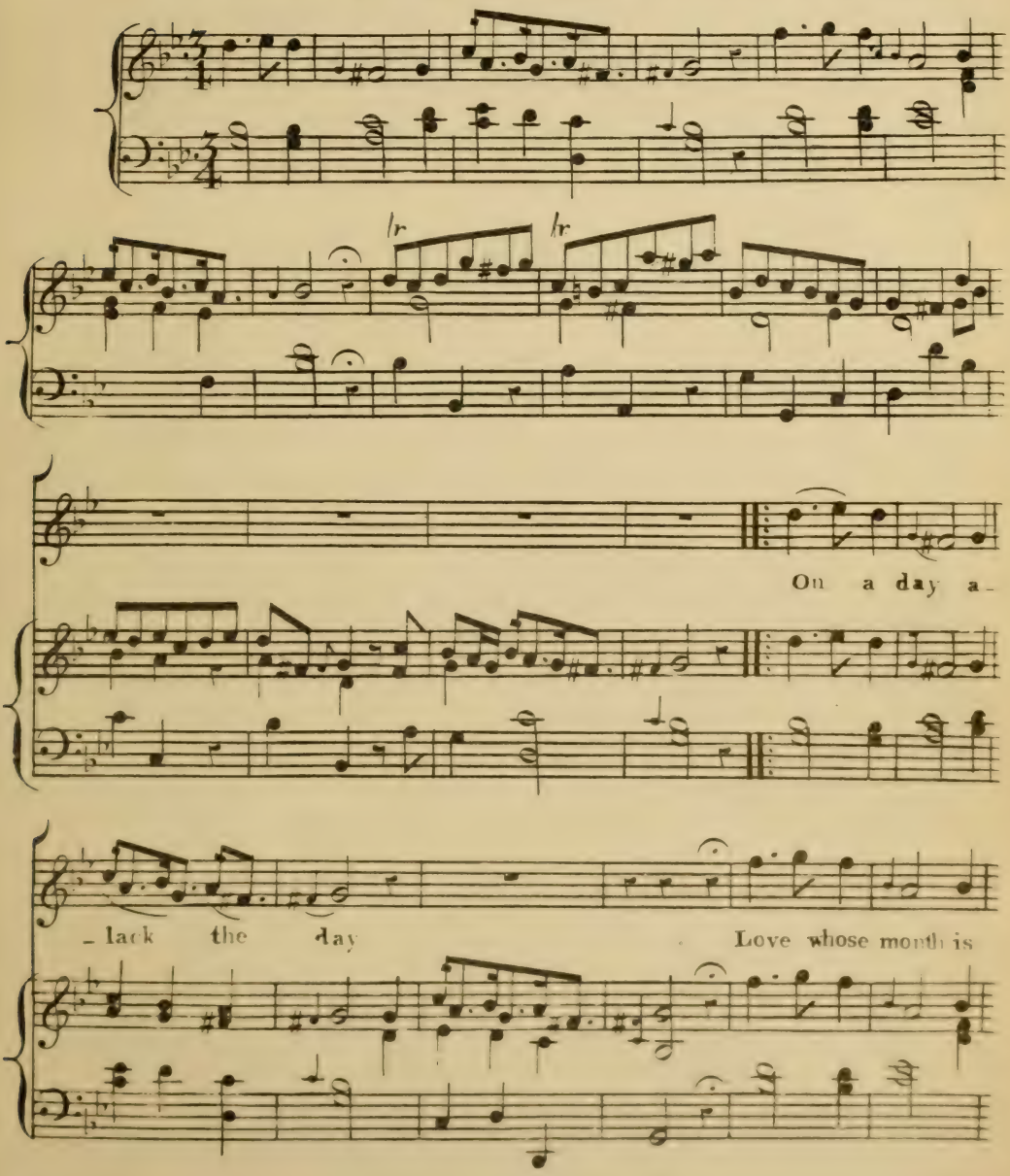
THOMAS HAILES LACY,

Publisher of Theatrical Music.

89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

ON A DAY ALACK THE DAY,

Composed by Dr. Arne. Arranged by J. Addison.



e - - ver may Spyd a blos - som

f p

pas - - sing fair play - - ing in the wan - - ton

air hr

f

1st time 2d time

Through the vel - vet

p

leaves the wind All un - seen gan pas - - sage

find That the Lo - - ver sick to death

Wish'd him - self the hea - - vens breath.

1st time 2d time

Act. 4. —— Scene. 3.

ON A DAY ALACK THE DAY!

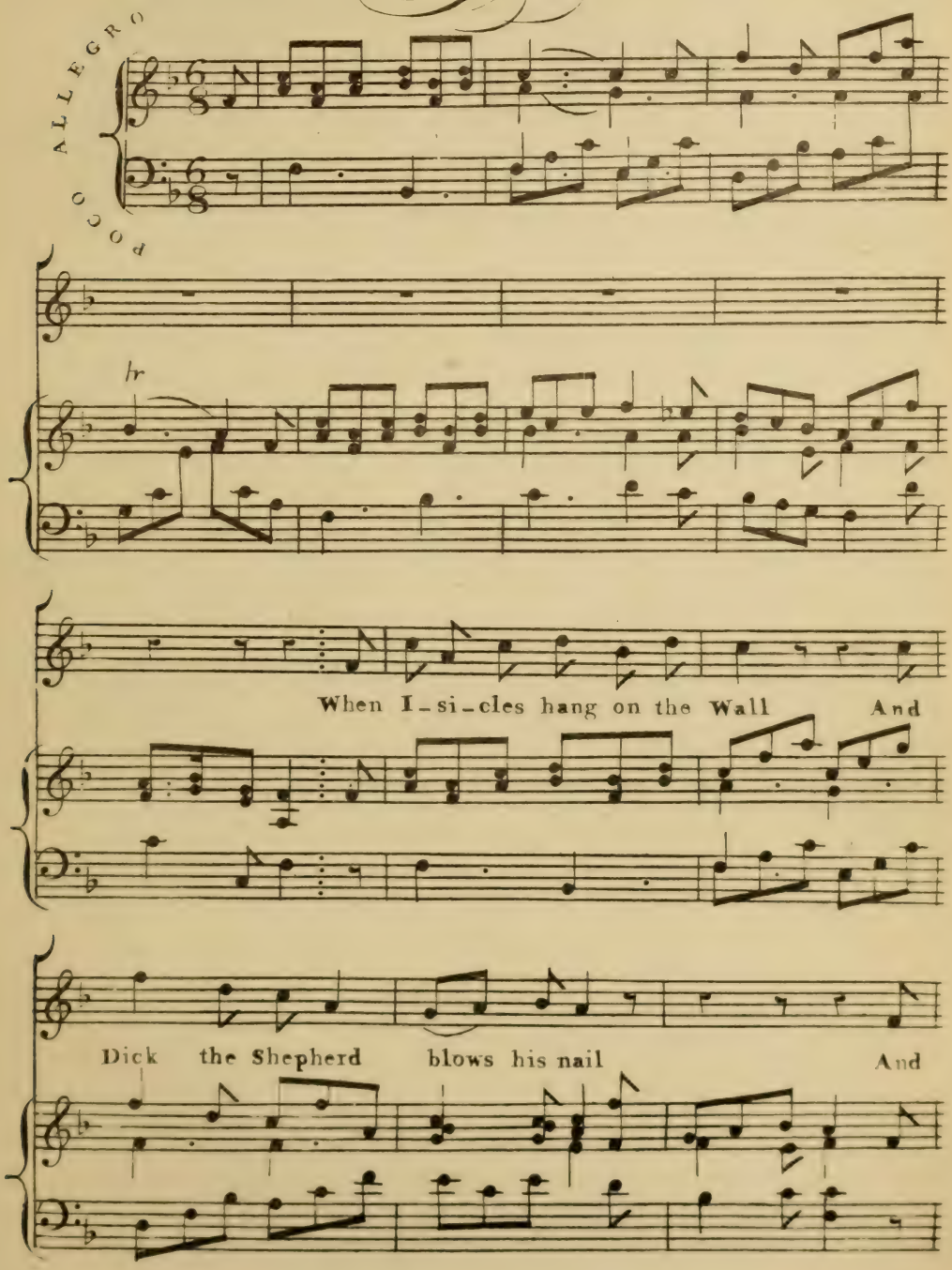
—— 1 ——

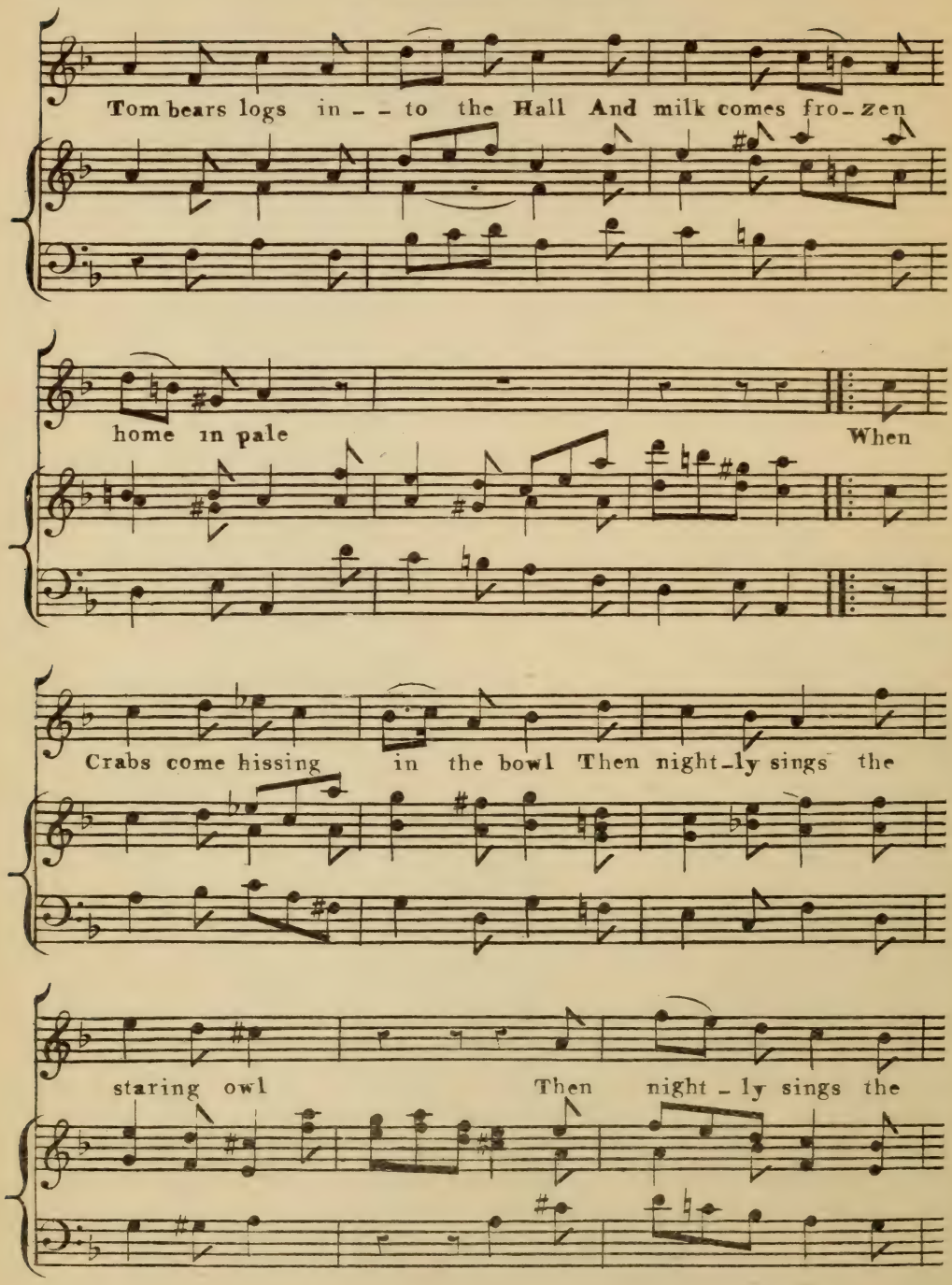
On a day, (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

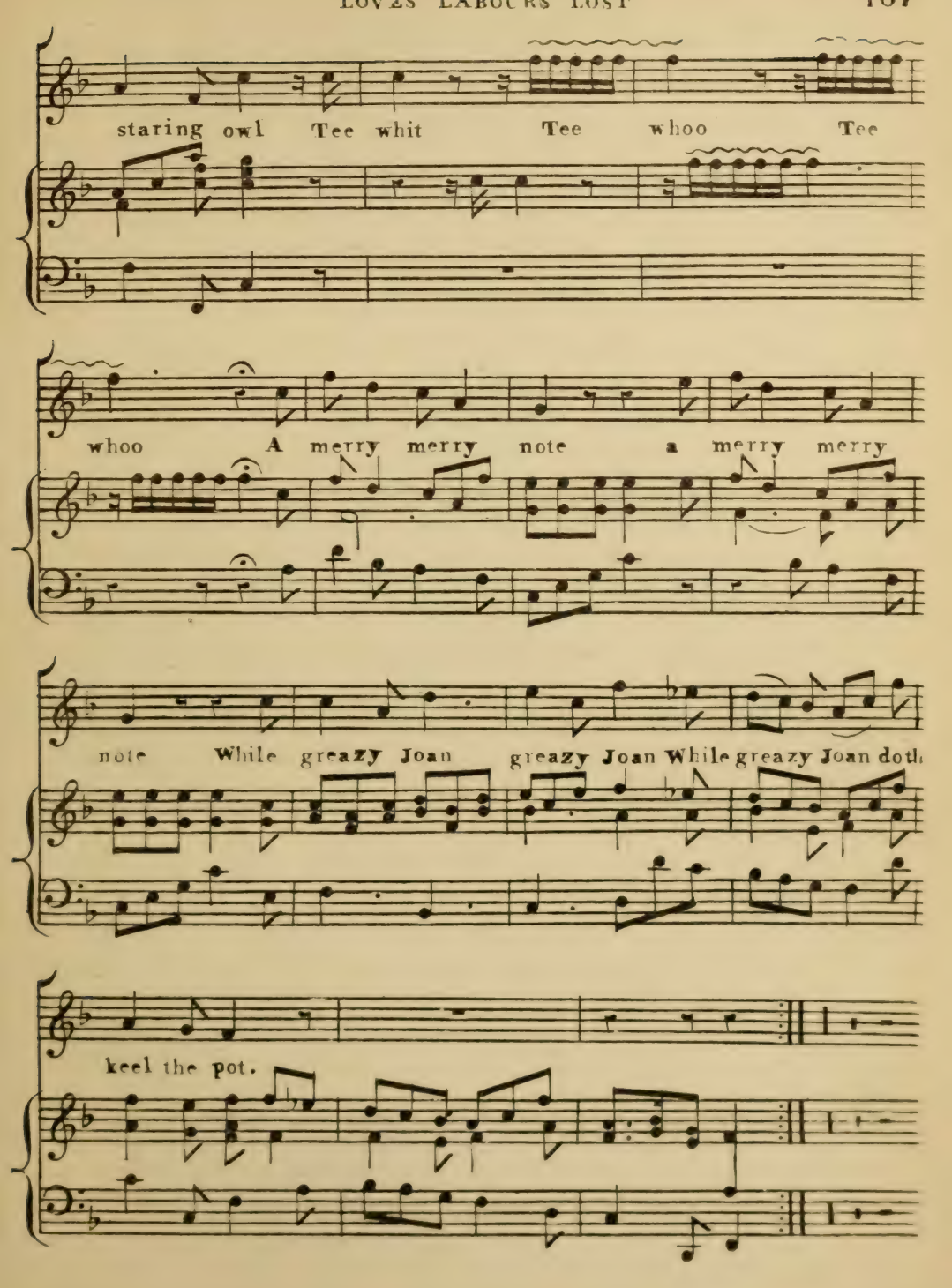
—— 2 ——

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alack, my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Thou for whom e'en Jove would swear,
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

WHEN ICICLES HANG ON THE WALL.




Tom bears logs in - - to the Hall And milk comes fro - zen
home in pale
When
Crabs come hissing in the bowl Then night - ly sings the
staring owl
Then night - ly sings the


staring owl Tee whit Tee whoo Tee
whoo A merry merry note a merry merry
note While greazy Joan greazy Joan While greazy Joan doth
keel the pot.

WHEN ICICLES HANG ON THE WALL

— 1 —

When Icicles hang on the Wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To who;
Tu whit, to who, a merry note,
While greazy Joan doth keel the pot.

— 2 —

When all aloud the wind doth blow
And coughing drowns the parsons saw
And birds sit brooding in the snow
And Marians nose looks red and raw
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be fowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To who;
Tu whit, to who, a merry note,
While greazy Joan doth keel the pot.

THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

MACBETH,

BY

MATTHEW LOCKE.

"Dagger with bad Consonants in her hand."

THOMAS HAILES LACY.

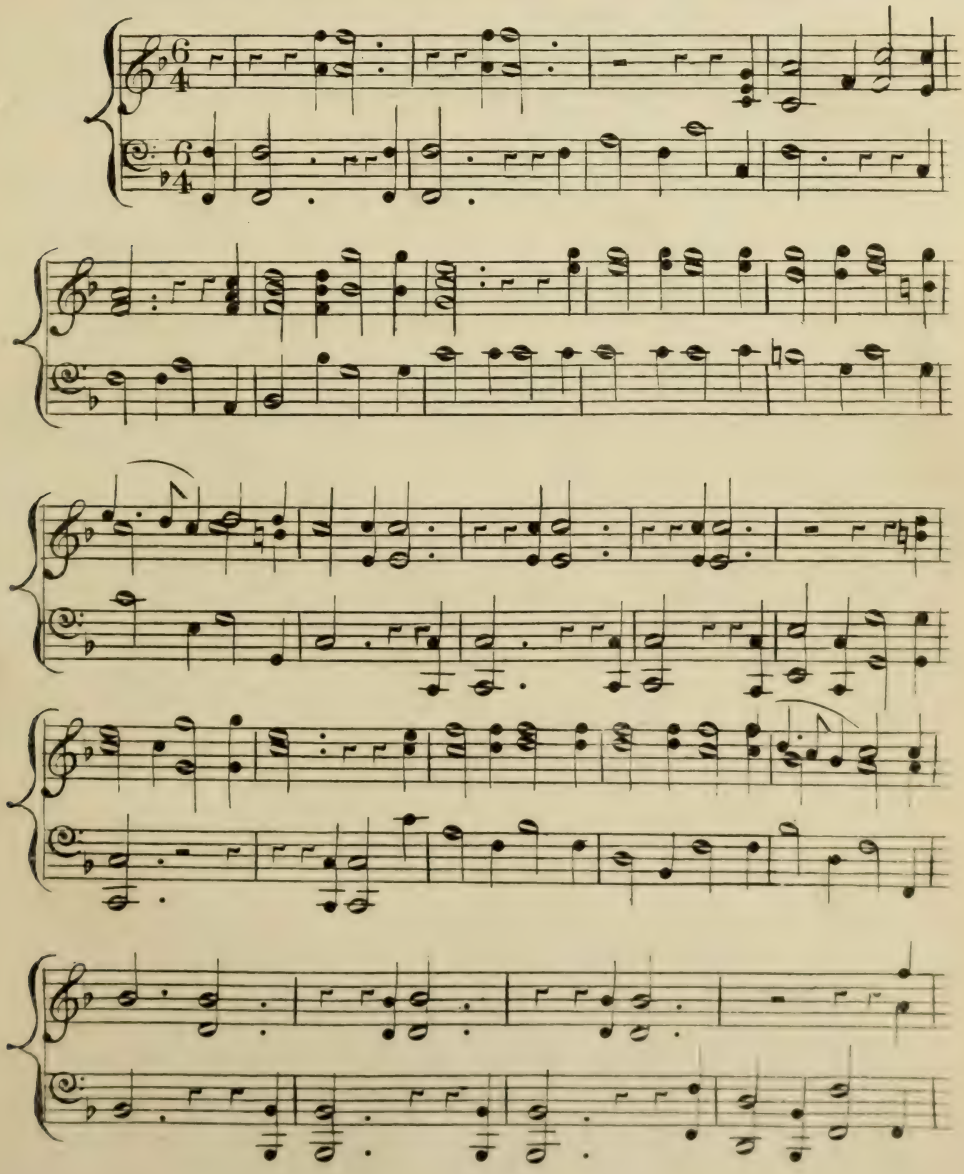
Publisher of Theatrical Music.

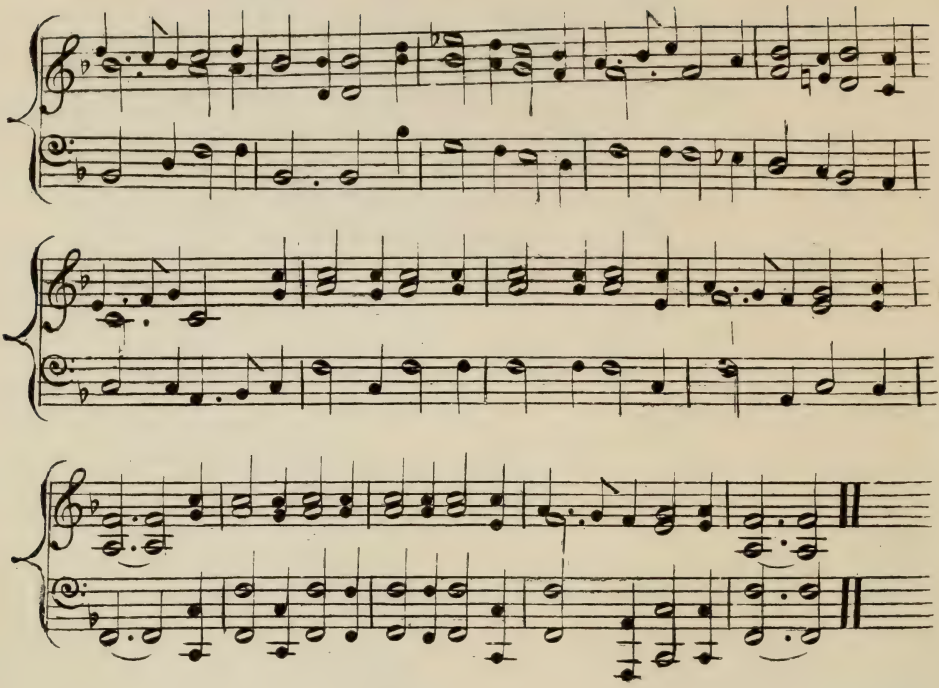
89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

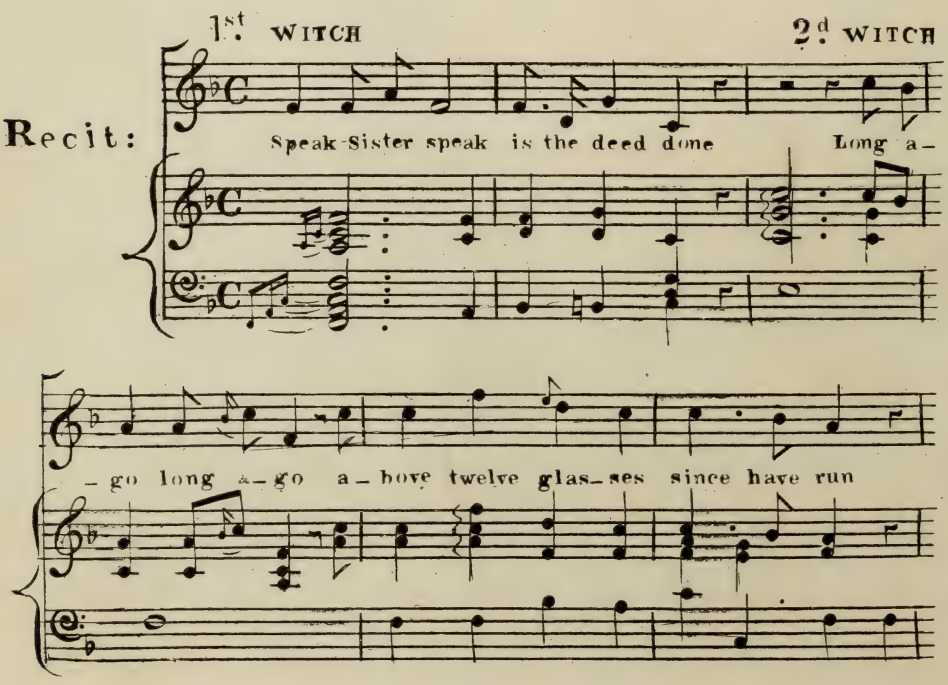
THE MUSIC IN Macbeth.

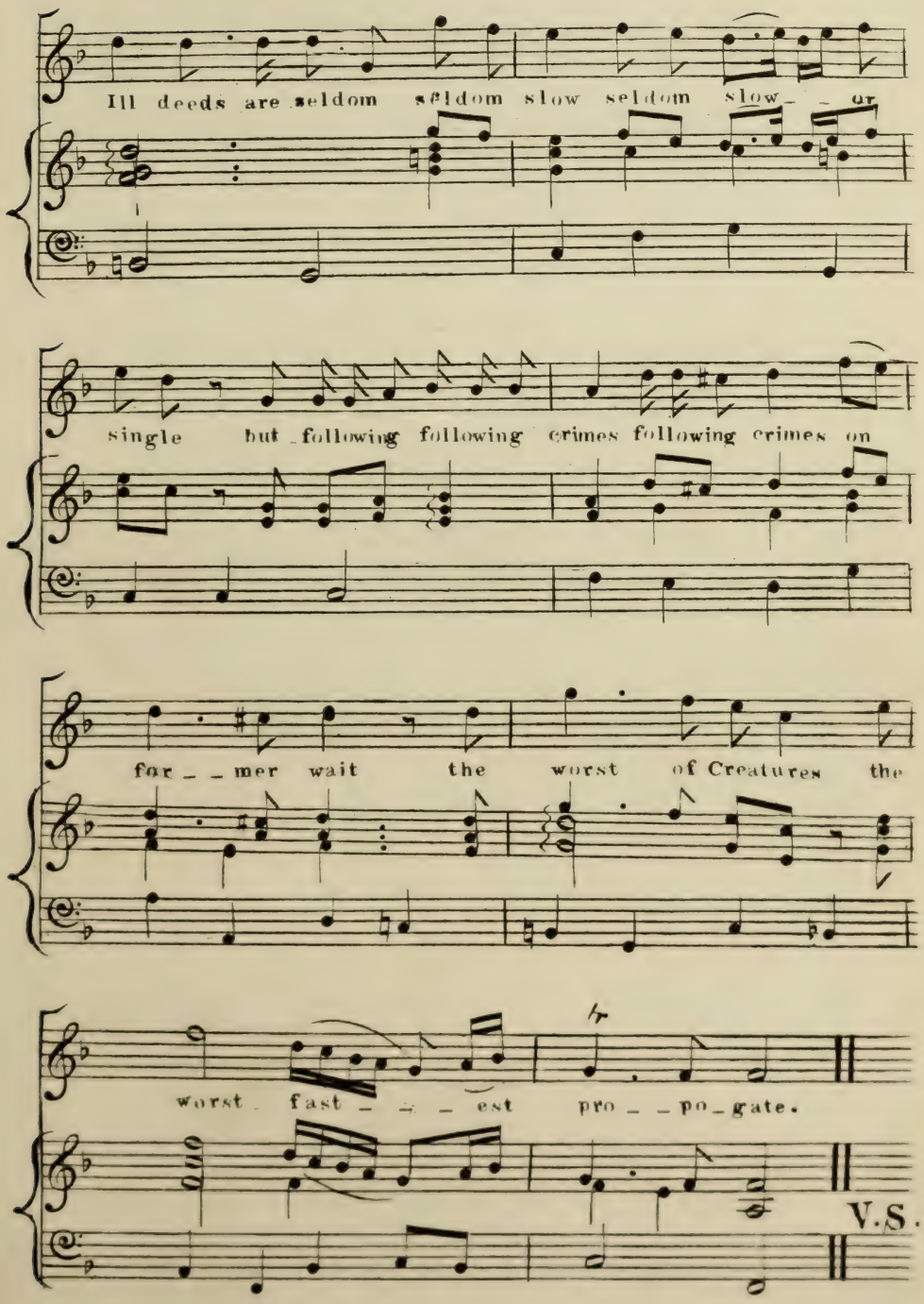
BY

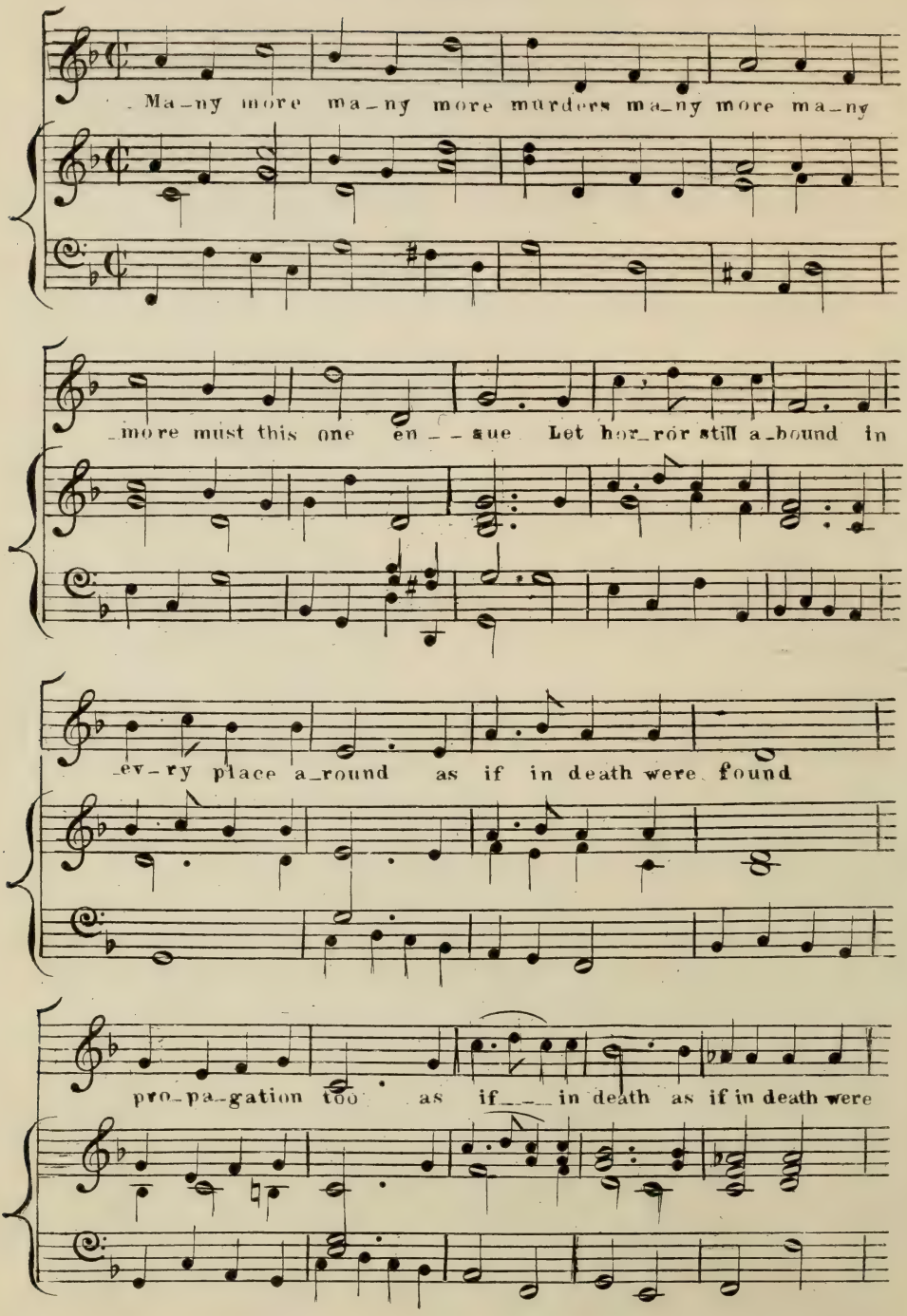
MATTHEW LOCKE.

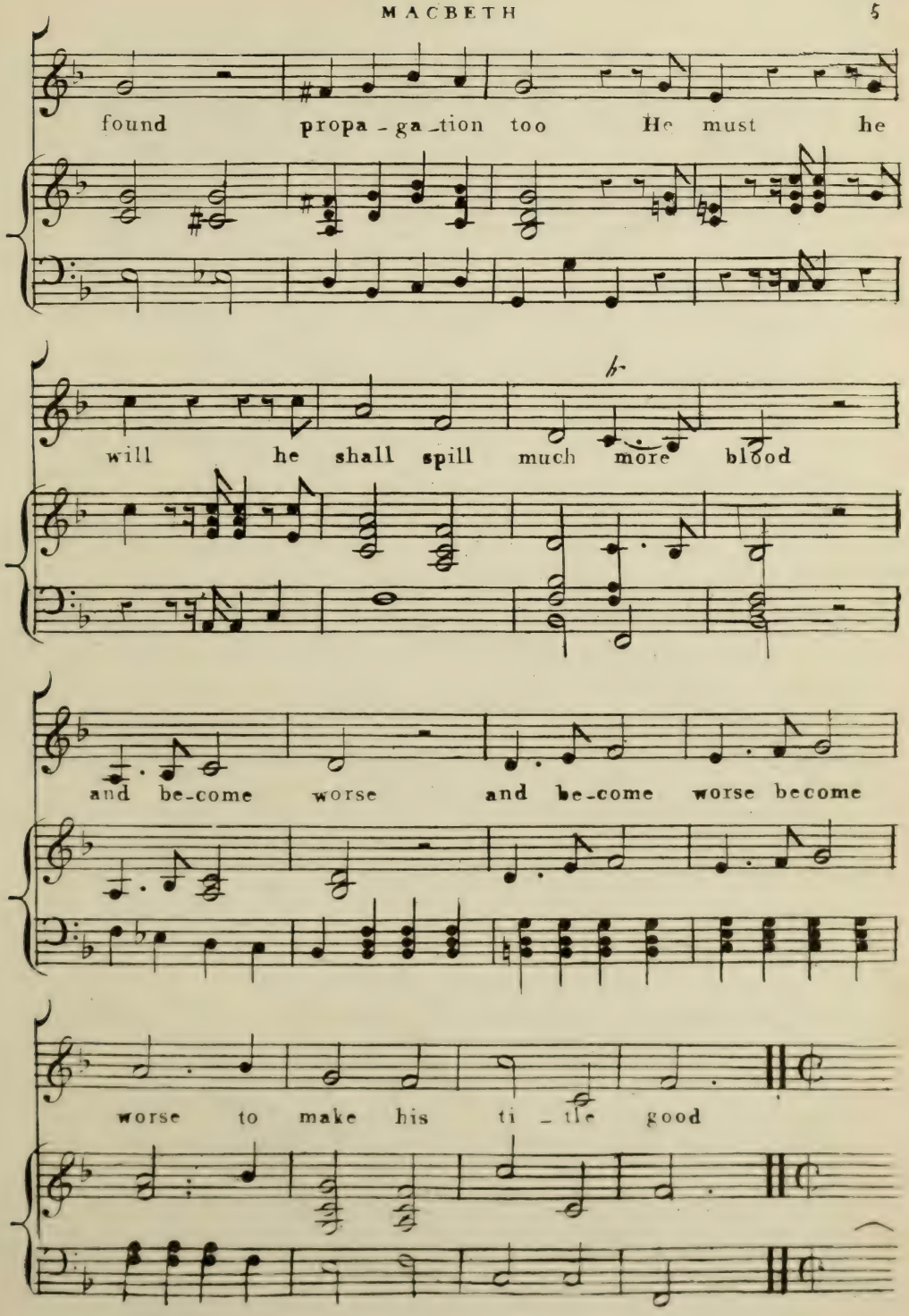





1st WITCH
2d WITCH
Recit:
Speak Sister speak is the deed done
Long a-
-go long a-go a-bove twelve glas-ses since have run


Ill deeds are seldom seldom slow seldom slow _ _ or
single but following following crimes following crimes on
for _ _ mer wait the worst of Creatures the
worst fast _ _ _ est pro _ _ po _ gate.
V.S.


Ma_ny more ma_ny more murders ma_ny more ma_ny
more must this one en__sue Let hor_ror still a_bound in
ev_ry place a_round as if in death were found
pro_pa_gation too as if___ in death as if in death were


found propa - ga - tion too He must he
will he shall spill much more blood
and be-come worse and be-come worse become
worse to make his ti - tle good

First time Piano, Second time Forte.

He must he must he will he will he

He will he will he

He must he will he shall he shall he

He must he must he will he will he shall he shall he

shall spill much more Blood, He must he must he

shall spill much more Blood, He must he must he

shall spill much more Blood, He must he must he

shall spill much more Blood, He

will he will he shall spill much more Blood,

will he will he shall spill much more Blood,

will he will he shall spill much more Blood,

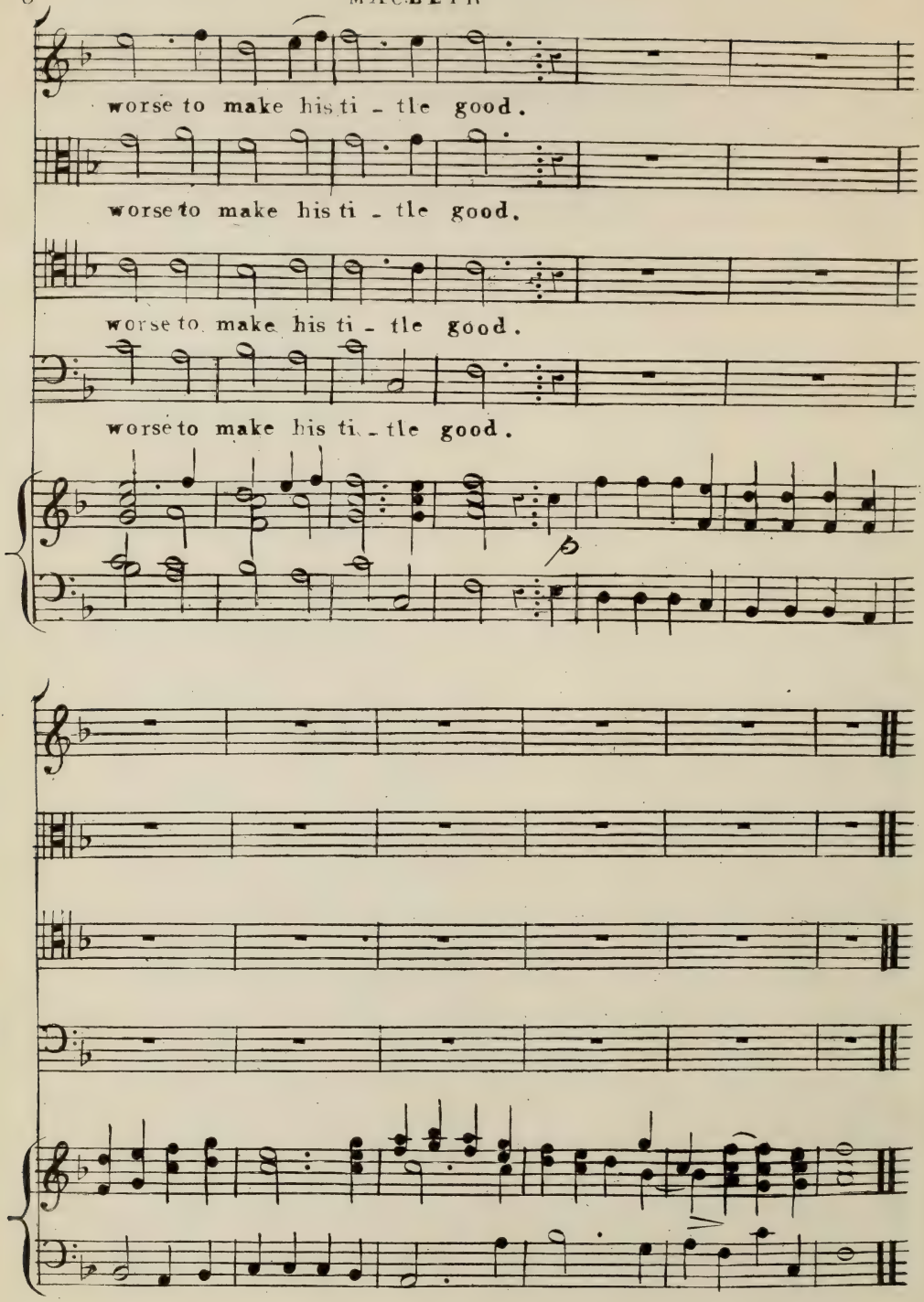
will he will he shall spill much more Blood,

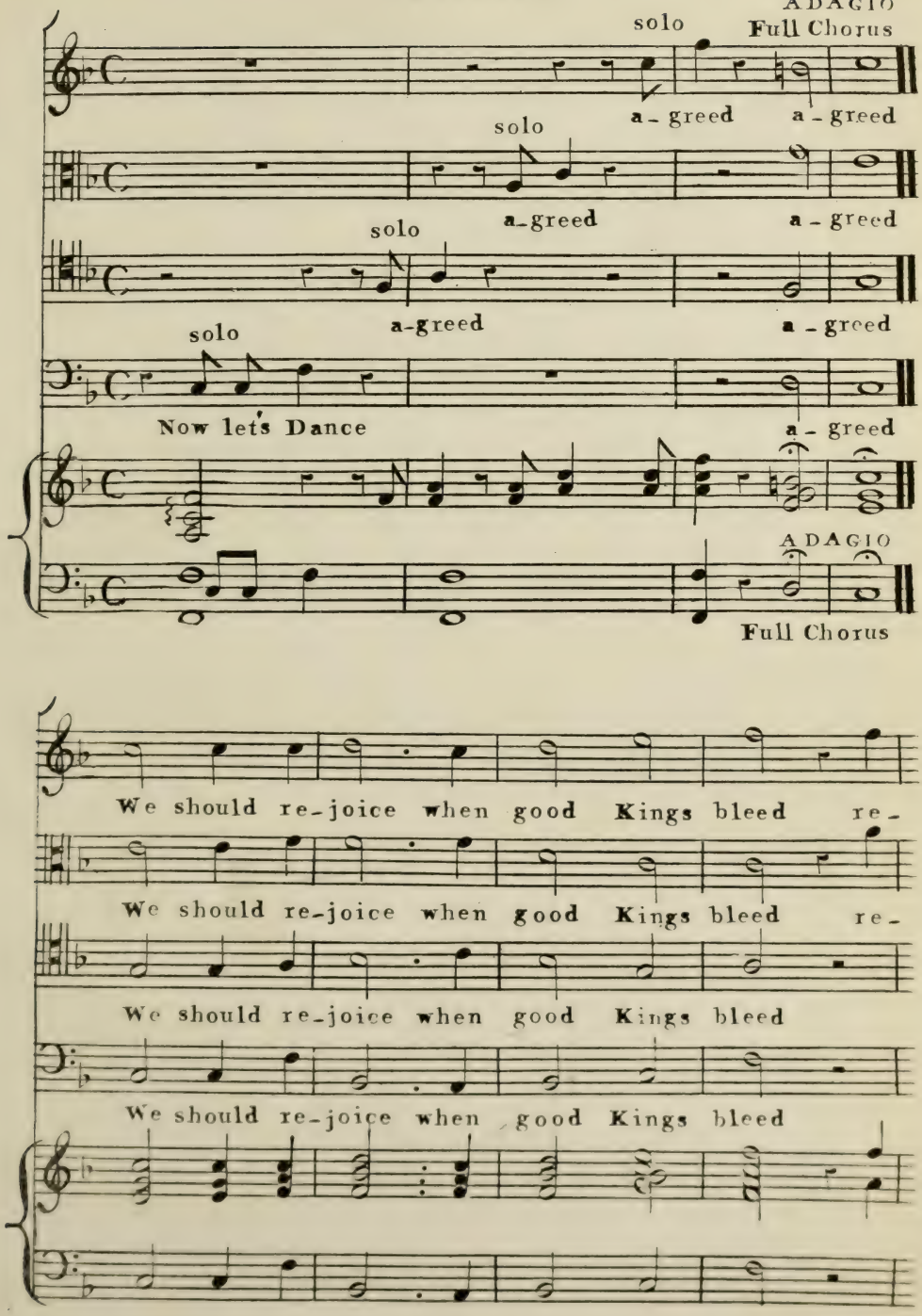
and become worse, and become worse, worse,

and become worse, and become worse, worse,

and become worse, and become worse, worse,

and become worse, and become worse, worse,


worse to make his ti - tle good.
worse to make his ti - tle good.
worse to make his ti - tle good.
worse to make his ti - tle good.


ADAGIO
Full Chorus
solo
a - greed a - greed
solo
a-greed a - greed
solo
a-greed a - greed
solo
Now let's Dance a - greed
ADAGIO
Full Chorus
We should re-joice when good Kings bleed re-
We should re-joice when good Kings bleed re-
We should re-joice when good Kings bleed
We should re-joice when good Kings bleed

joice - - - - - re - joice - - - - re -

joice - - - - - re - joice - - - - re -

re - joice - - - - - re - joice - - - -

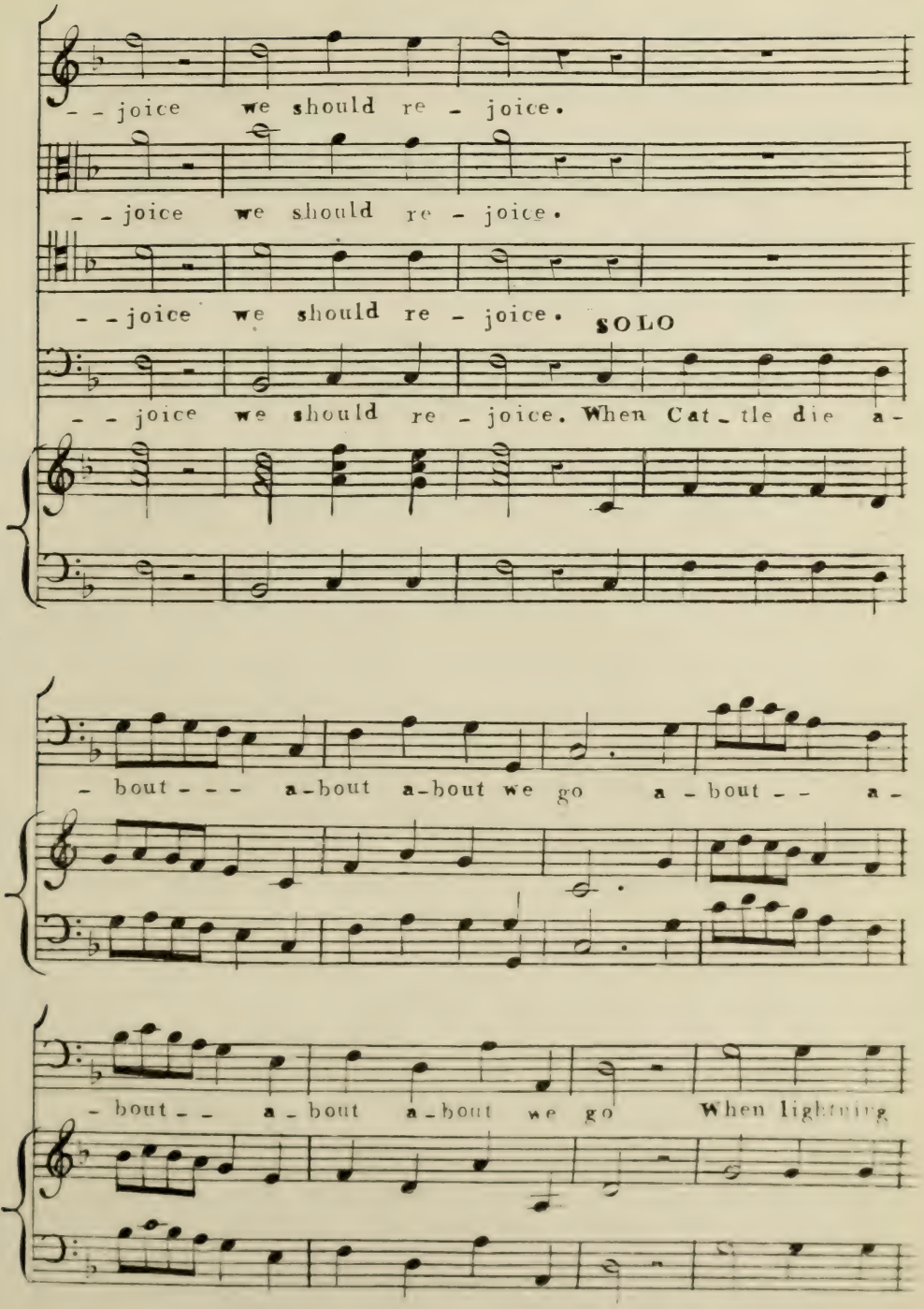
re - joice - - - - - re - joice - - - -

- joice - - - - - - - - - - - - we should re -

- joice - - - - - re - joice - - - we should re -

- - - - - re - joice - re - joice - - - we should re -

- - - - - re - joice - - - - - - - we should re -


- - joice we should re - joice.
- - joice we should re - joice.
- - joice we should re - joice.
SOLO
- - joice we should re - joice. When Cat - tle die a -
- bout - - - a - bout a - bout we go a - bout - - a -
- bout - - a - bout a - bout we go When lightning

and dread thunder rend stubborn Rocks a _ sunder

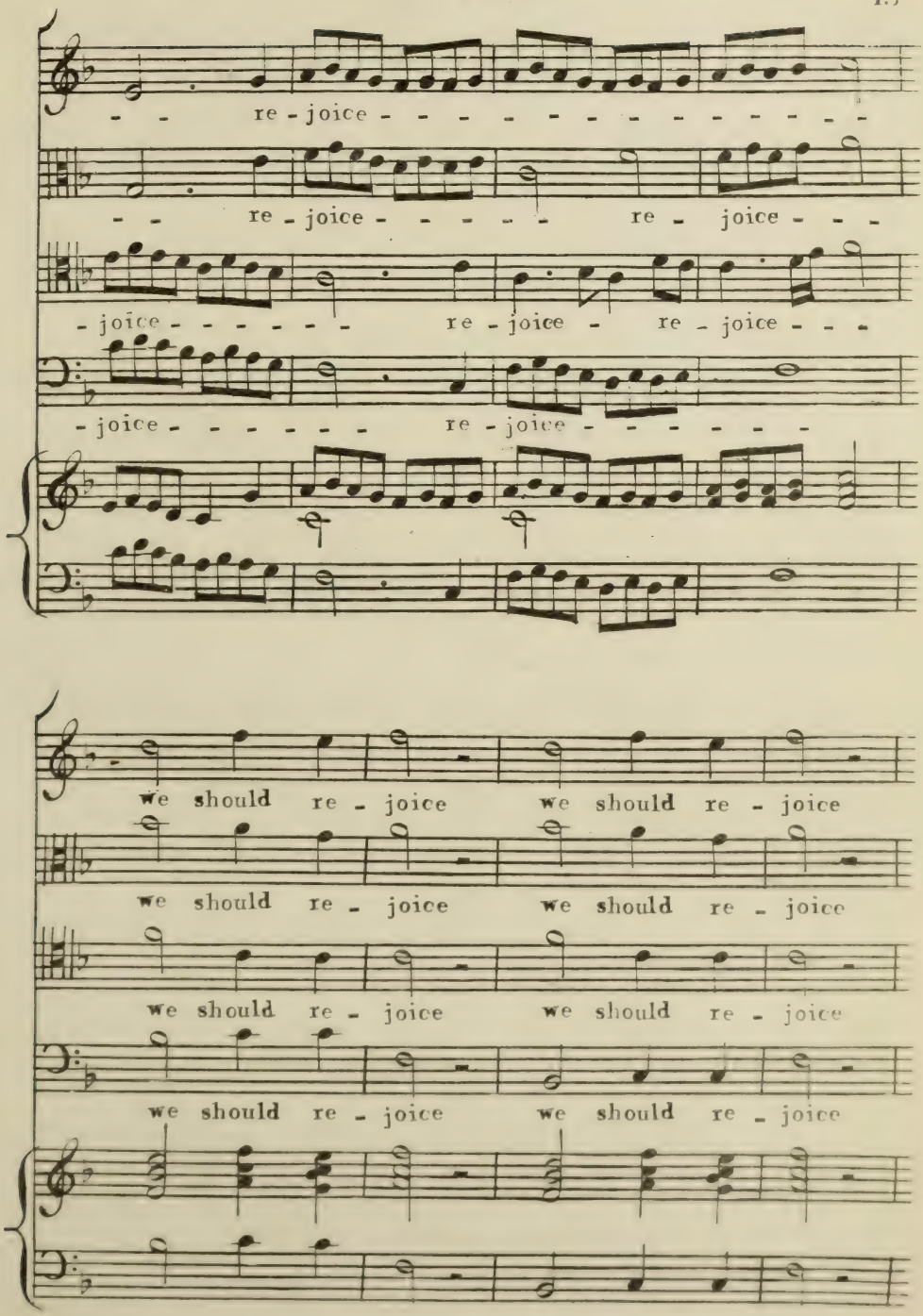
and fill the World with wonder what should we

re _ joice _ _ _ _ _ re _ joice _ _ _ _

re _ joice _ _ _ _ _ re _ joice _ _ _ _

re _ joice _ _ _ _ _ re _

do re _ joice _ _ _ _ _ re _


re - joice
re - joice re - joice
- joice re - joice re - joice
- joice re - joice
we should re - joice we should re - joice
we should re - joice we should re - joice
we should re - joice we should re - joice
we should re - joice we should re - joice

SOLO

When winds and waves are warring Earth quakes the

Mountains tearing and Monarchs die despairing what should we

CHORUS

re - joice re - joice re - joice - - - - re -

re - joice re - joice re - joice - - - - re -

re - joice re - joice re - joice - - - -

do re - joice re - joice re - joice - - - -

joice - - - - - - re - joice - - - - - - - - - - -

joice - - - - - - - re - joice - - - - - - re -

- - - re - joice - - - - - - re - joice - - re -

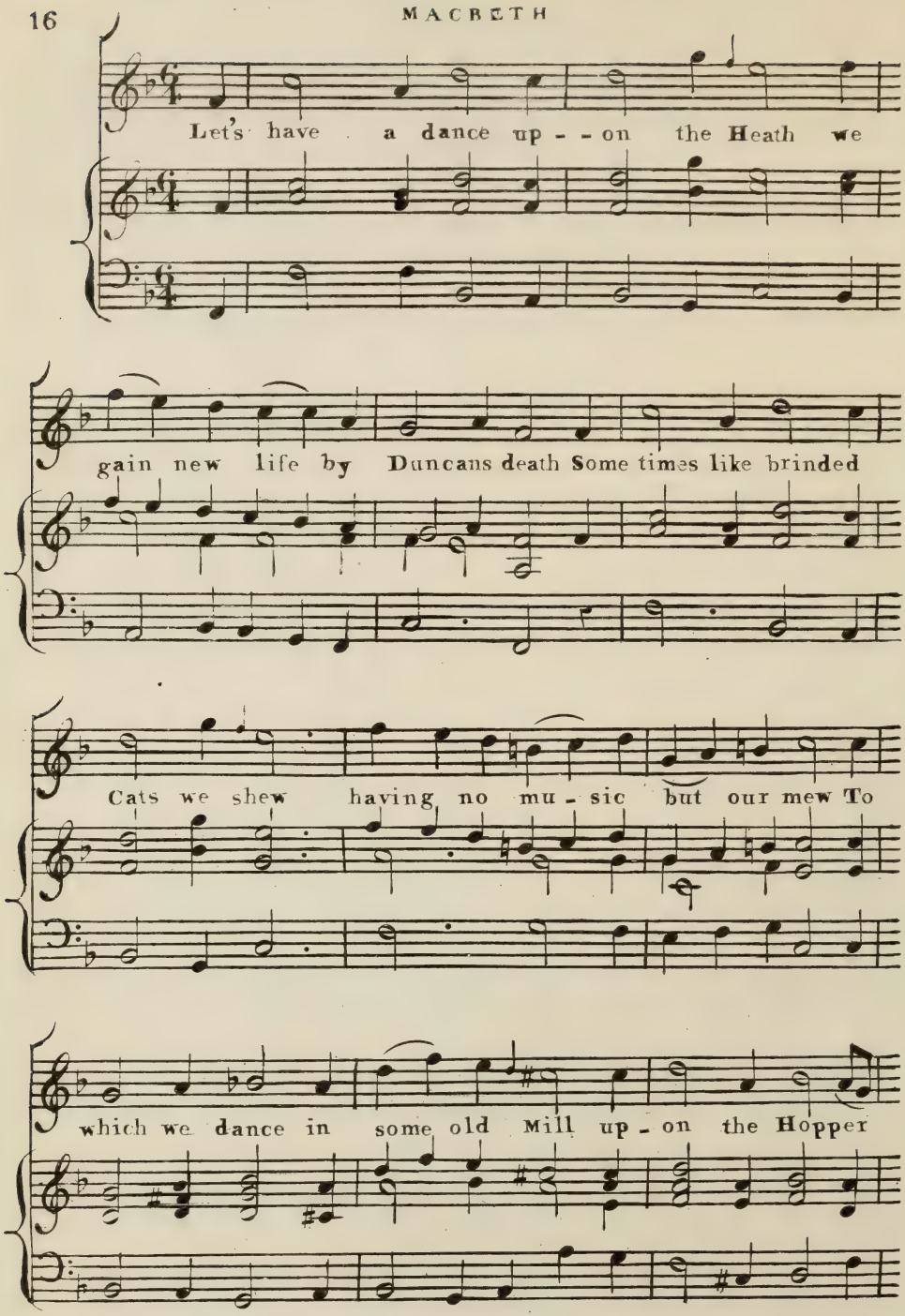
- - - re - joice - - - - - - re - joice - - - -

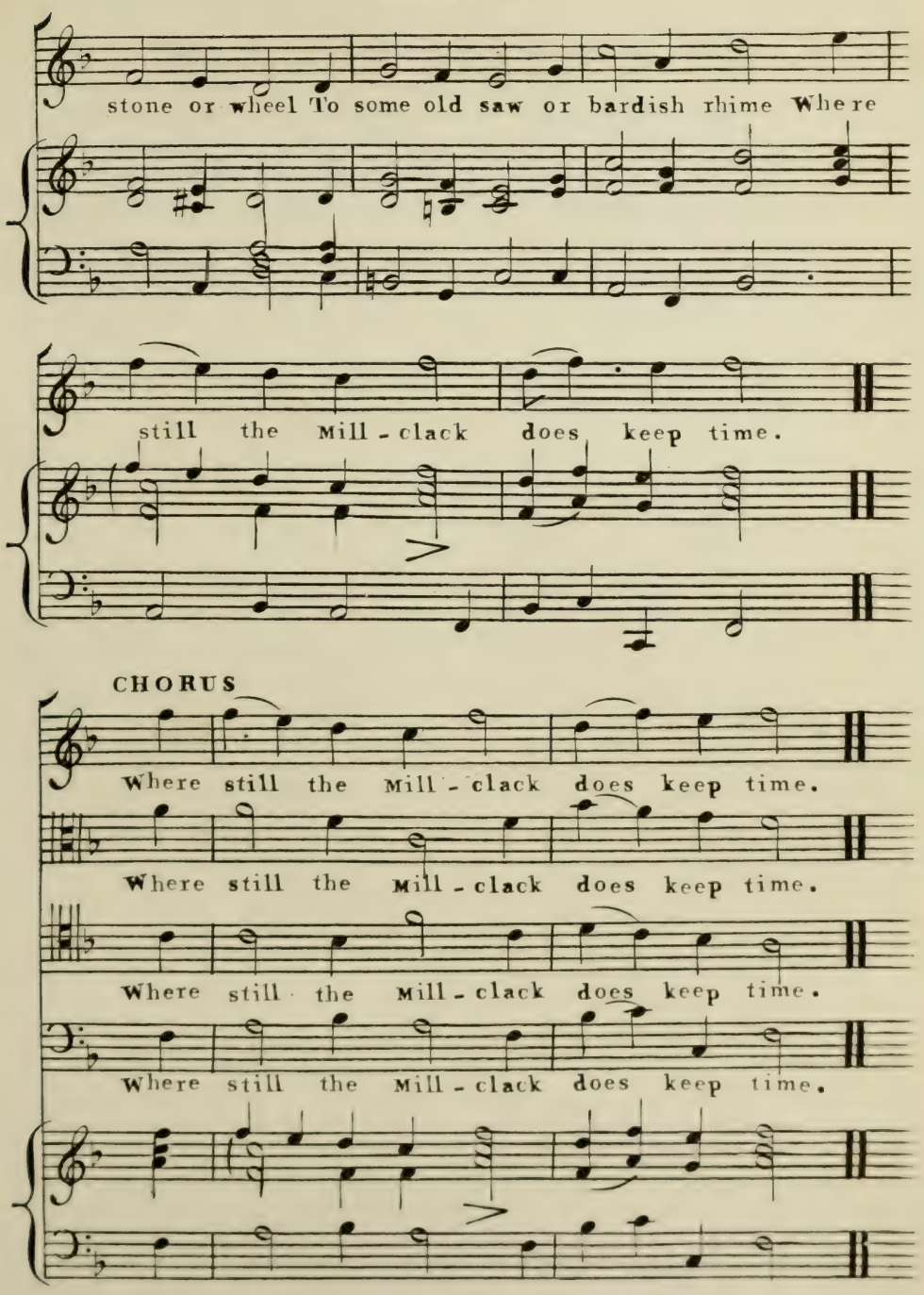
- - - - - - we should re - joice we should re - joice.

- joice - - - we should re - joice we should re - joice.

- joice - - we should re - joice we should re - joice.

- - - - we should re - joice we should re - joice.


Let's have a dance up - - on the Heath we
gain new life by Duncans death Some times like brinded
Cats we shew having no mu - sic but our mew To
which we dance in some old Mill up - on the Hopper


stone or wheel To some old saw or bardish rhime Where
still the Mill - clack does keep time.
CHORUS
Where still the Mill - clack does keep time.
Where still the Mill - clack does keep time.
Where still the Mill - clack does keep time.
Where still the Mill - clack does keep time.

MACBETH

SOLO

Some times about a hollow Tree a-round a-round a-

-round dance we and thither the chirping Crickets come and

Beetles sing in drow-sy hum Some times we dance o'er

Ferns or Furze to howls of Wolves or barks of Curs or

if with none of these we meet we dance to the Ec-choes

CHORUS

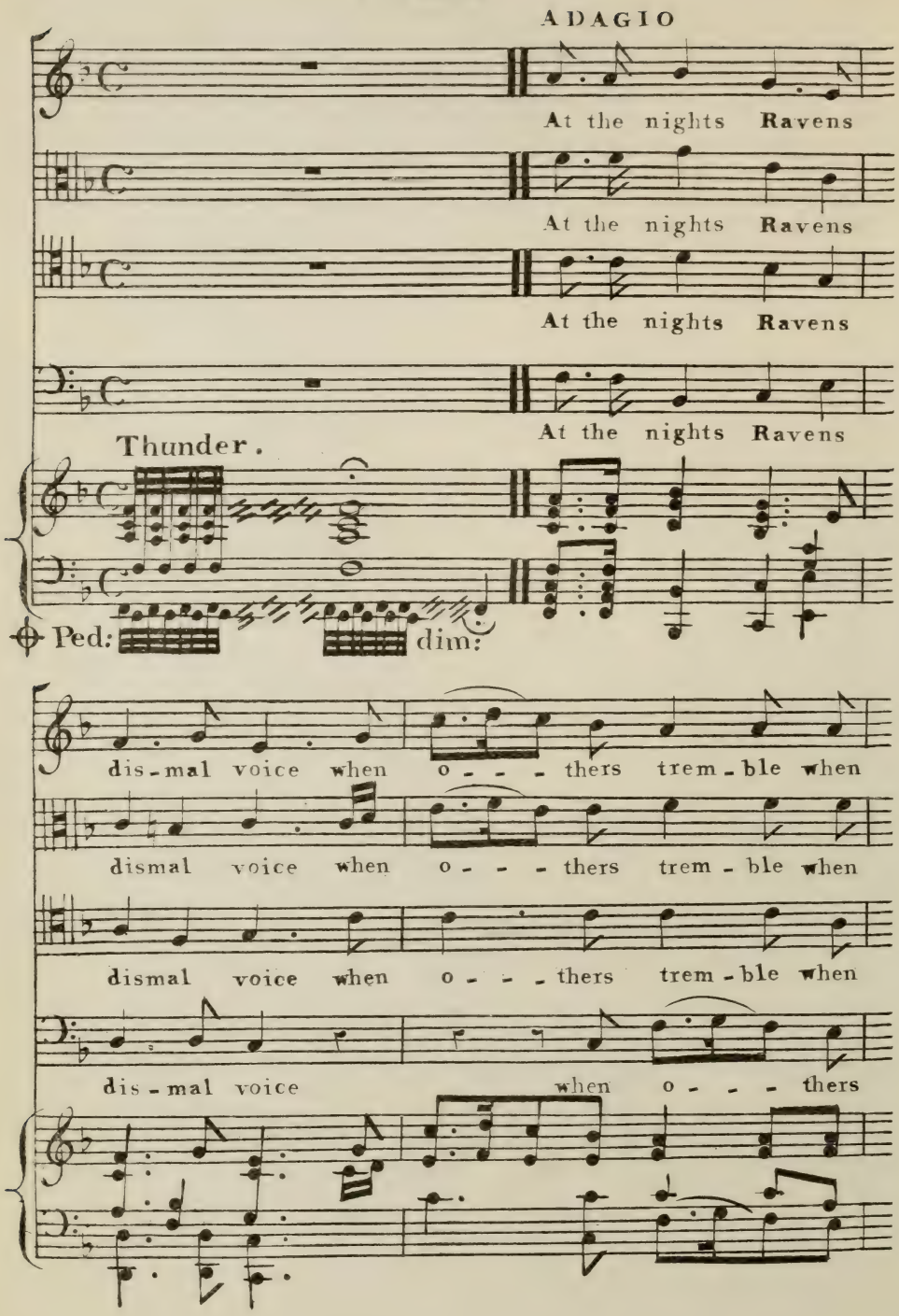
of our feet. We dance to the Ec-choes of our feet.

We dance to the Ec-choes of our feet.

We dance to the Ec-choes of our feet.

We dance to the Ec-choes of our feet.

Sym


ADAGIO
At the nights Ravens
At the nights Ravens
At the nights Ravens
At the nights Ravens
Thunder.
Ped:
dim:
dis-mal voice when o - - - thers trem-ble when
dismal voice when o - - - thers trem-ble when
dismal voice when o - - - thers trem-ble when
dis-mal voice when o - - - thers

o - - thers trem - - ble we re - joice. And

o - - thers trem - - ble we re - joice. And

o - - thers trem - - ble we re - joice. And

trem - ble trem - - - ble we re - joice. And

ALLEGRETTO.

nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly dance we

nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly dance we

nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly dance we

nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly nim - bly dance we

still to the eccho to the eccho to the

still to the eccho to the eccho to the

still to the eccho to the eccho to the

still to the eccho to the eccho to the

pp *f* *pp* *f*

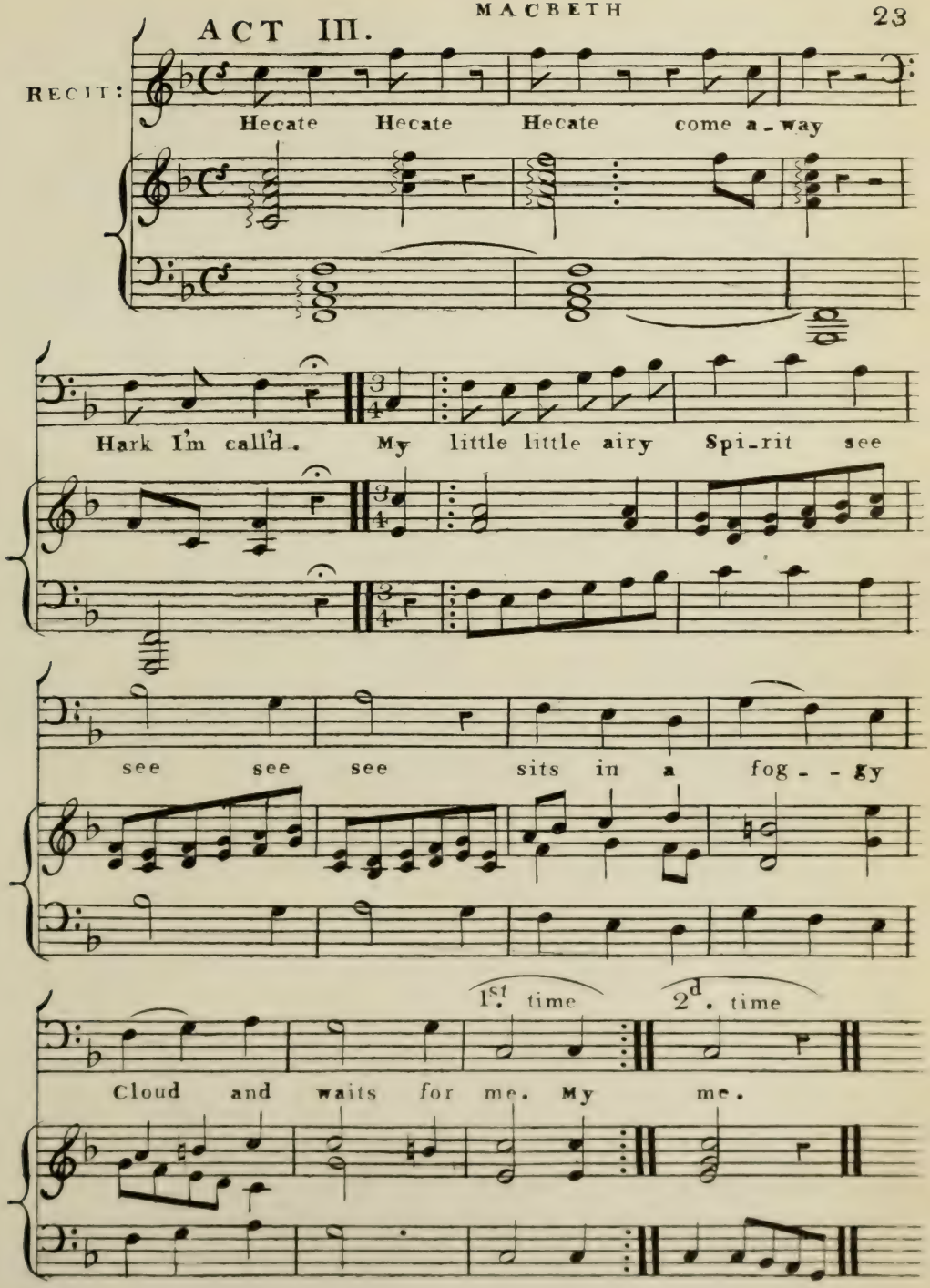
eccho of our hol_low hill

eccho of our hol_low hill

eccho of our hol_low hill

eccho of our hol_low hill

pp


ACT III.
RECIT:
Hecate Hecate Hecate come a_way
Hark I'm call'd. My little little airy Spi_rit see
see see see sits in a fog_ _ gy
1st time
2d. time
Cloud and waits for me. My me.

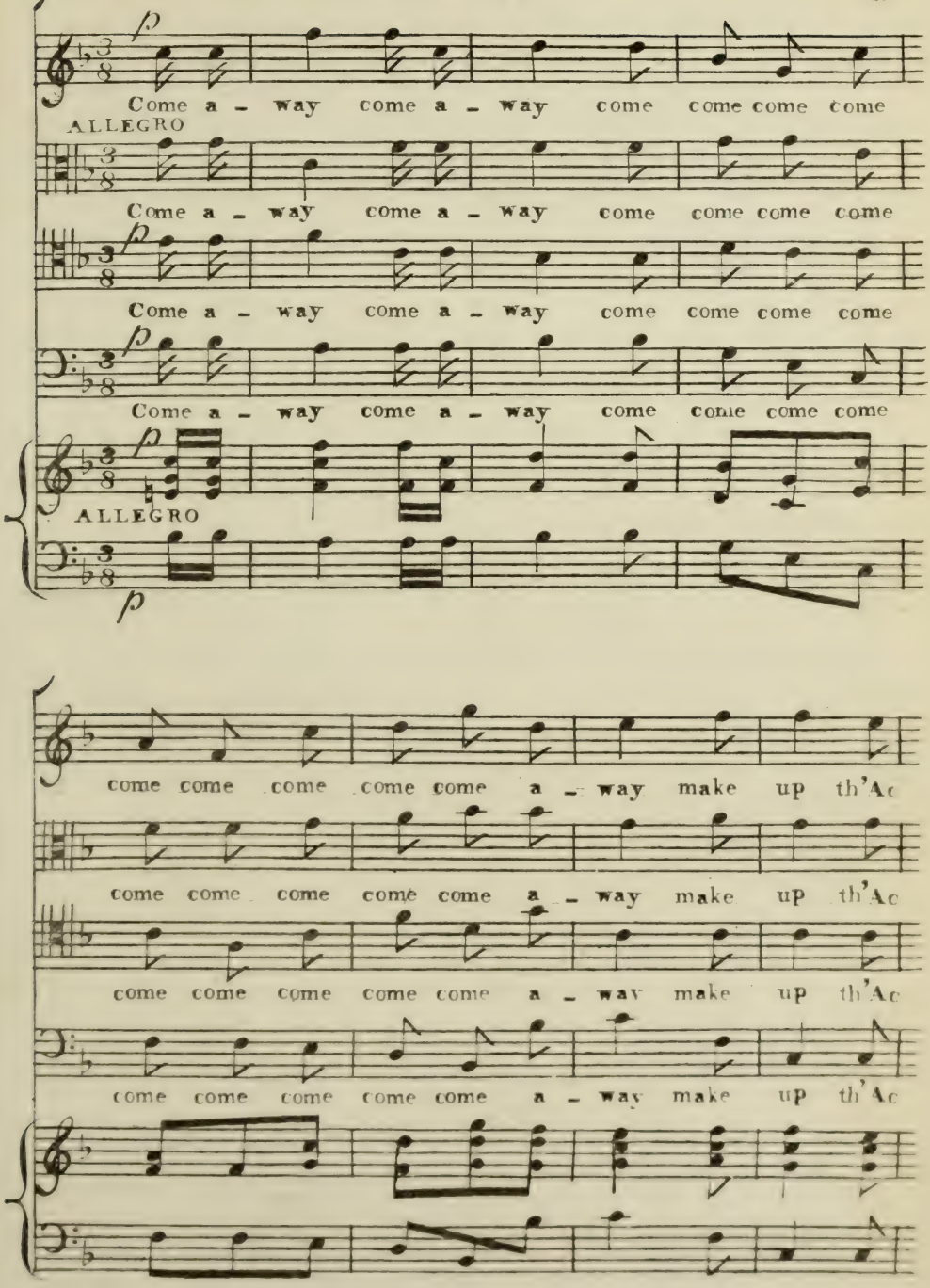
MACBETH

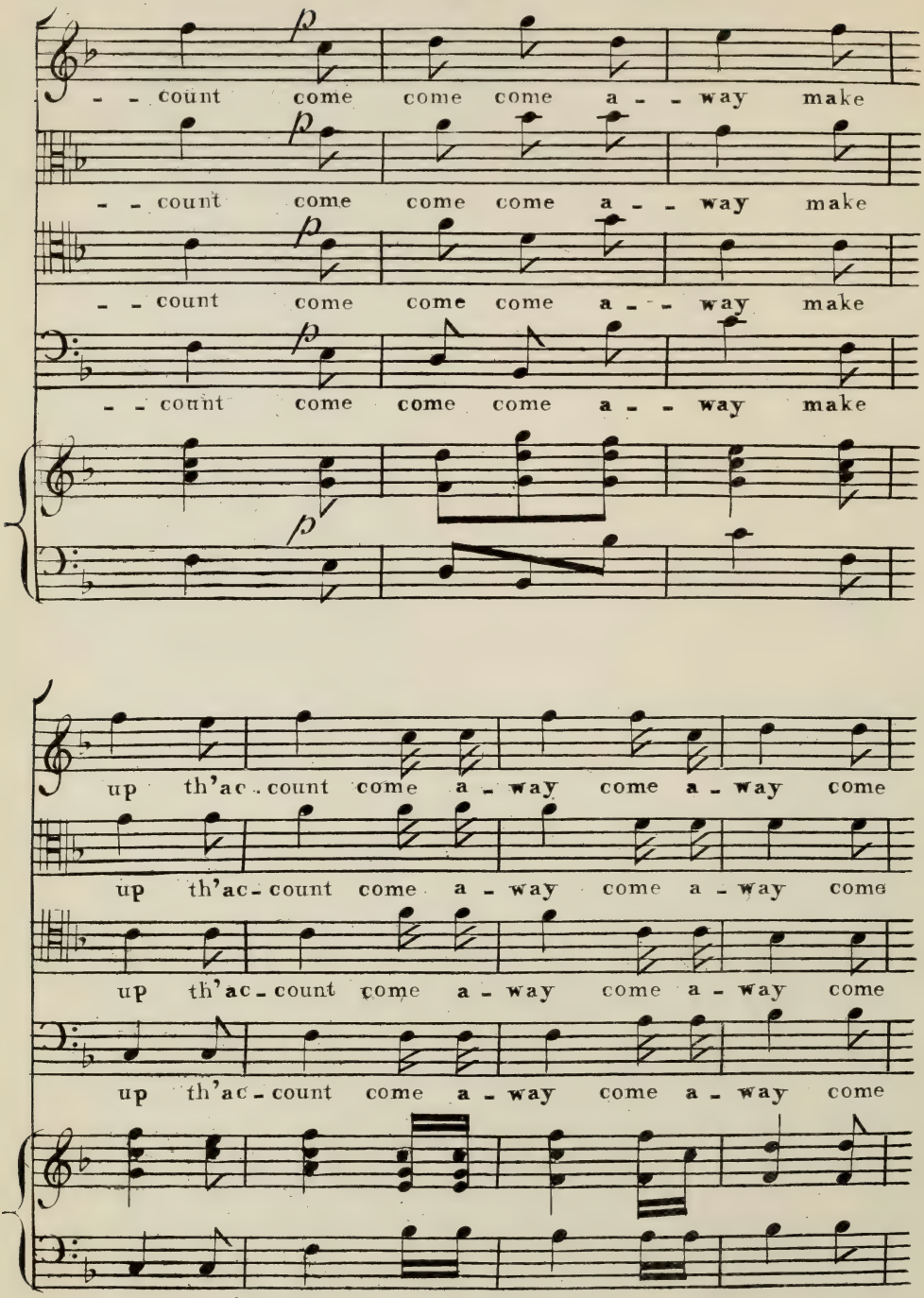
Hecate, Hecate, : Thy chirping voice I hear, so pleasing

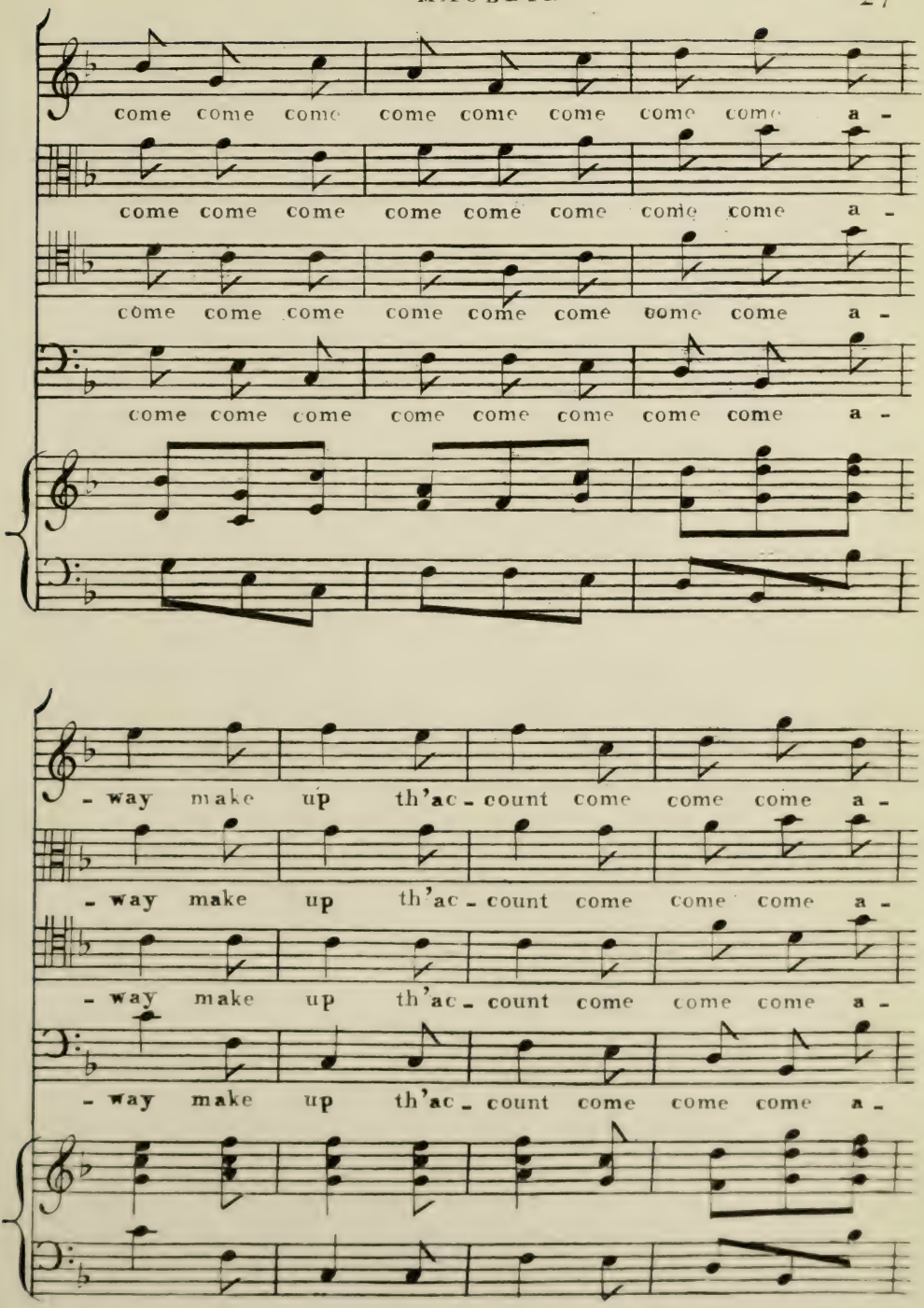
to my Ear, at which I post a - way, with all the speed I

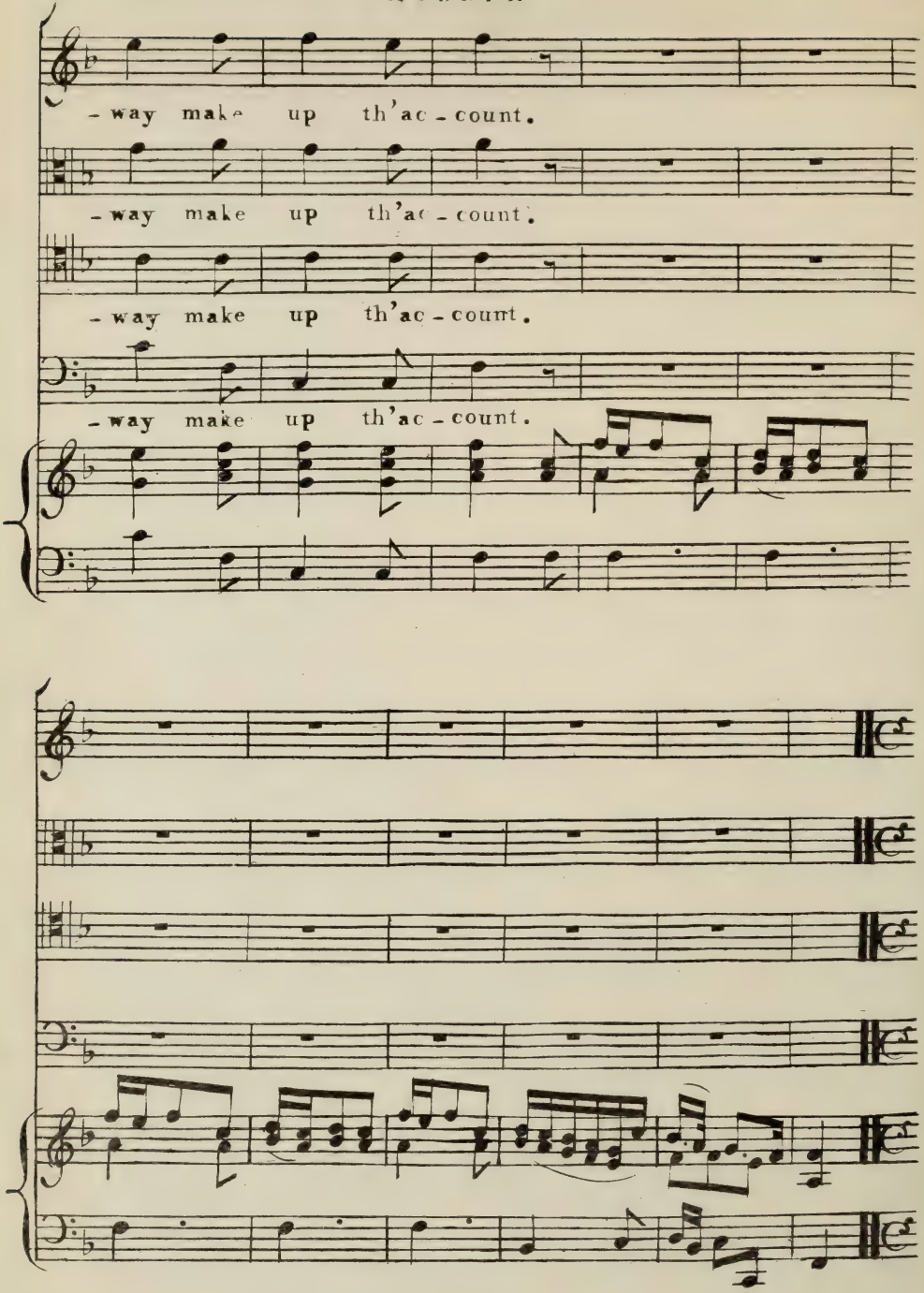
may, Where's Puckle, Here, Where's Stadling, Here, And

Hopper too, and Hellway too, we want but you, we want but you.


p
Come a - way come a - way come come come come
ALLEGRO
Come a - way come a - way come come come come
p
Come a - way come a - way come come come come
p
Come a - way come a - way come come come come
p
ALLEGRO
p
come come come come come a - way make up th'Ac
come come come come come a - way make up th'Ac
come come come come come a - way make up th'Ac
come come come come come a - way make up th'Ac


p
- - count come come come a - - way make
p
- - count come come come a - - way make
p
- - count come come come a - - way make
p
- - count come come come a - - way make
p
up th'ac - count come a - way come a - way come
up th'ac - count come a - way come a - way come
up th'ac - count come a - way come a - way come
up th'ac - count come a - way come a - way come


come come come come come come come come a -
come come come come come come come come a -
come come come come come come come come a -
come come come come come come come come a -
- way make up th'ac - count come come come a -
- way make up th'ac - count come come come a -
- way make up th'ac - count come come come a -
- way make up th'ac - count come come come a -

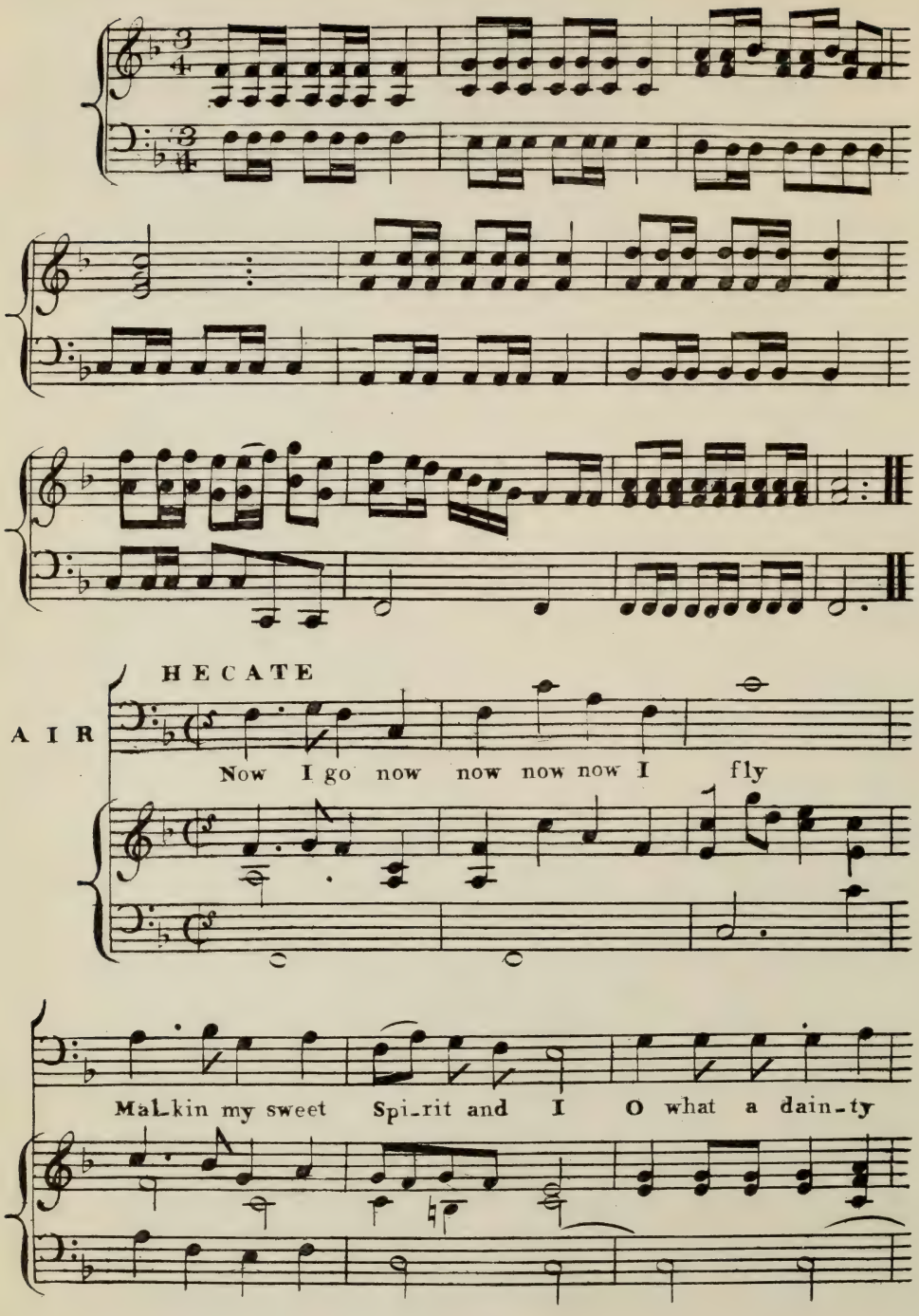

- way make up th'ac - count.
- way make up th'ac - count.
- way make up th'ac - count.
- way make up th'ac - count.

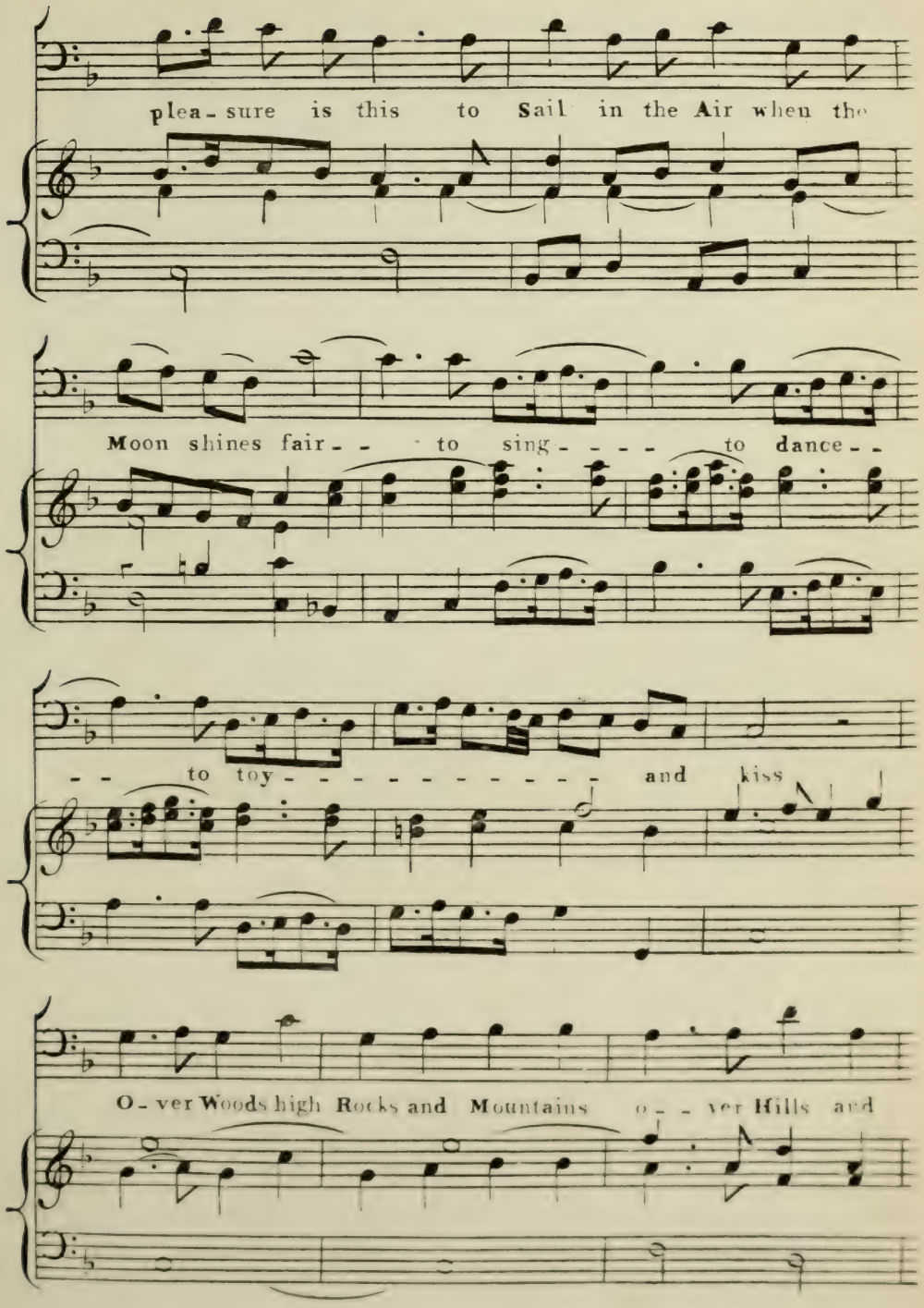
RECIT:

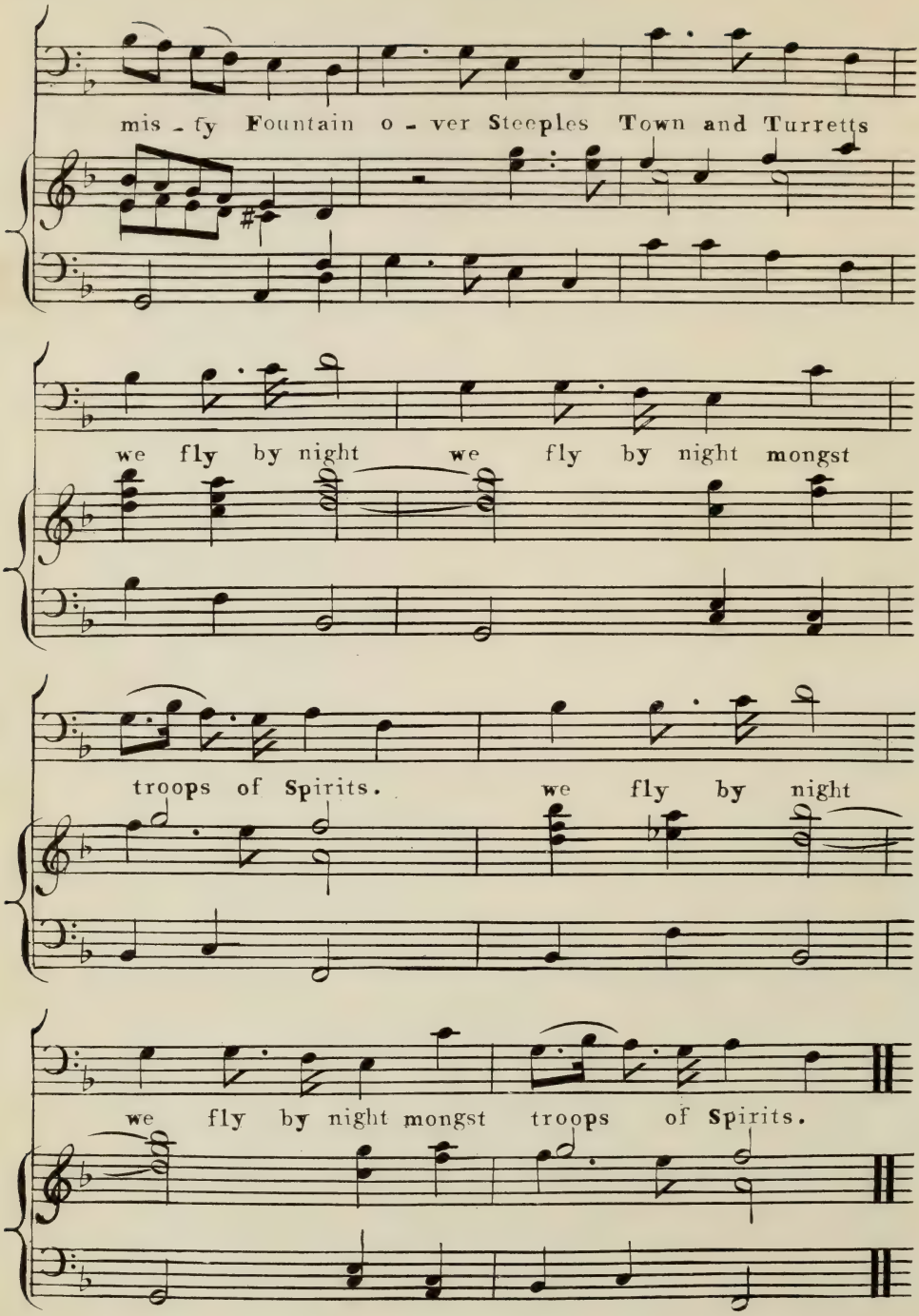
With new fall'n dew, from church yard

Yew, I will but noint, and then I'll mount.

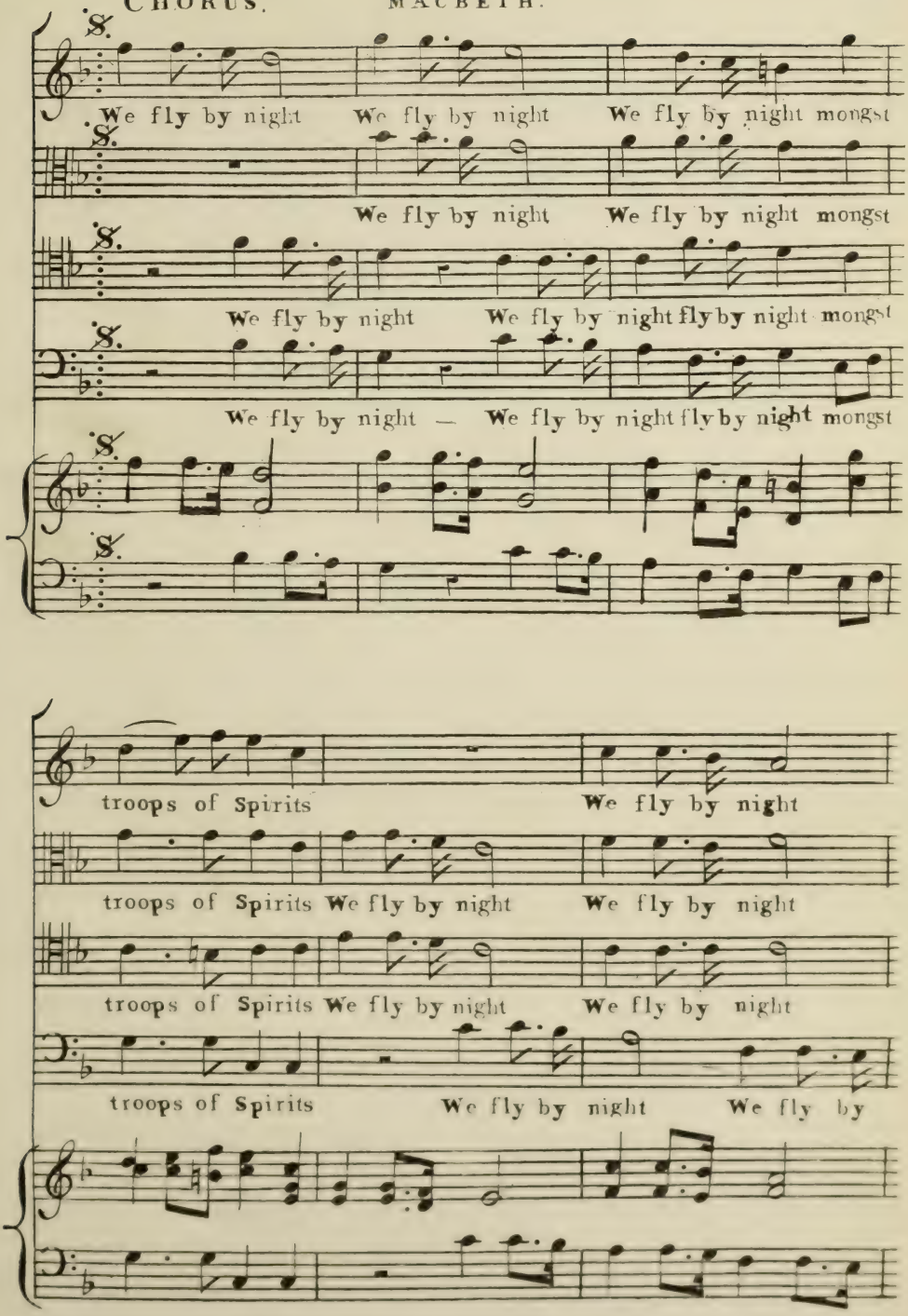
Now I'm furnish'd, now I'm furnish'd now I'm furnish'd for my flight.


HECATE
AIR
Now I go now now now now I fly
Mal-kin my sweet Spi-rit and I O what a dain-ty


plea- sure is this to Sail in the Air when the
Moon shines fair- - to sing- - - - to dance- -
- - to toy- - - - - - - - - - and kiss
O- ver Woods high Rocks and Mountains o- - ver Hills and


mis - ty Fountain o - ver Steeples Town and Turretts
we fly by night we fly by night mongst
troops of Spirits. we fly by night
we fly by night mongst troops of Spirits.

CHORUS. MACBETH.



we fly we fly - - - - - - - - we fly we fly - -

we fly by night we fly by night we fly by night

we fly by night we fly by night we fly by night

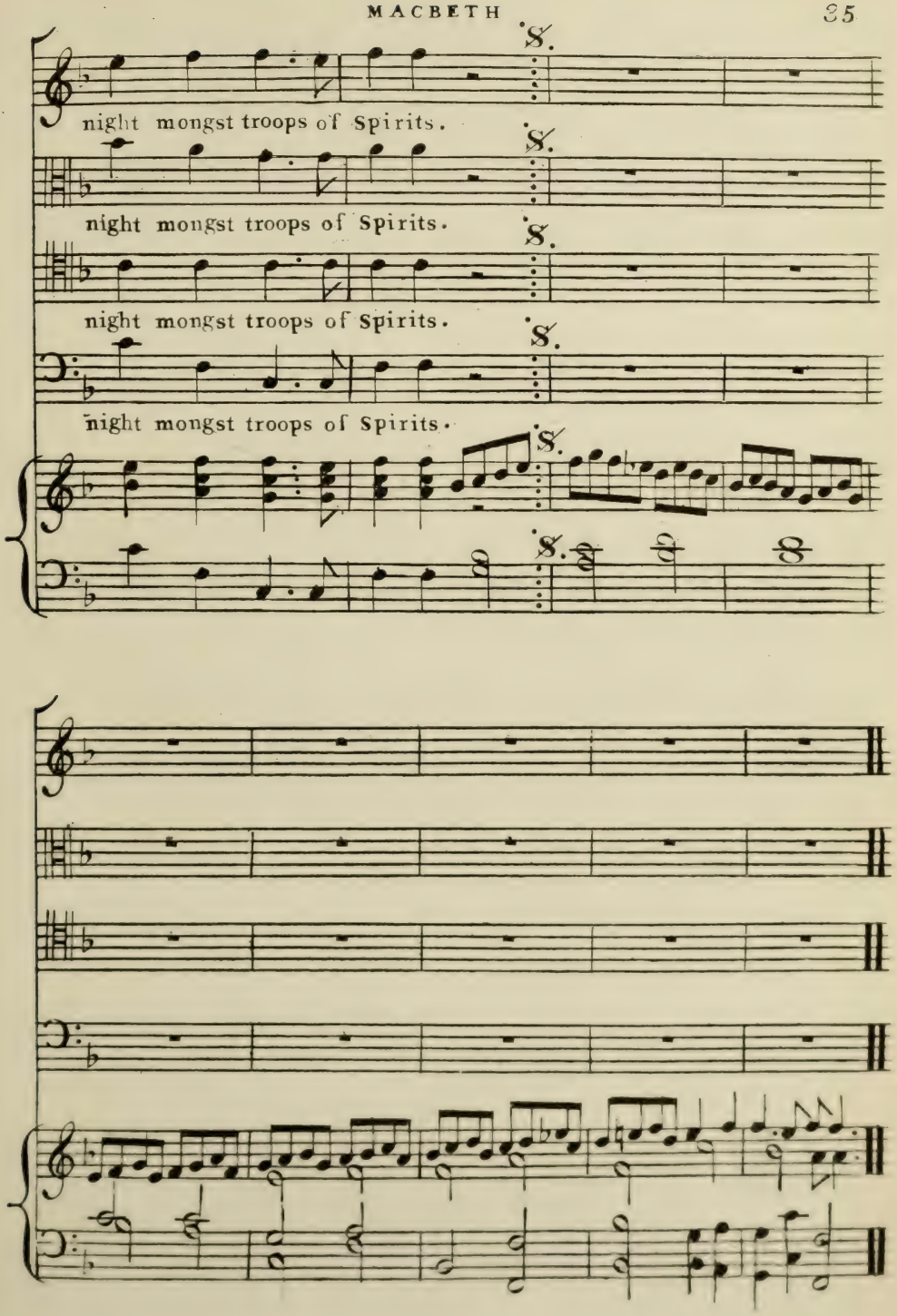
night we fly we fly - - - - - - - - we fly we

- by

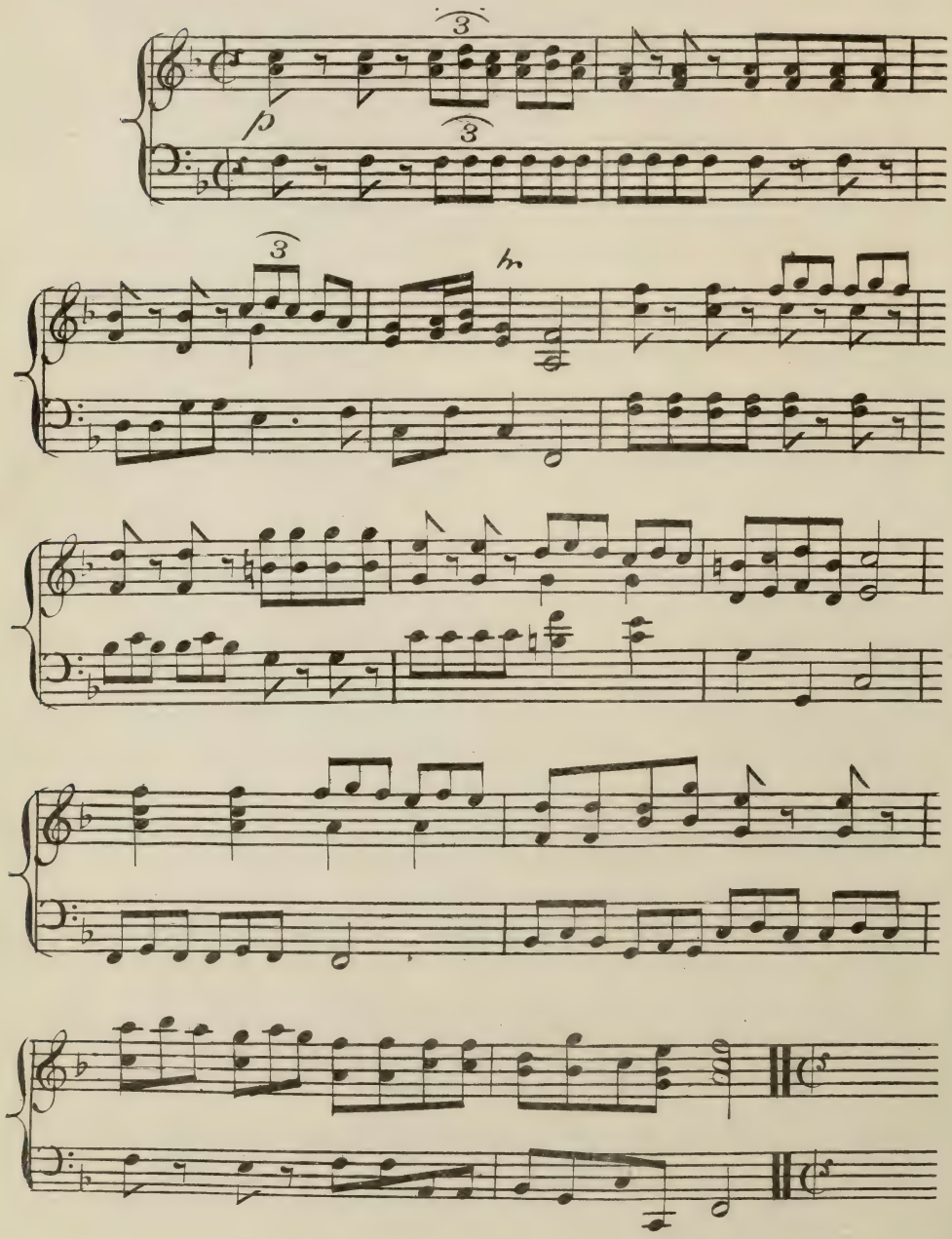
we fly by night we fly we fly we fly by

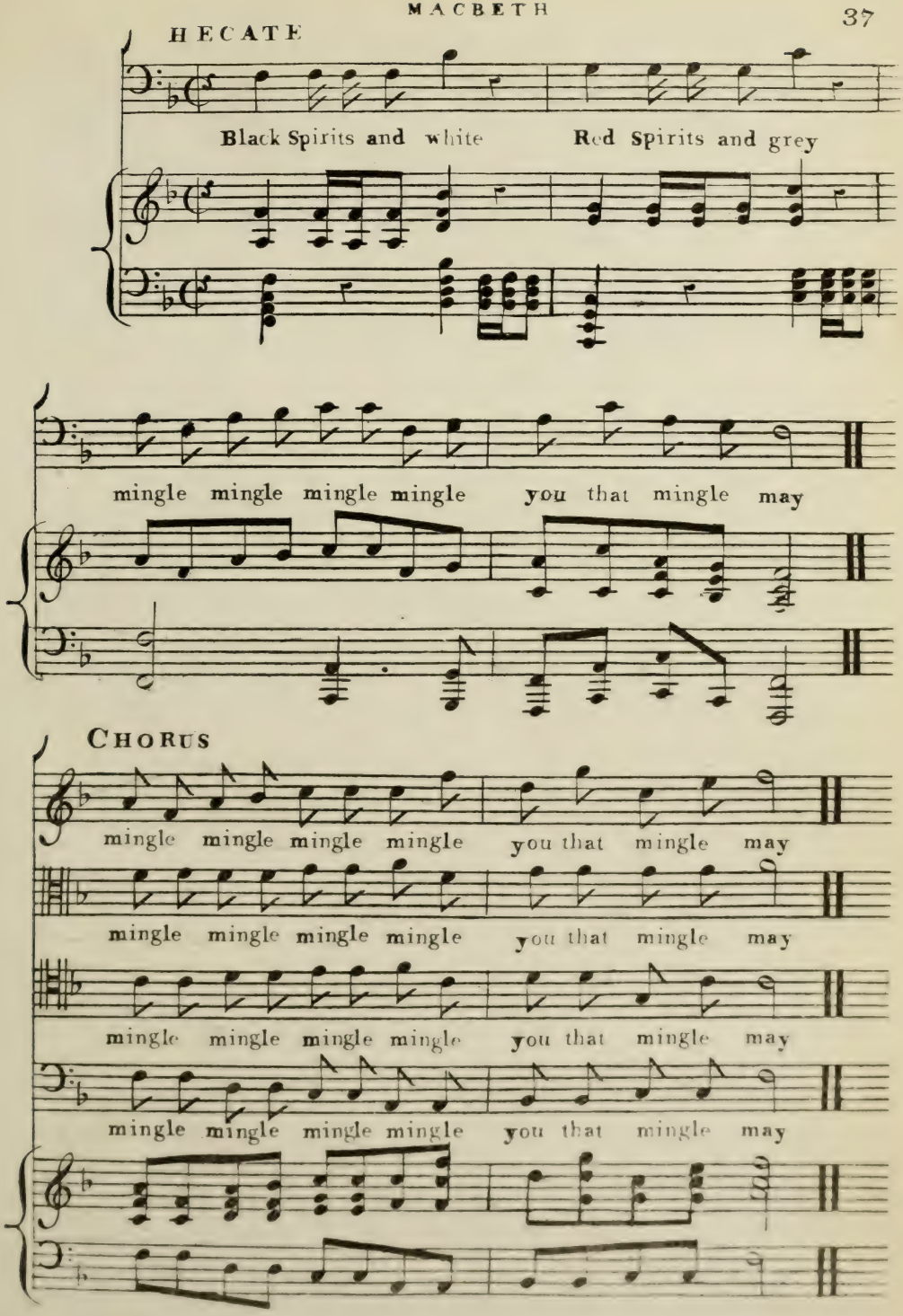
we fly by night we fly we fly we fly by night by

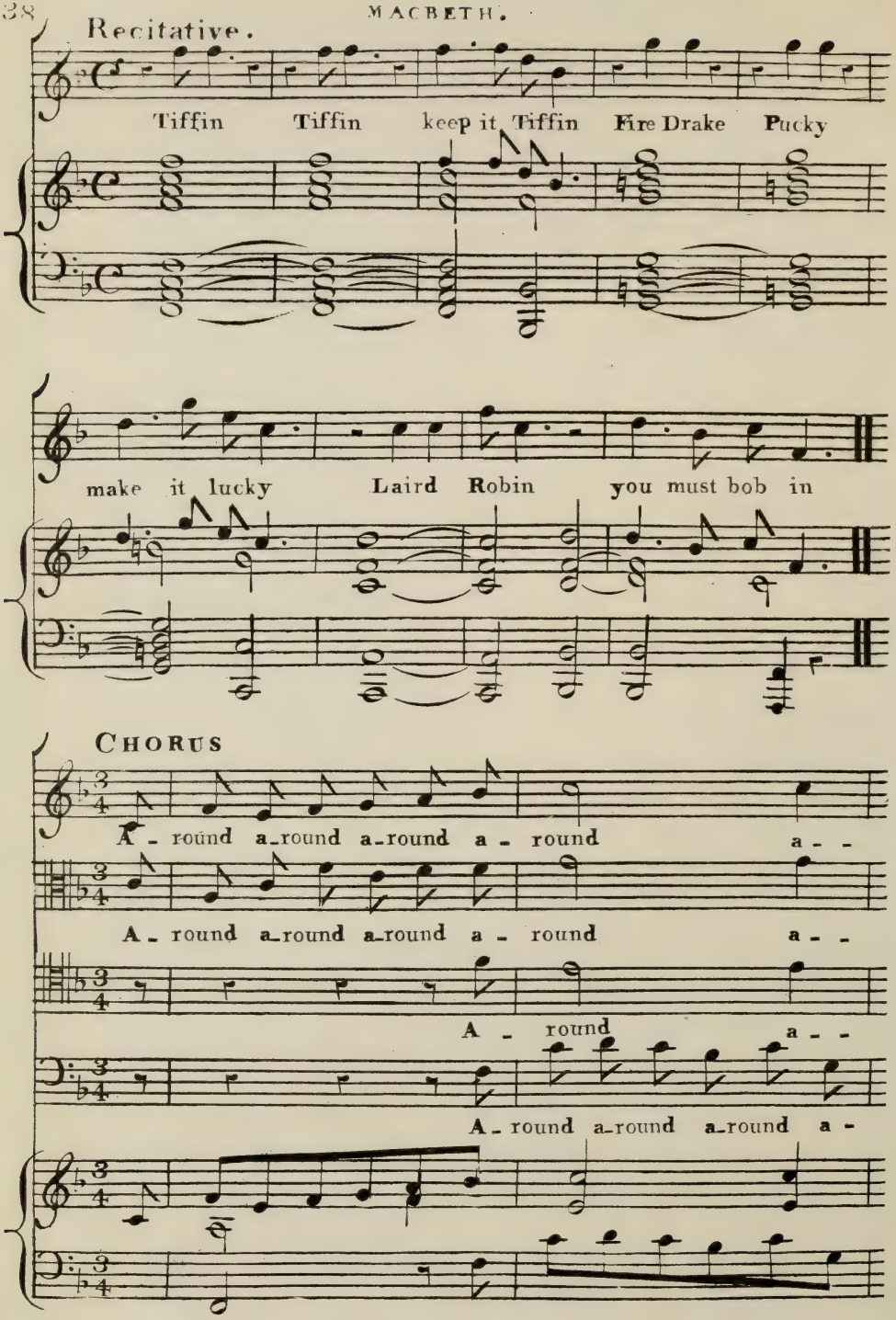
fly - - - we fly - - - - - - - - - - - - by

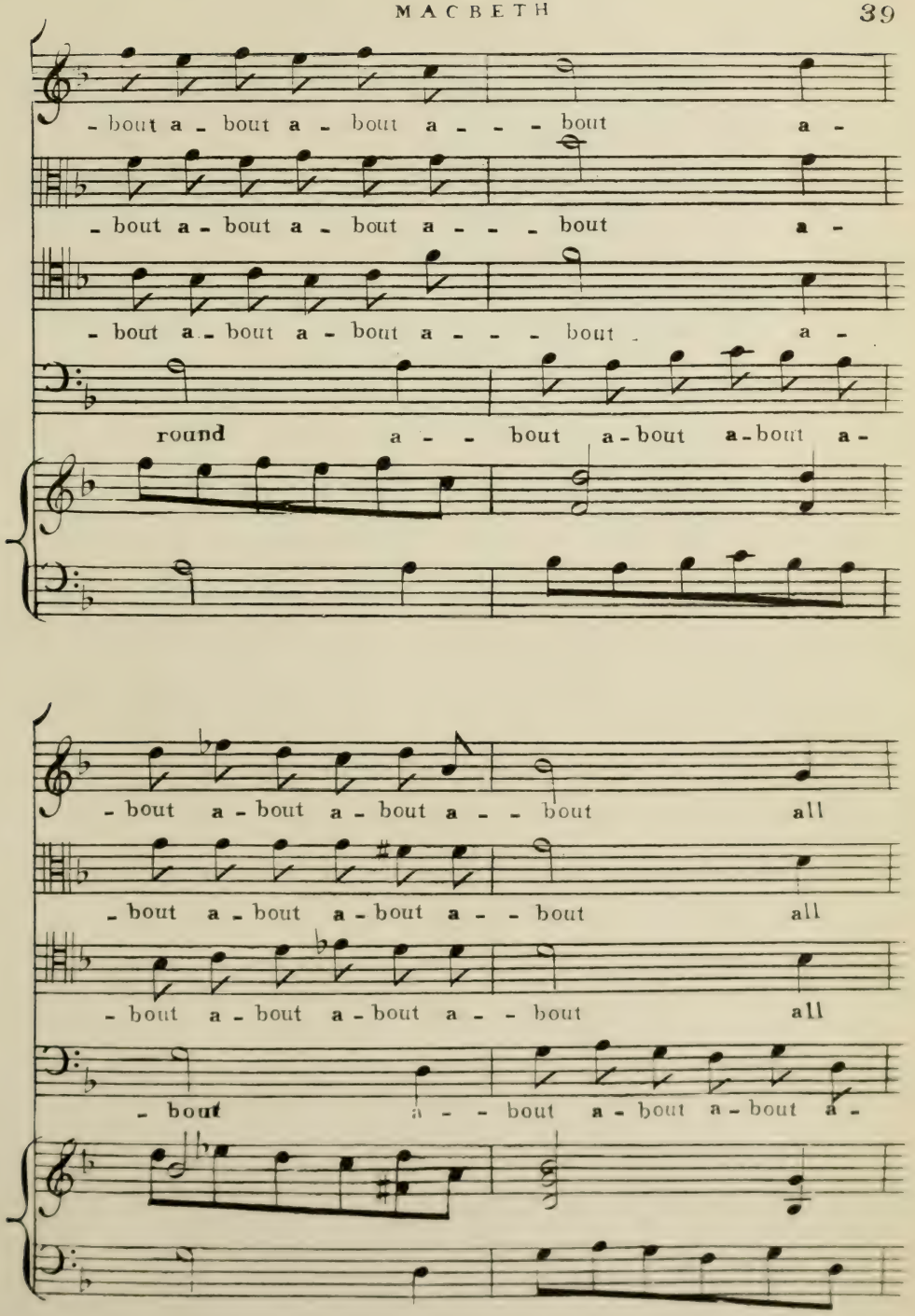

night mongst troops of Spirits.
night mongst troops of Spirits.
night mongst troops of Spirits.
night mongst troops of Spirits.

ACT, IV.




HECATE
Black Spirits and white
Red Spirits and grey
mingle mingle mingle mingle
you that mingle may
CHORUS
mingle mingle mingle mingle
you that mingle may
mingle mingle mingle mingle
you that mingle may
mingle mingle mingle mingle
you that mingle may
mingle mingle mingle mingle
you that mingle may


Recitative.
Tiffin Tiffin keep it Tiffin Fire Drake Pucky
make it lucky Laird Robin you must bob in
CHORUS
A - round a-round a-round a - round a - -
A - round a-round a-round a - round a - -
A - round a - -
A - round a-round a-round a -


- bout a - bout a - bout a - - - bout a -
- bout a - bout a - bout a - - - bout a -
- bout a - bout a - bout a - - - bout a -
round a - - bout a - bout a - bout a -
- bout a - bout a - bout a - - bout all
- bout a - bout a - bout a - - bout all
- bout a - bout a - bout a - - bout all
- bout a - - bout a - bout a - bout a -

ill come running running in all

ill come running running in all

ill come running running in all

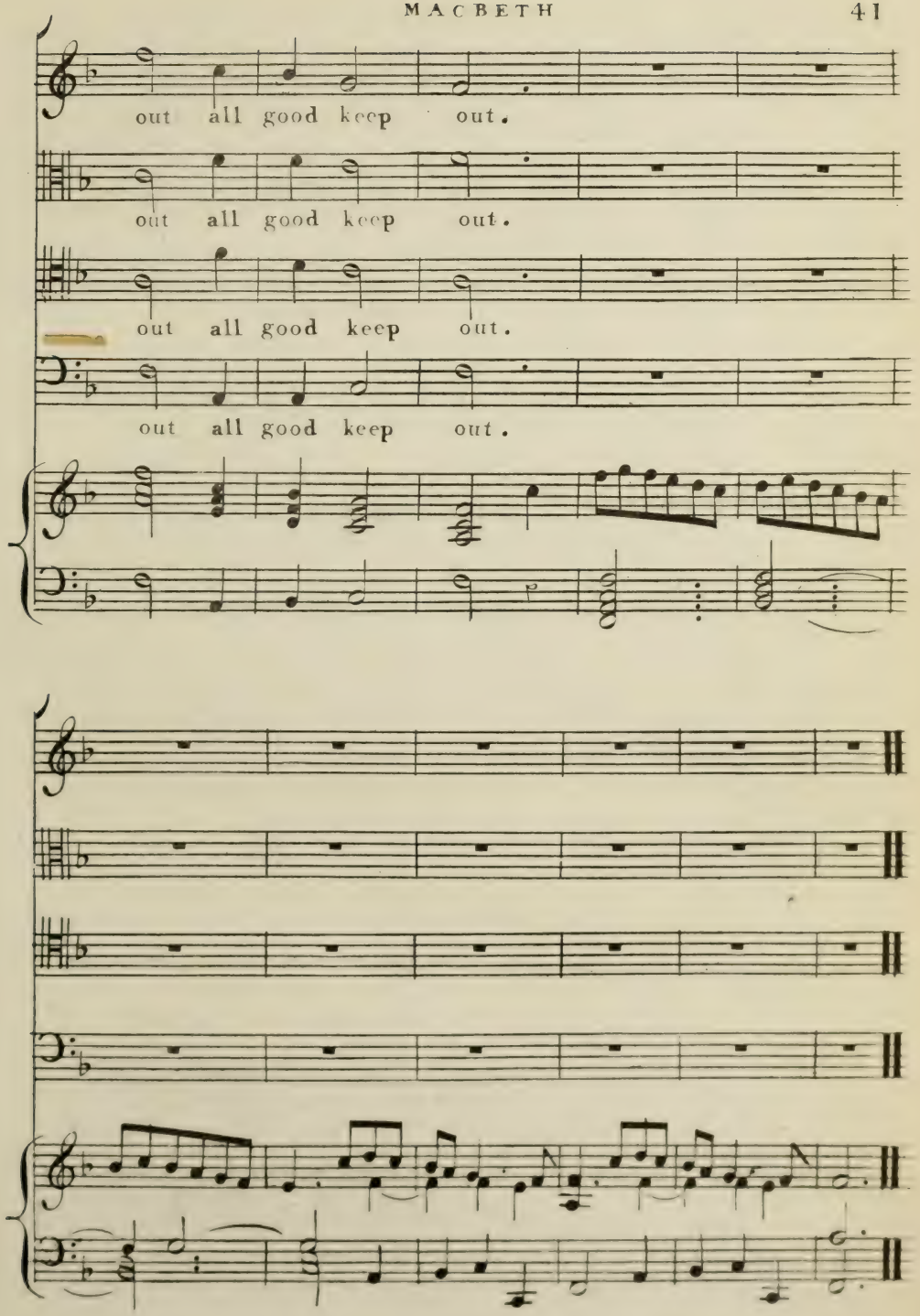
bout all ill come running running

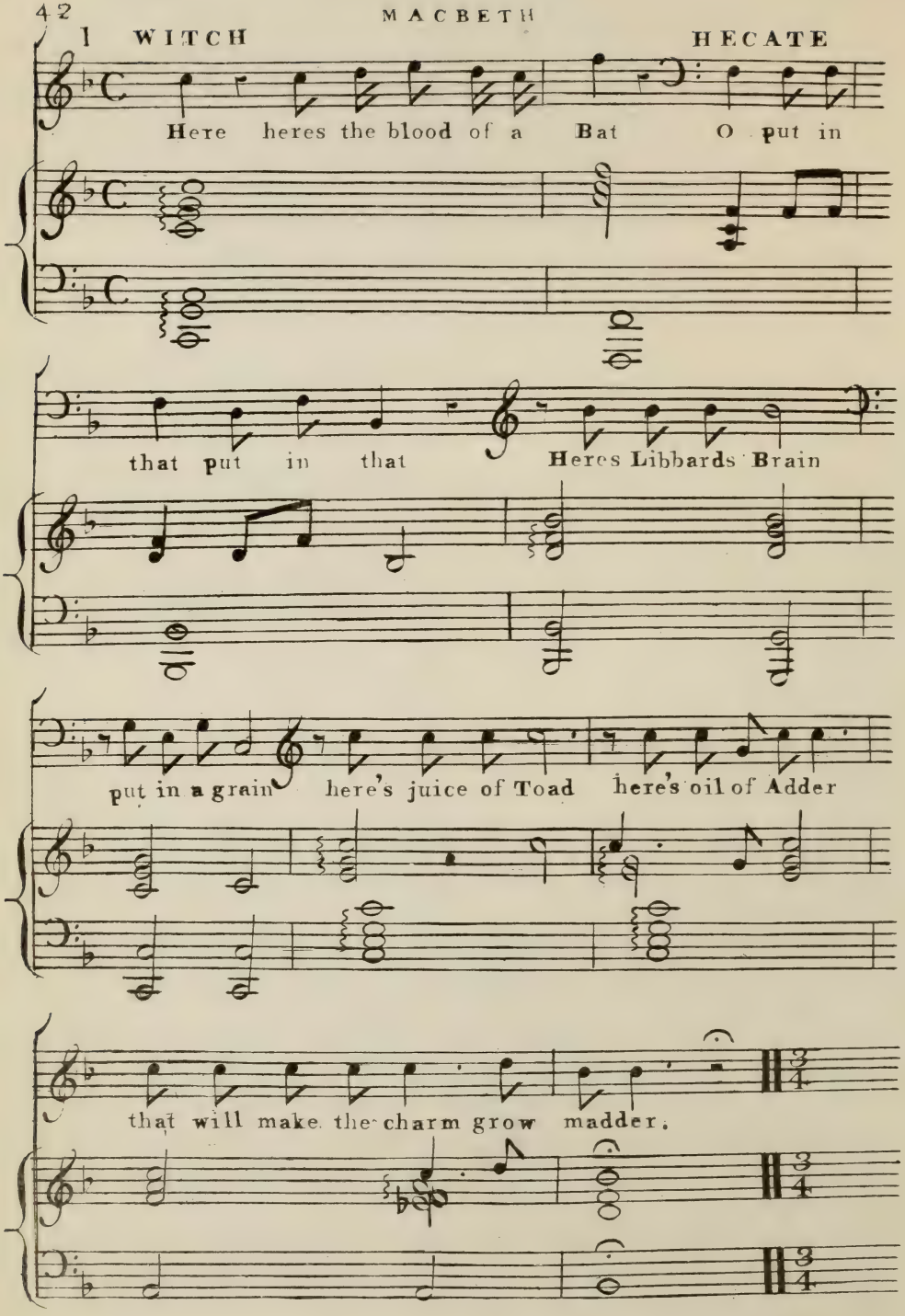
ill come running running in all good keep

ill come running running in all good keep

ill come running running in all good keep

in come running running in all good keep


out all good keep out.
out all good keep out.
out all good keep out.
out all good keep out.


1 WITCH
HECATE
Here heres the blood of a Bat O put in
that put in that Heres Libbards Brain
put in a grain here's juice of Toad here's oil of Adder
that will make the charm grow madder.

Put in all these put in all

Put in all these

Put in all these

Put in all these

these put in all these all

put in all these put in all

put in all these put in all

put in all these put in all

these 'twill raise the stench.

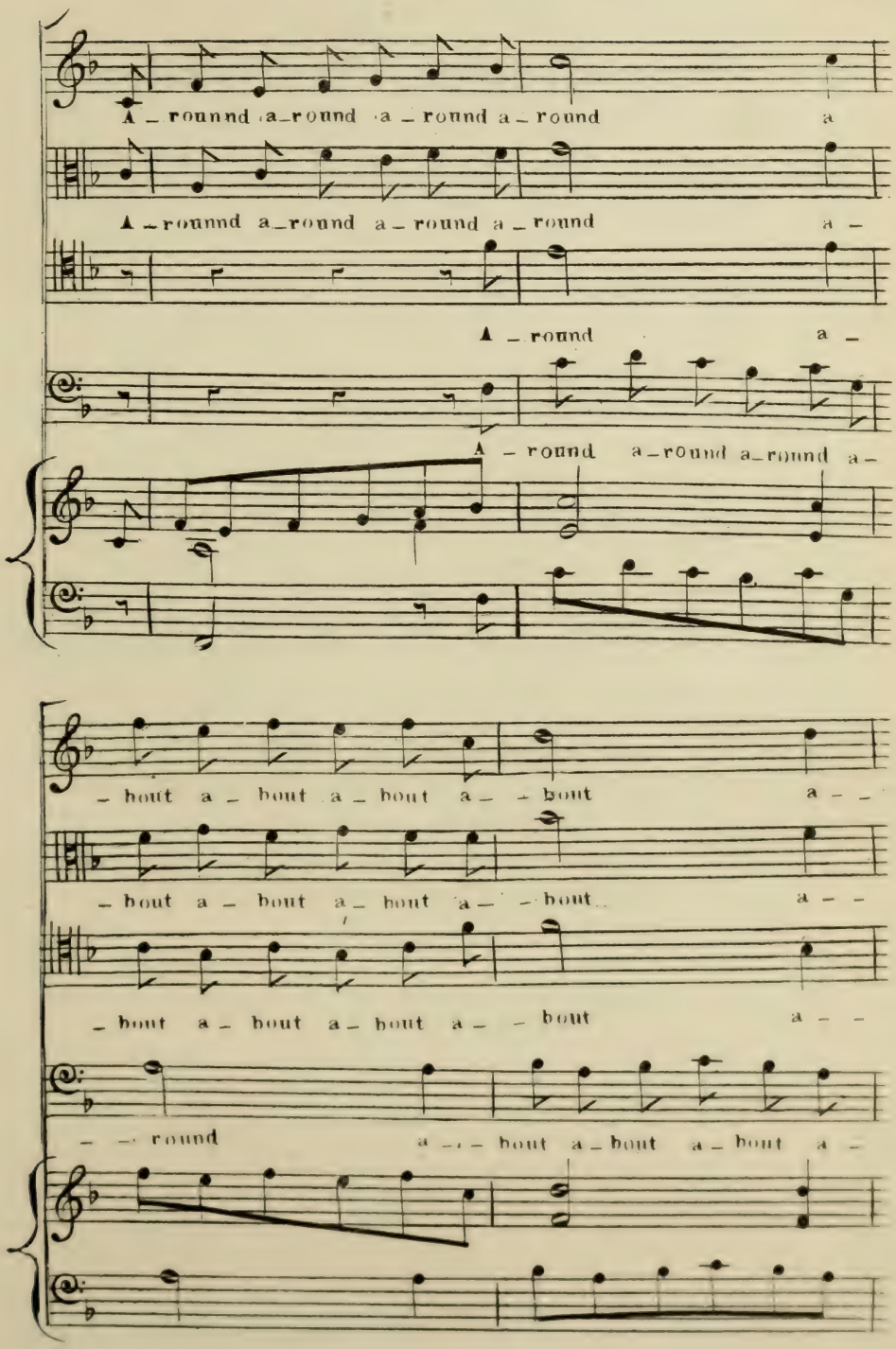
these 'twill raise the stench.

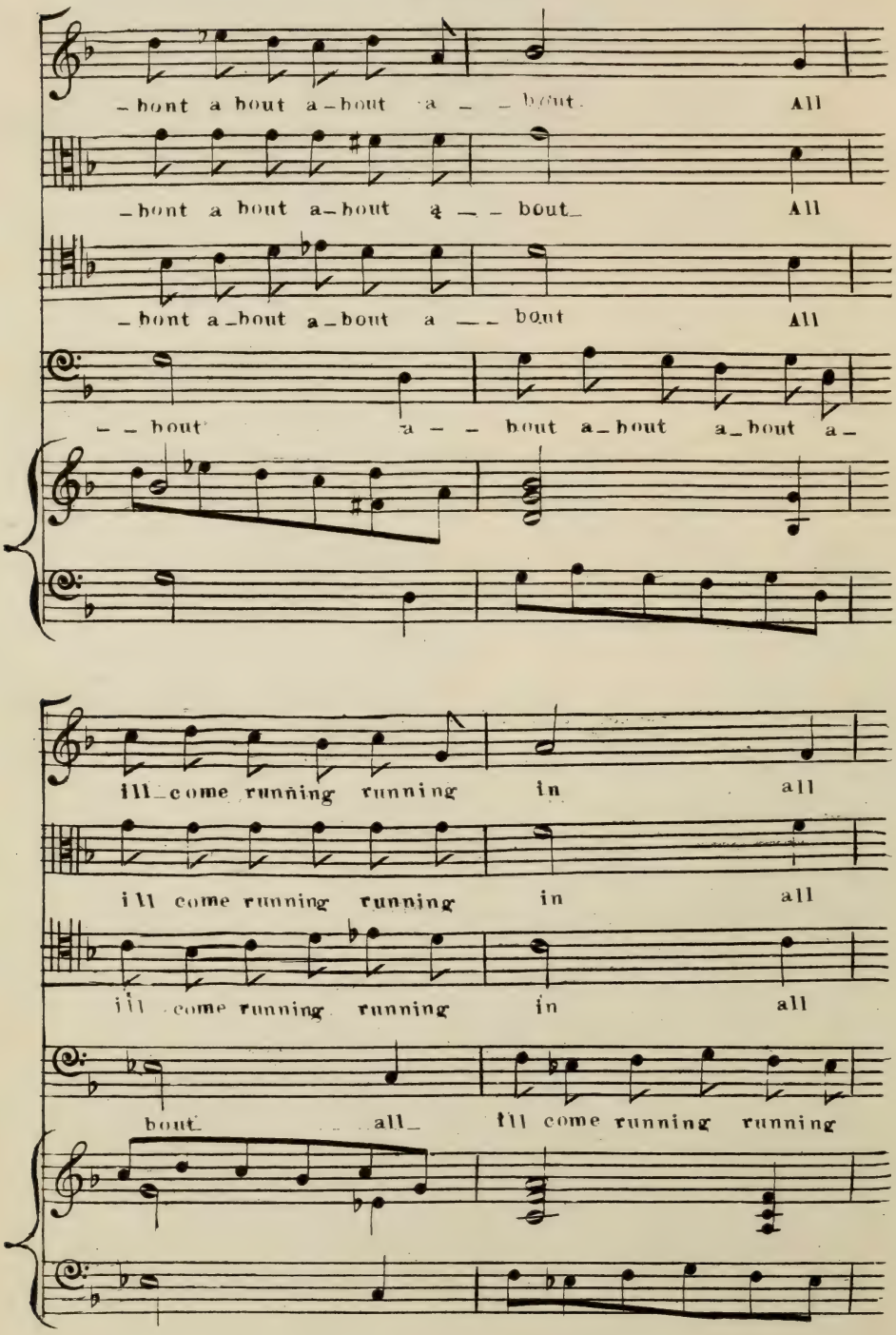
these 'twill raise the stench.

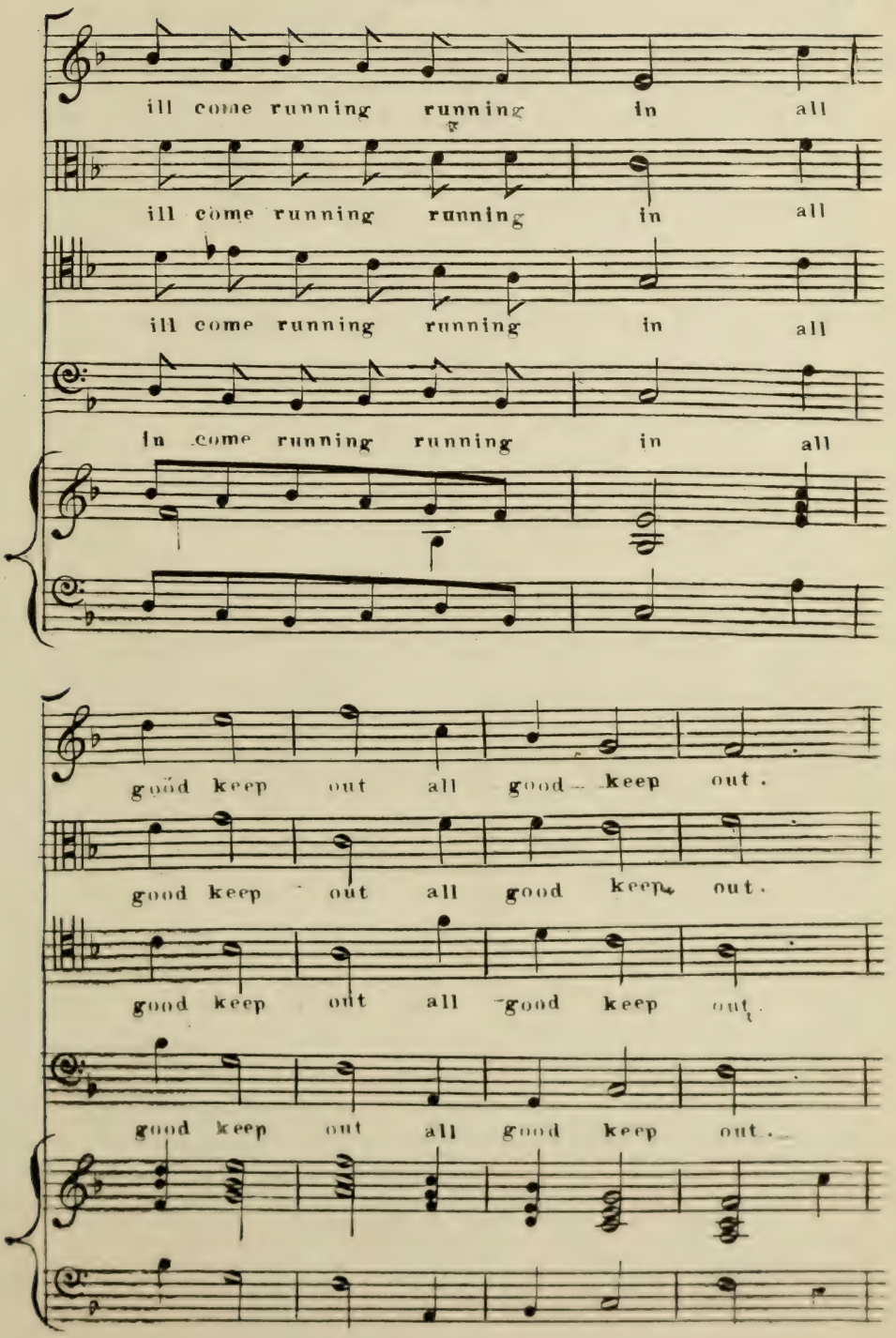
these 'twill raise the stench.

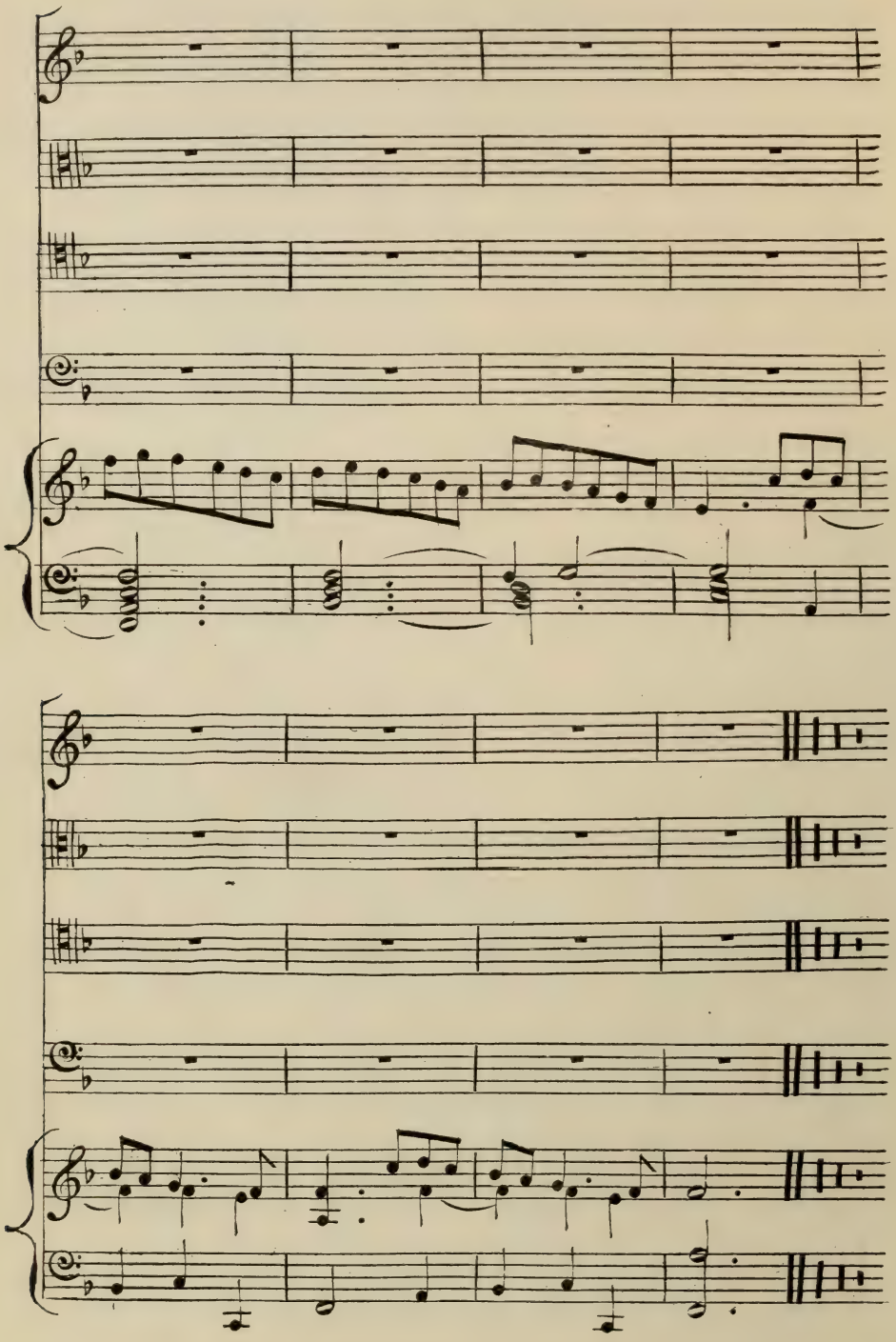
HECATE

Hold here's three ounces of a red haird wench.


A _ rounnd a_round a _ round a _ round a
A _ rounnd a_round a _ round a _ round a _
A _ round a _
A _ round a_round a_round a_
_ bout a _ bout a _ bout a _ _ bout a _ _
_ bout a _ bout a _ bout a _ _ bout a _ _
_ bout a _ bout a _ bout a _ _ bout a _ _
_ _ round a _ _ bout a _ bout a _ bout a _


-bont a bout a-bout a - - bout. All
-bont a bout a-bout a - - bout All
-bont a-bout a-bout a - - bout All
- - bout a - - bout a-bout a-bout a-
ill-come running running in all
ill come running running in all
ill come running running in all
bout all ill come running running


ill come running running in all
ill come running running in all
ill come running running in all
in come running running in all
good keep out all good keep out.
good keep out all good keep out.
good keep out all good keep out.
good keep out all good keep out.



THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

Measure for Measure.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

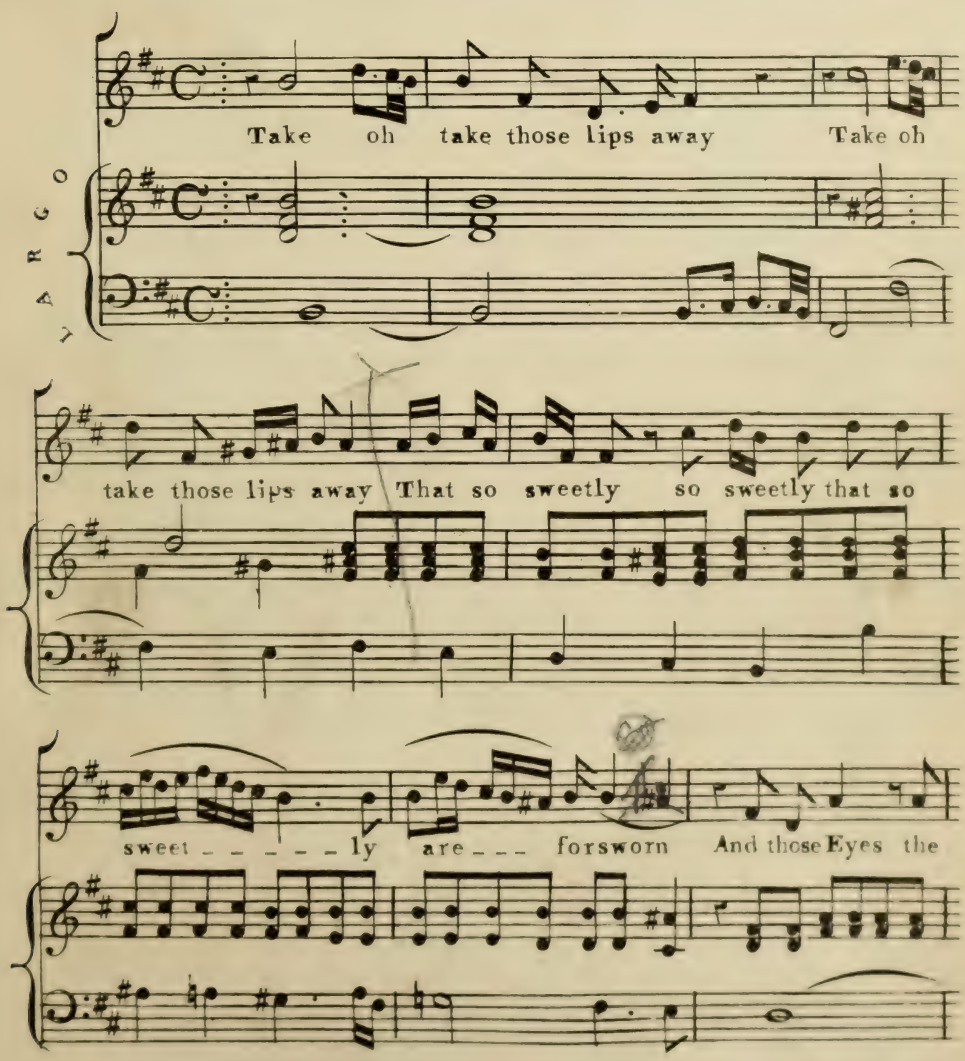
Publisher of Theatrical Music,

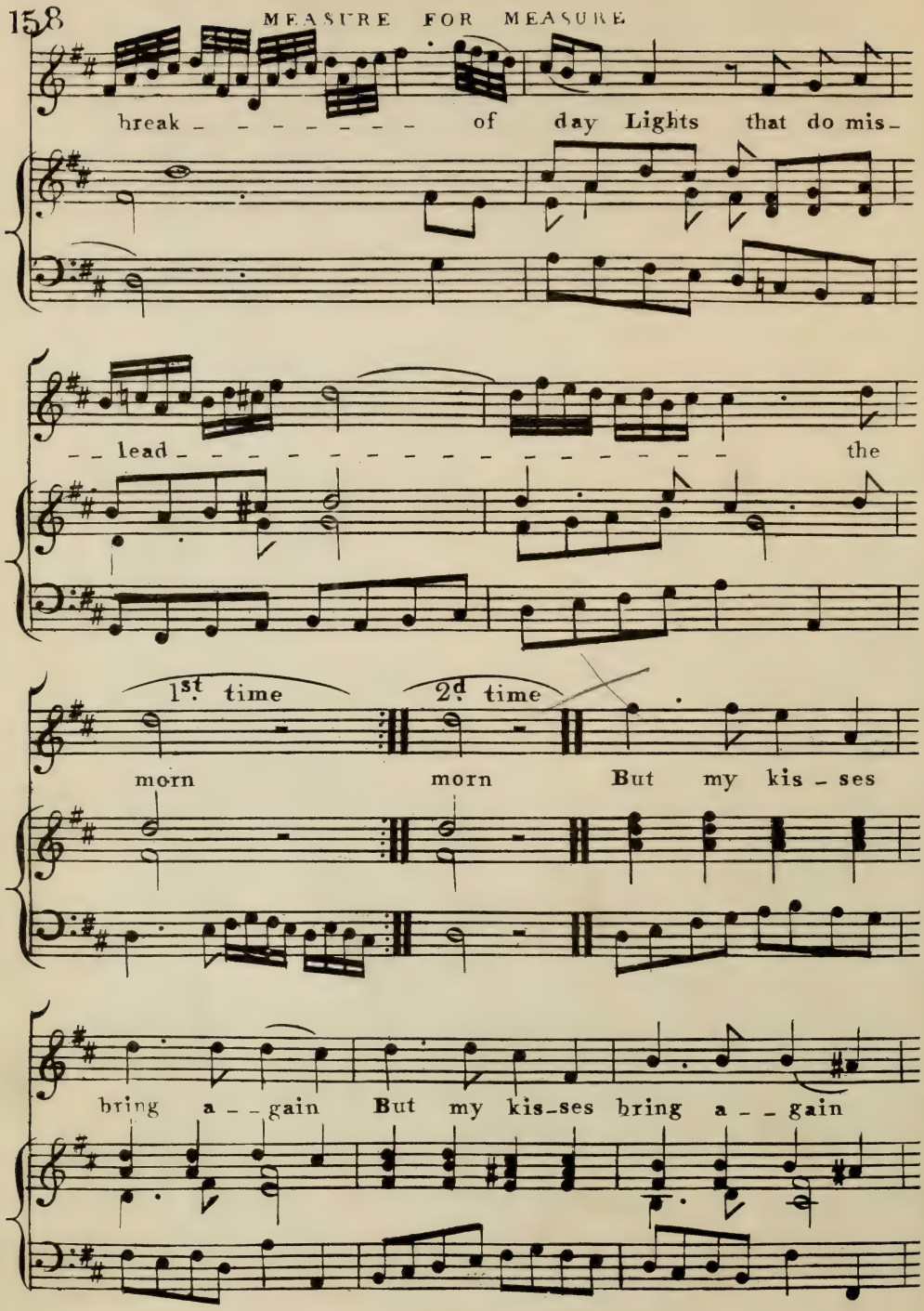
89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

TAKE OH TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

Composed by Weldon. Arranged by J. Addison.

Act 4. Scene 1.




break - - - - - - - of day Lights that do mis-
- - lead - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - the
1st time
2d time
morn morn But my kis - ses
bring a - - gain But my kis-ses bring a - - gain

bring bring bring bring bring - - - - -

- - - a - gain

f

But my kis - ses bring a - gain But my kis - ses

bring a - - gain Seals of love Seals of love tho

seal'd -

- - - - - - tho' seal'd in vain Seals of love - - - - -

- tho

seal'd in vain tho seal'd - - - - - - in vain

THE

Vocal Music

TO

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

MERCHANT of VENICE.

THOMAS HAILES LACY.

Publisher of Theatrical Music.

89, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Merchant of Venice.

ANDANTE

mf

f p f

Tell me where is fan - - cy bred

p f

Or in the heart or in the head, Where begot,

p

where nourish - ed reply reply reply re-

reply reply re-ply

f p

It is en-

f

1st time 2d time

-genderd in the Eye By gazing fed

and fancy lies - - - - - in the cradle the

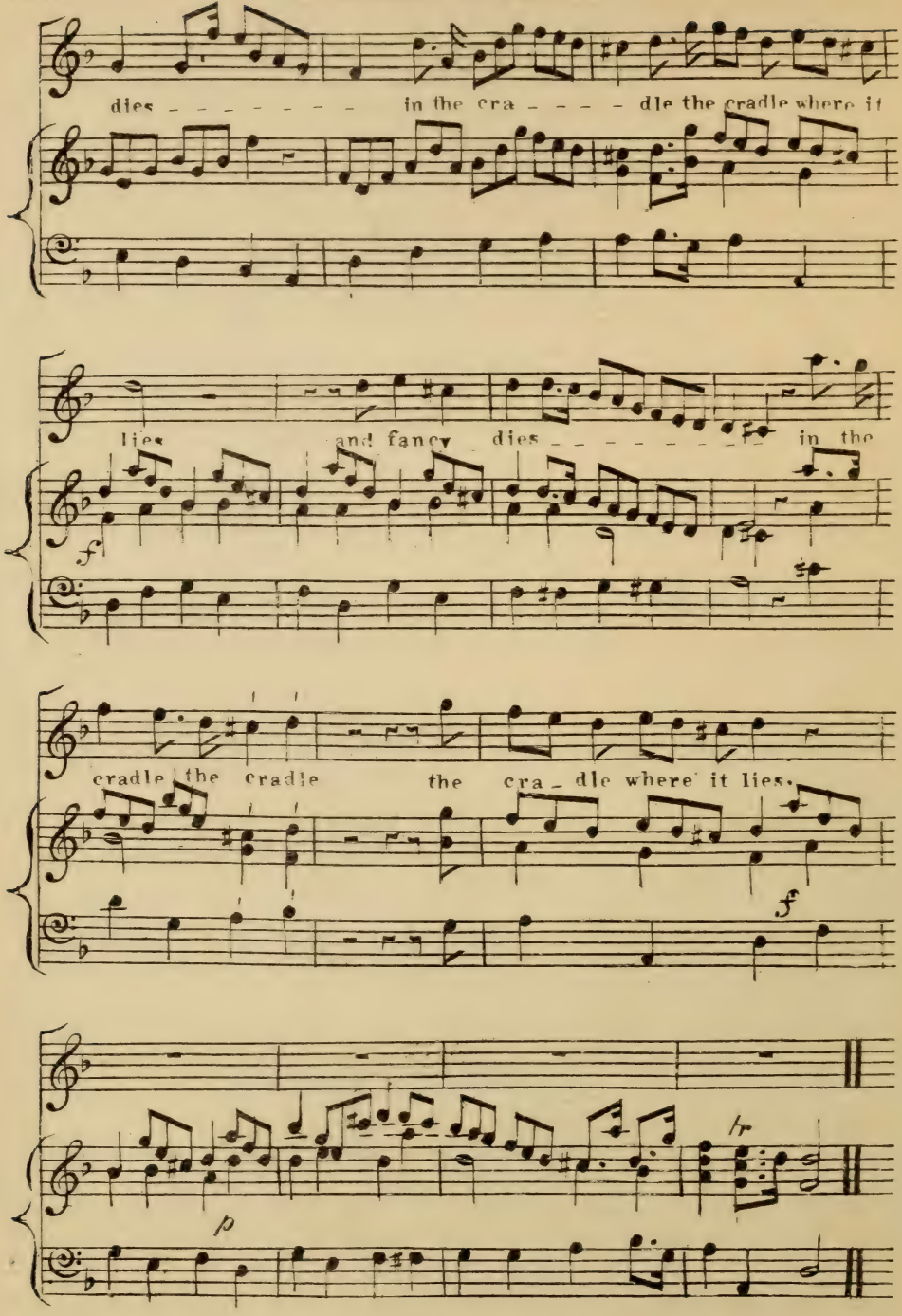
cra - - dle where it lies

it is en - gendered in the eye

DOLCE

By gazing fed by gazing fed and fancy

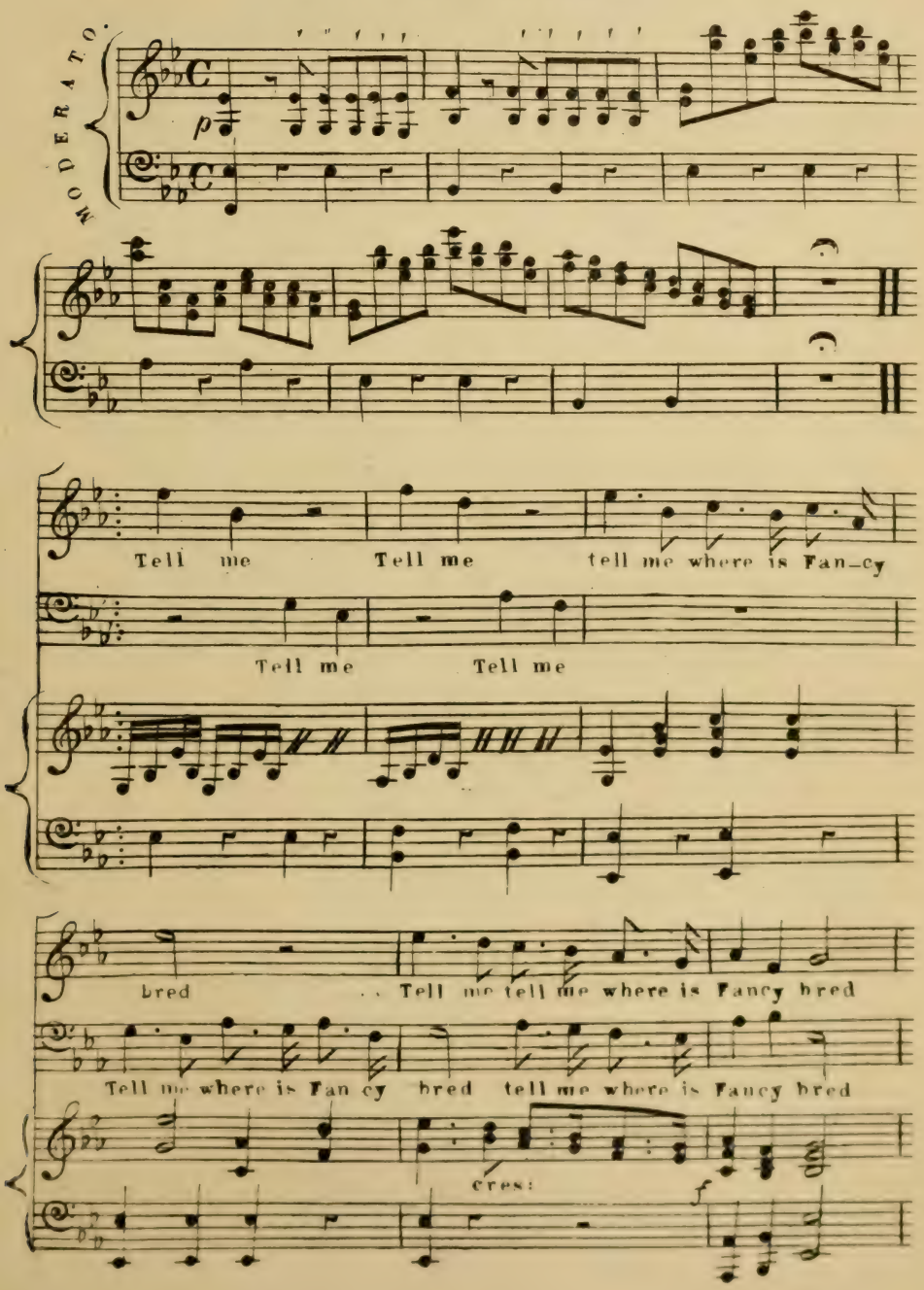
p

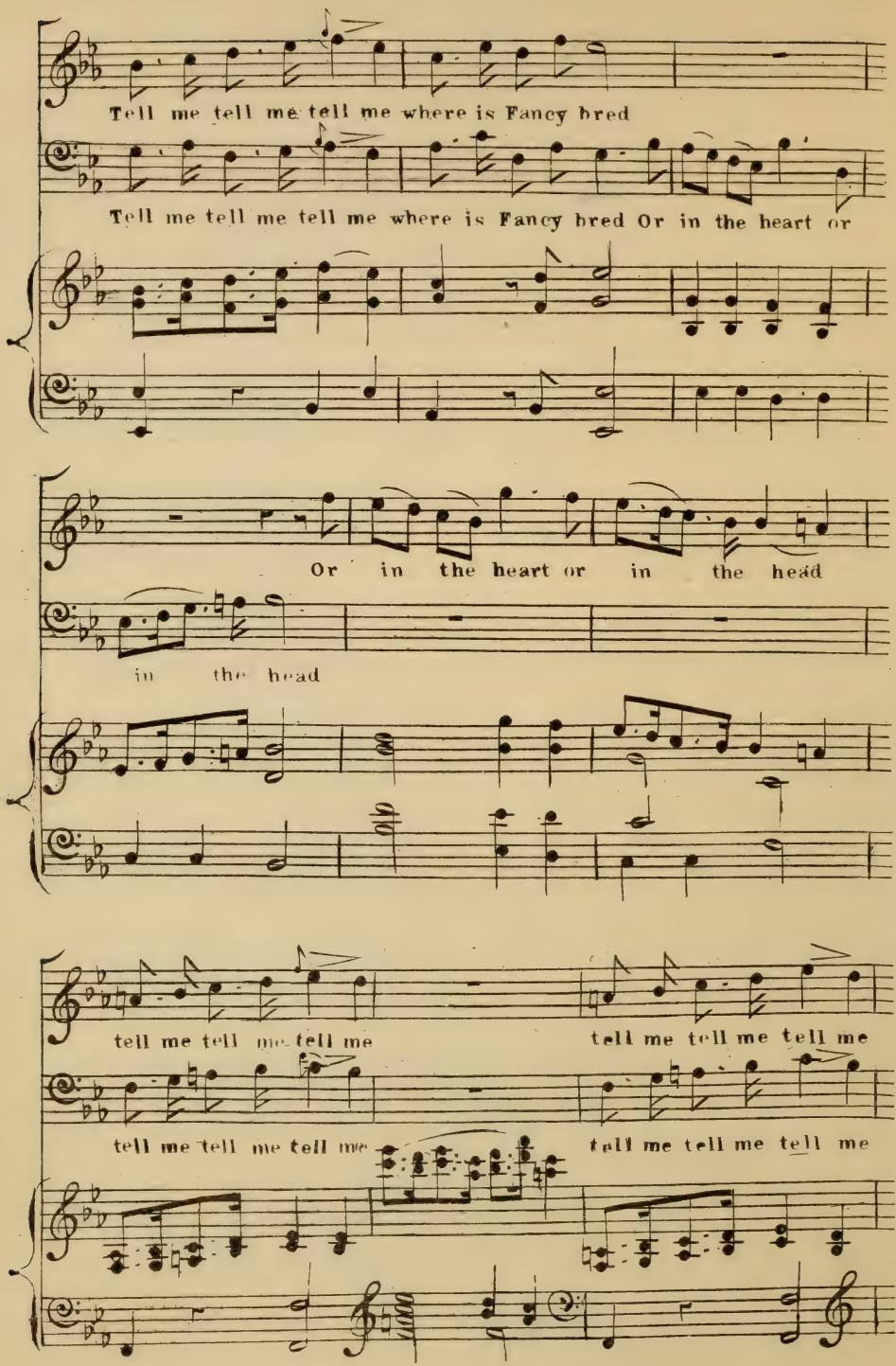

dies - - - - - - - - in the cra - - - - dle the cradle where it
lies and fancy dies - - - - - - - - in the
f
cradle the cradle the cra - dle where it lies.
f
p
tr

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED

Composed by

SIR JOHN STEVESON




Tell me tell me tell me where is Fancy bred
Tell me tell me tell me where is Fancy bred Or in the heart or
Or in the heart or in the head
in the head
tell me tell me tell me
tell me tell me tell me
tell me tell me tell me
tell me tell me tell me

tell me tell me where is Fan_cy bred

tell me tell me where is Fan_cy bred

1st time 2d time

Tell me tell me where is Fancy bred Fancy bred

Tell me tell me where is Fancy bred Fancy bred

how be_got how nourished how be

how be_got how nourished how be

p

-got how nourished re-ply reply re-ply reply reply

-got how nourished It

f p

It is engen-der'd in the eye

is engender'd in the eye It is engen-der'd in the eye

ad lib. expres.

en-gen-der'd in the eye With ga - - zing fed and

en-gen-der'd in the eye

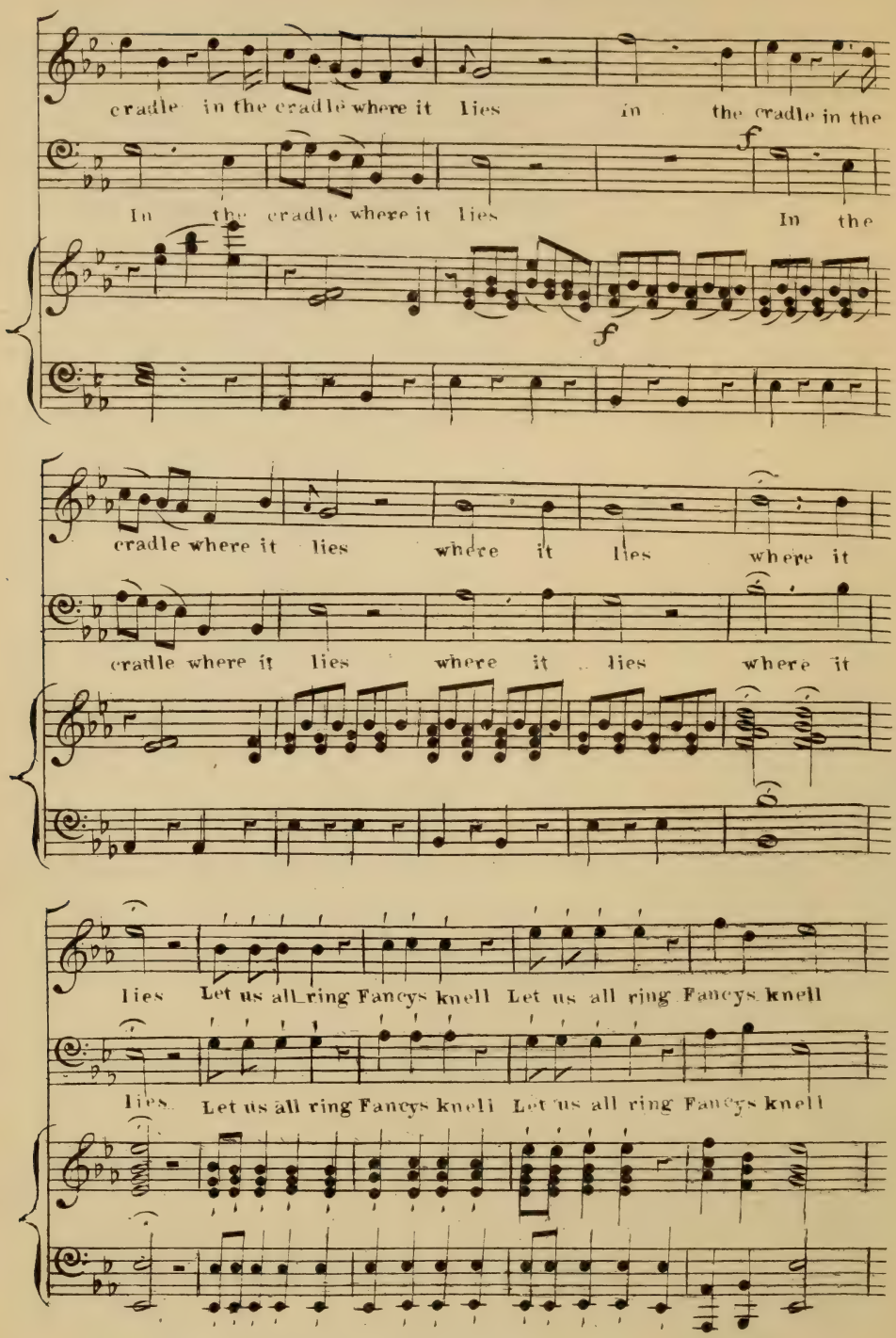
fan _ cy dies With ga _ _ _ zing fed; _ _ and Fan _ cy

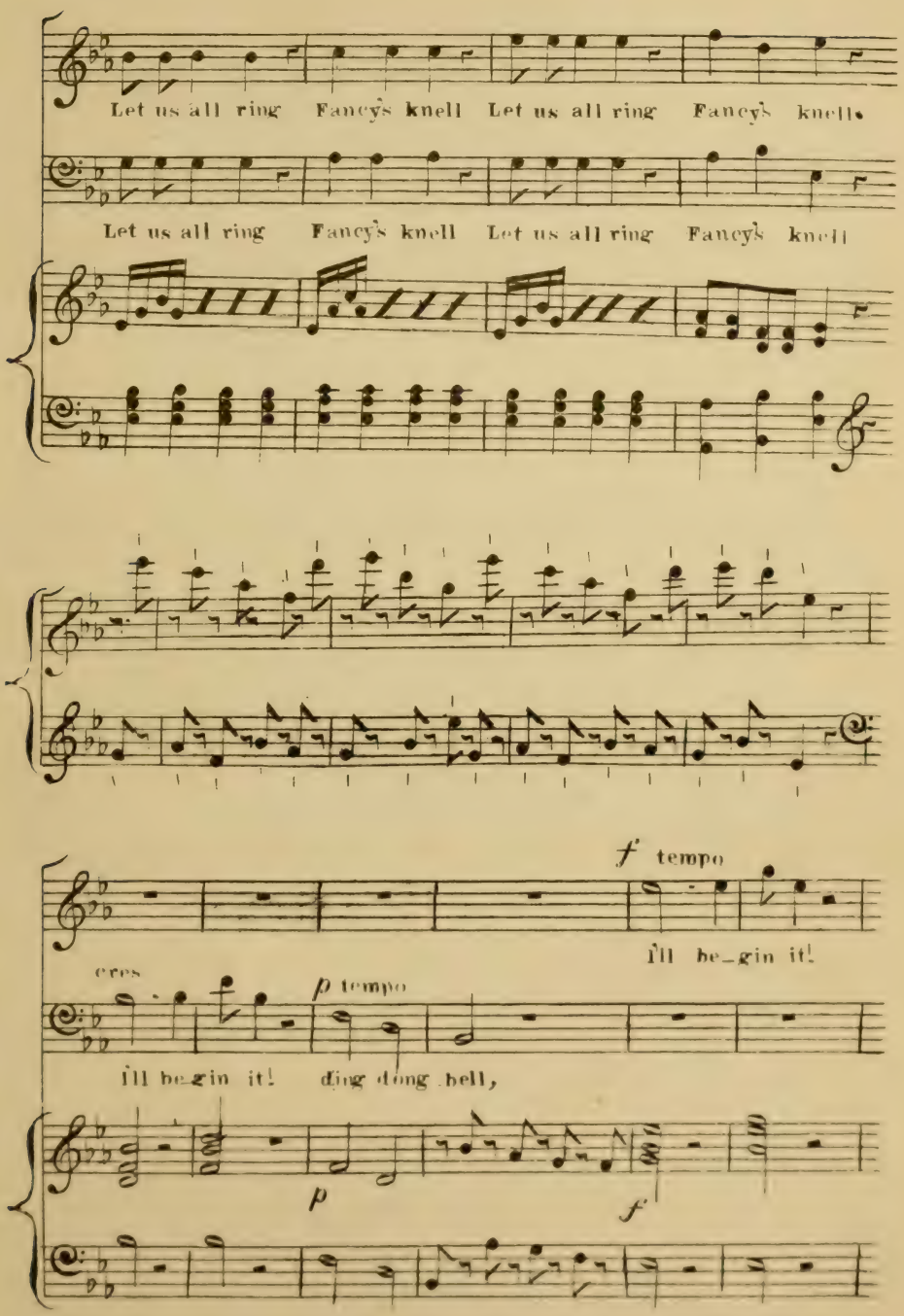
dies In the cradle where it lies In the cradle where it

In the cradle where it lies In the cradle where it

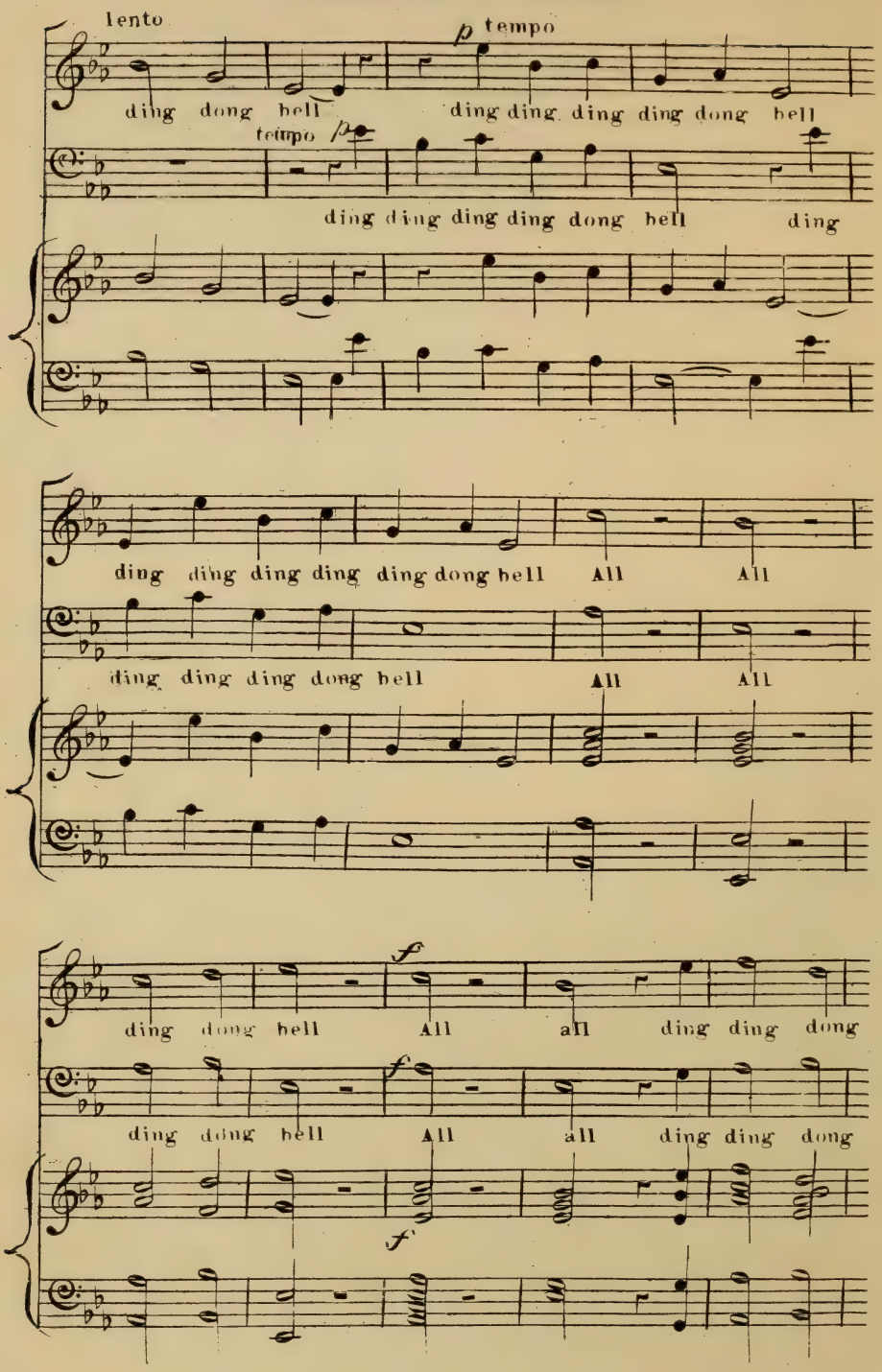
lies By ga _ _ zing fed and fan _ _ cy dies In the

lies By ga _ _ zing fed and fan _ _ cy dies


cradle in the cradle where it lies in the cradle in the
In the cradle where it lies In the
f
f
cradle where it lies where it lies where it
cradle where it lies where it lies where it
lies Let us all ring Fancys knell Let us all ring Fancys knell
lies Let us all ring Fancys knell Let us all ring Fancys knell


Let us all ring Fancy's knell Let us all ring Fancy's knell.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell Let us all ring Fancy's knell
f tempo
I'll be_gin it!
cres
p tempo
I'll be_gin it! ding dong bell,
p
f

MERCHANT OF VENICE



bell

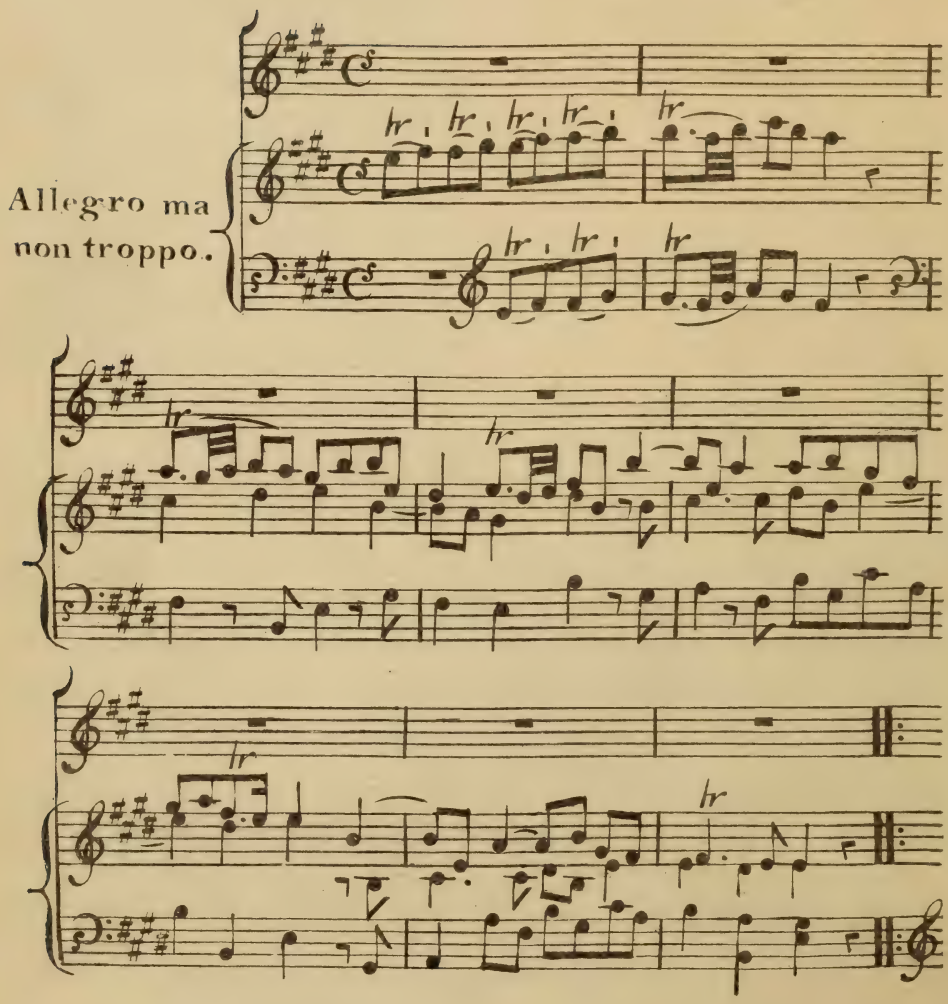
bell ding ding ding ding dong bell ding

ding ding ding dong bell

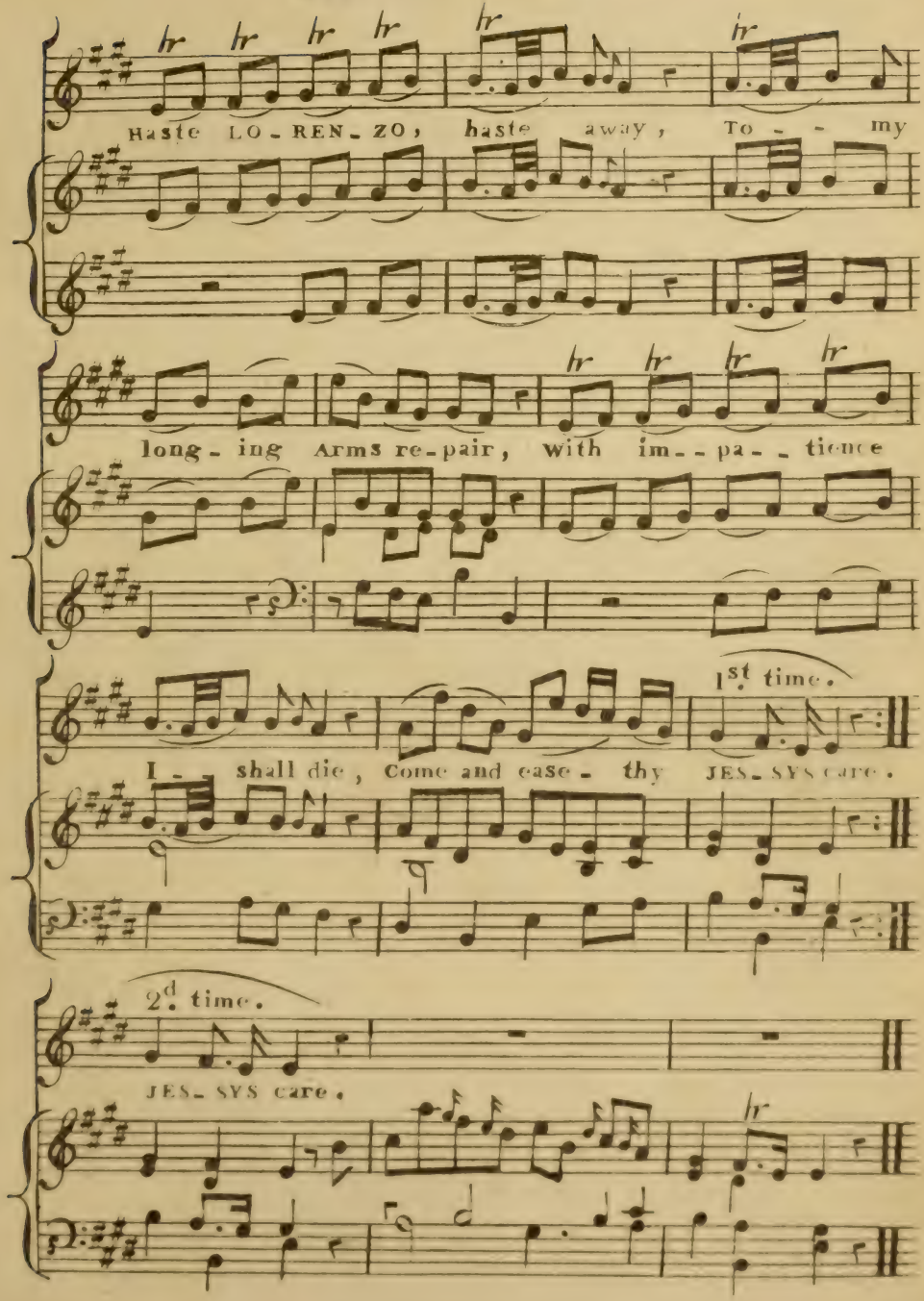
pp

pp lentando

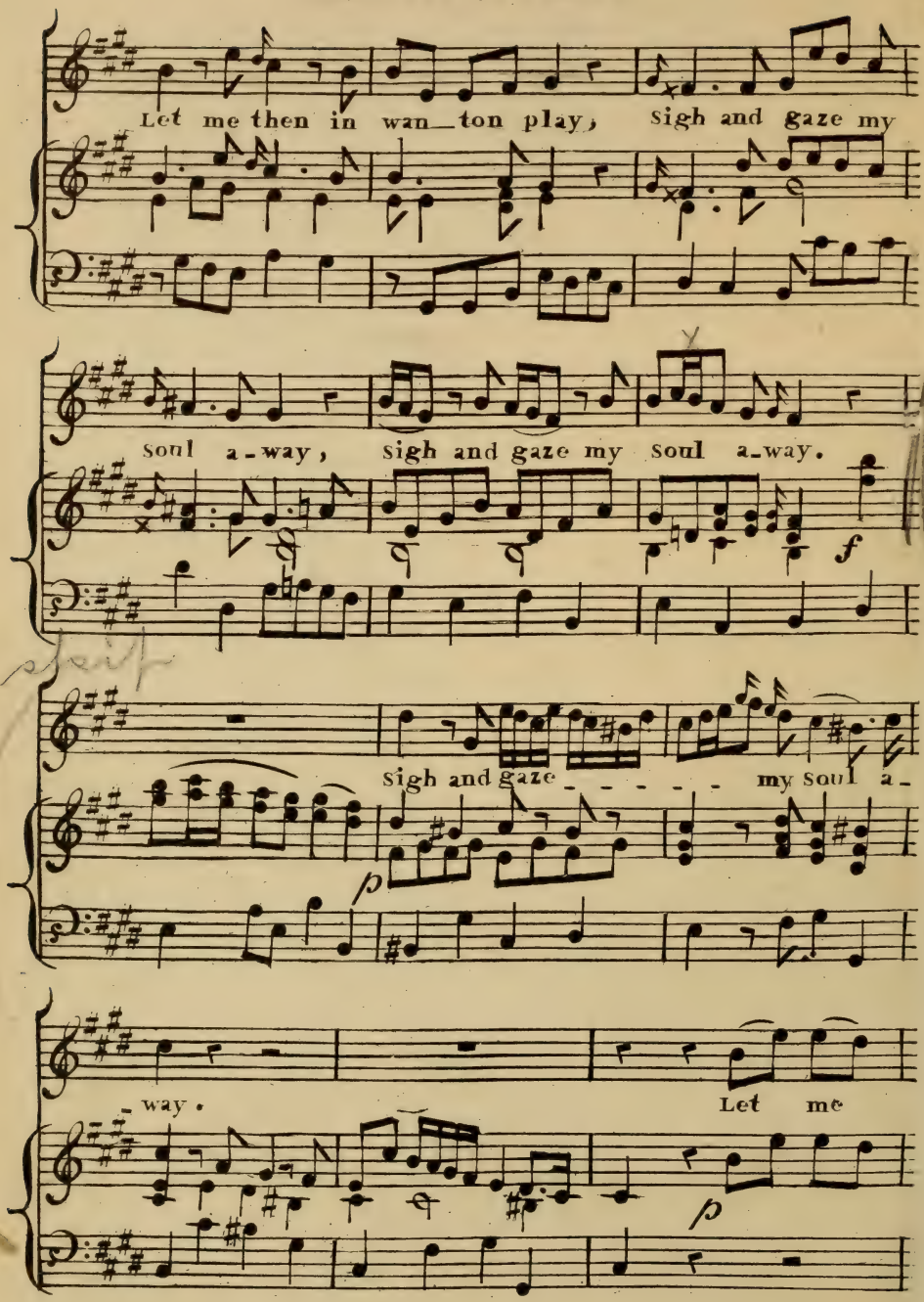
Haste Lorenzo

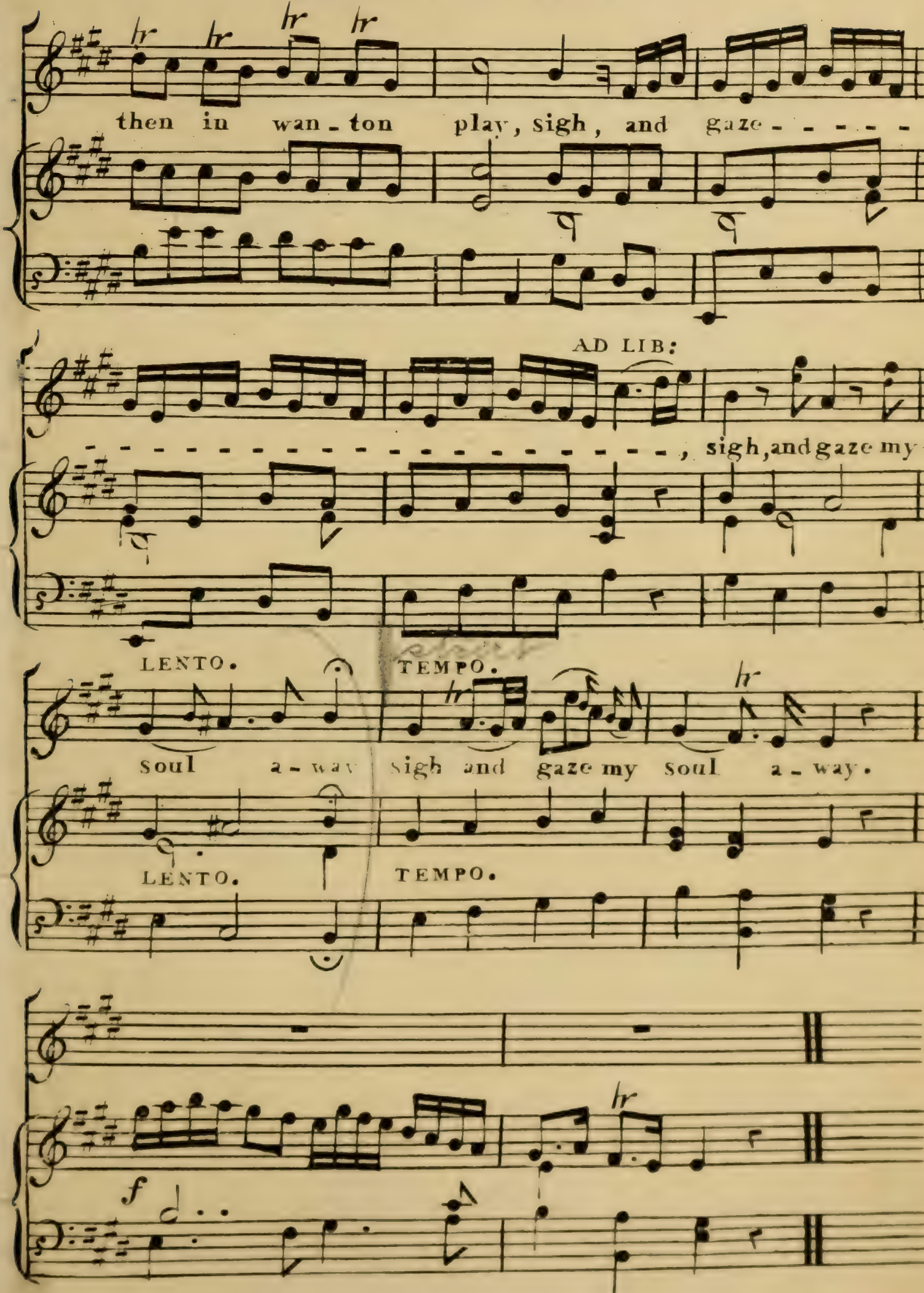


MERCHANT OF VENICE.

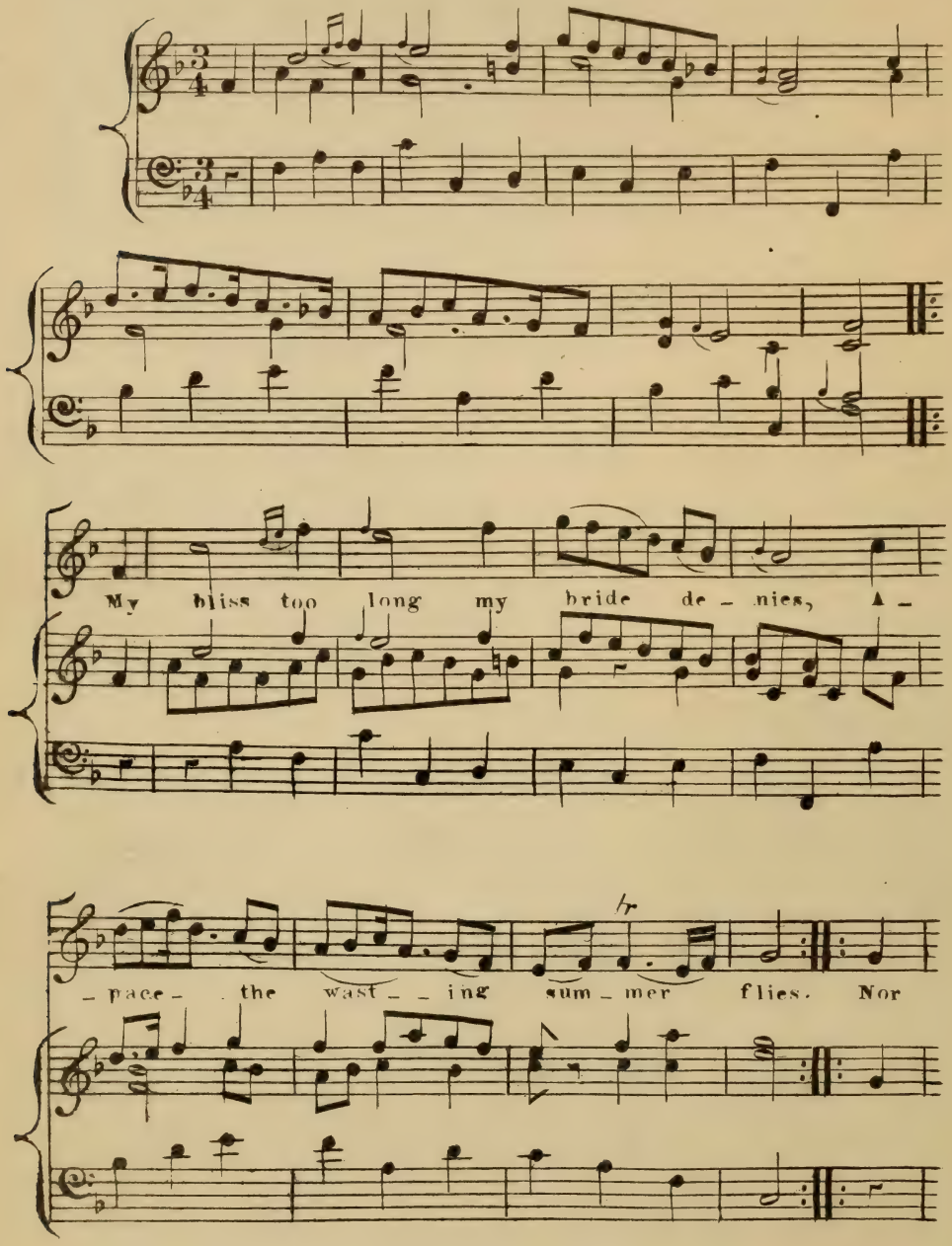


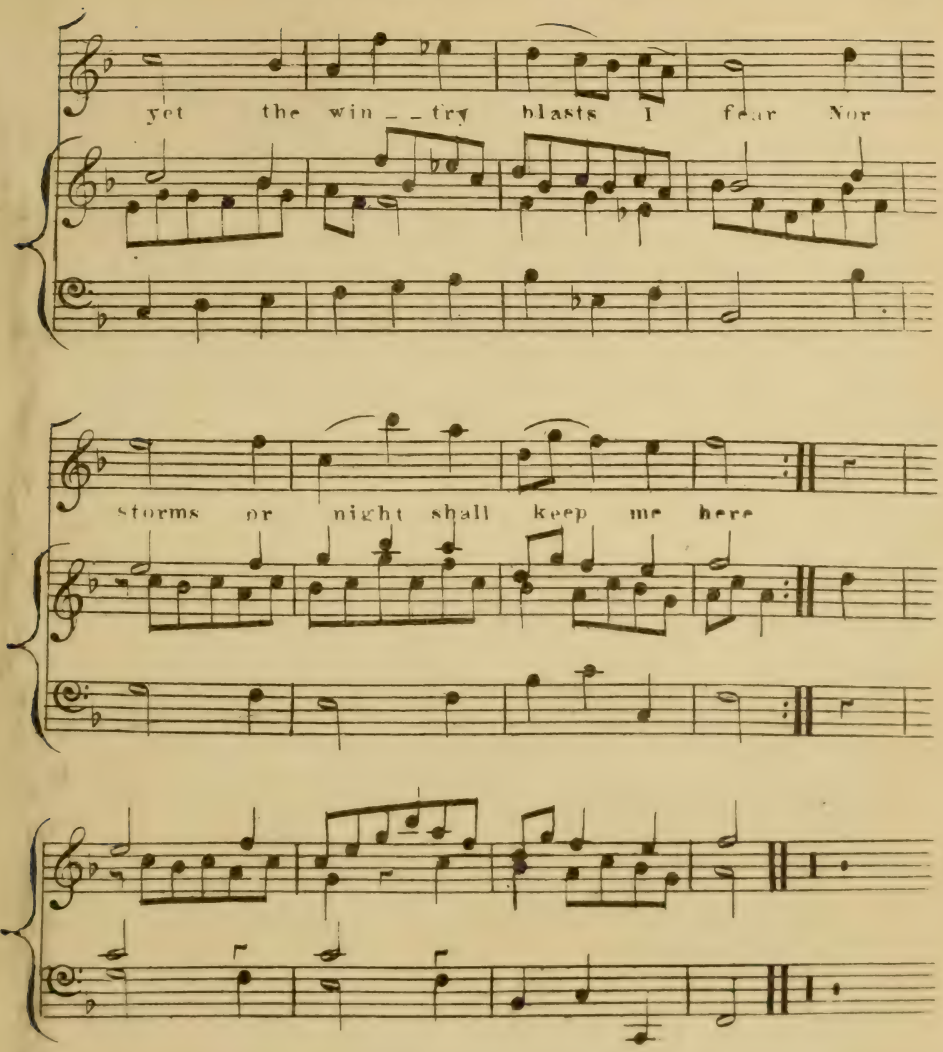
MERCHANT OF VENICE




then in wan - ton play, sigh, and gaze - - - - -
AD LIB:
- -, sigh, and gaze my
LENTO.
TEMPO.
soul a - way sigh and gaze my soul a - way.
LENTO.
TEMPO.
f

My bliss too long my Bride denies.





2

What may for strength with steel compare.
Oh Love has fetters stronger far;
By bolts of steel are Limbs confin'd,
But cruel Love enchains the mind.

3

Nor longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment the first are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away to JESSY haste away.

To keep my gentle Jessy.

A MEZZA VOCE.

Andante.

p

f

p

To keep my gentle JESSY, what labour could seem

hard, Each

f *p*

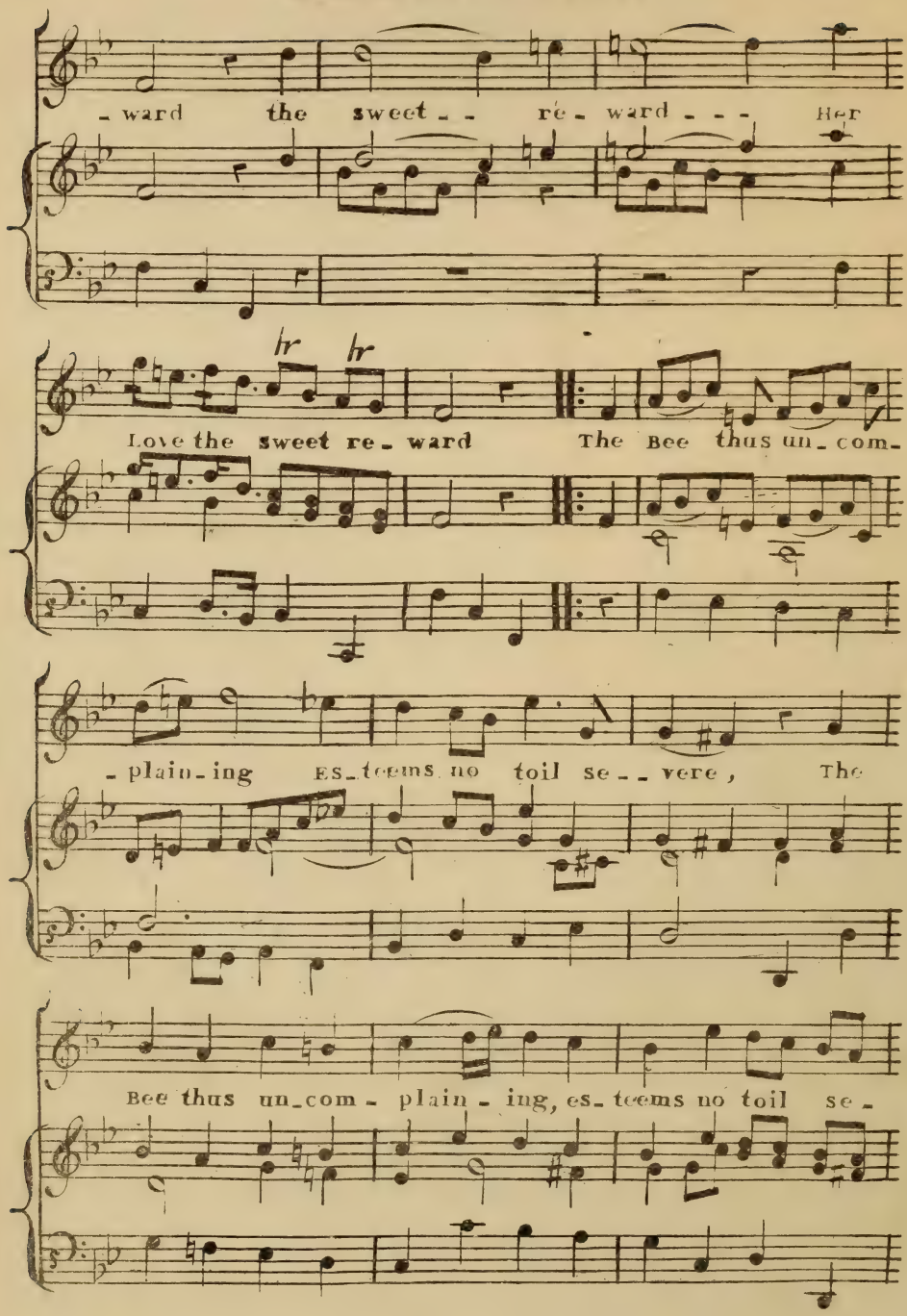
toilsome task how ea - - sy, Her Love the sweet re -

- - ward, the

f

sweet - re - - ward, Her Love the sweet re -

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

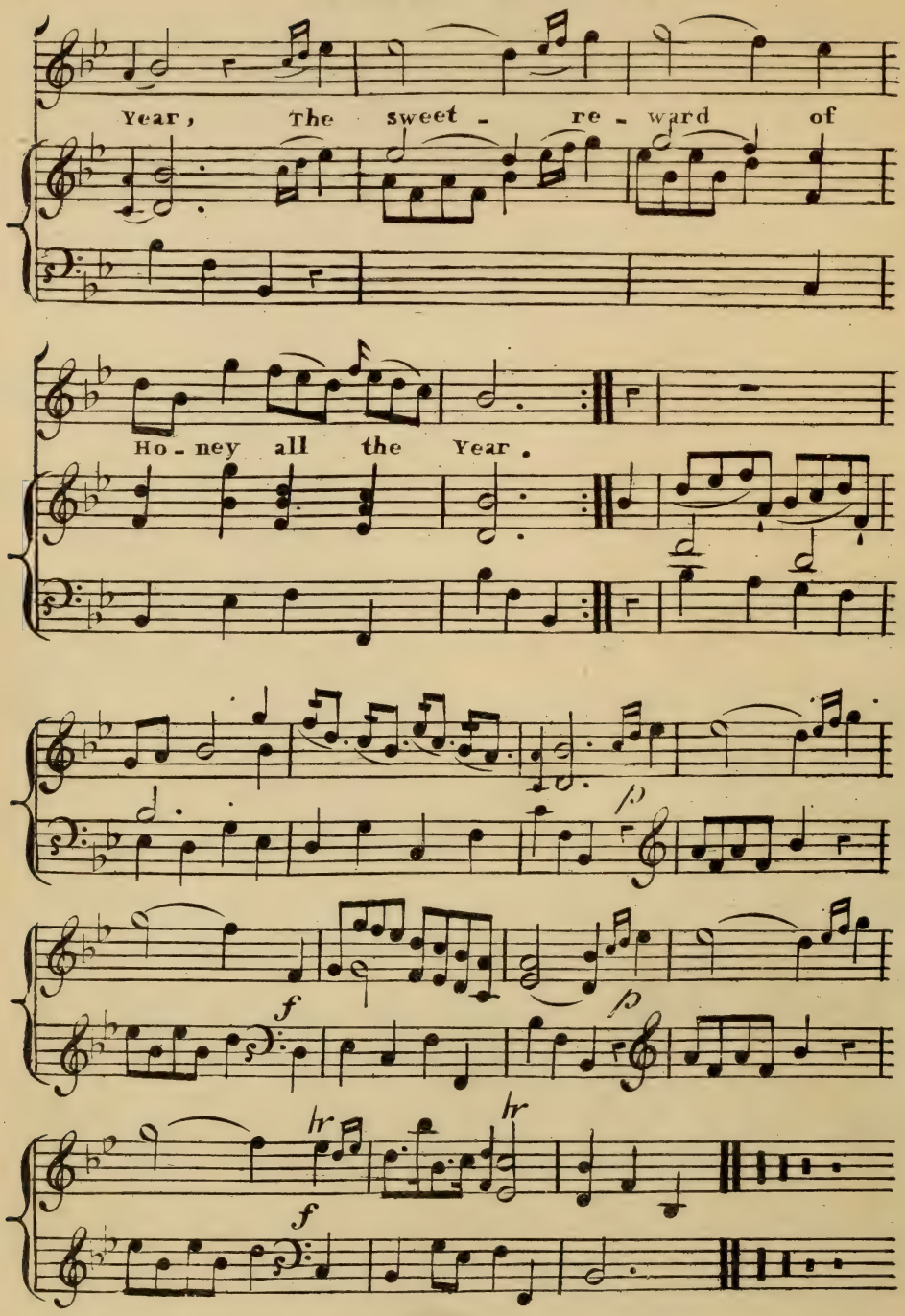


-vere, The sweet re-ward ob---tain--ing, of

Ho-ney all the Year The sweet re-ward ob-

-tain-ing, of Ho-ney all the Year, The

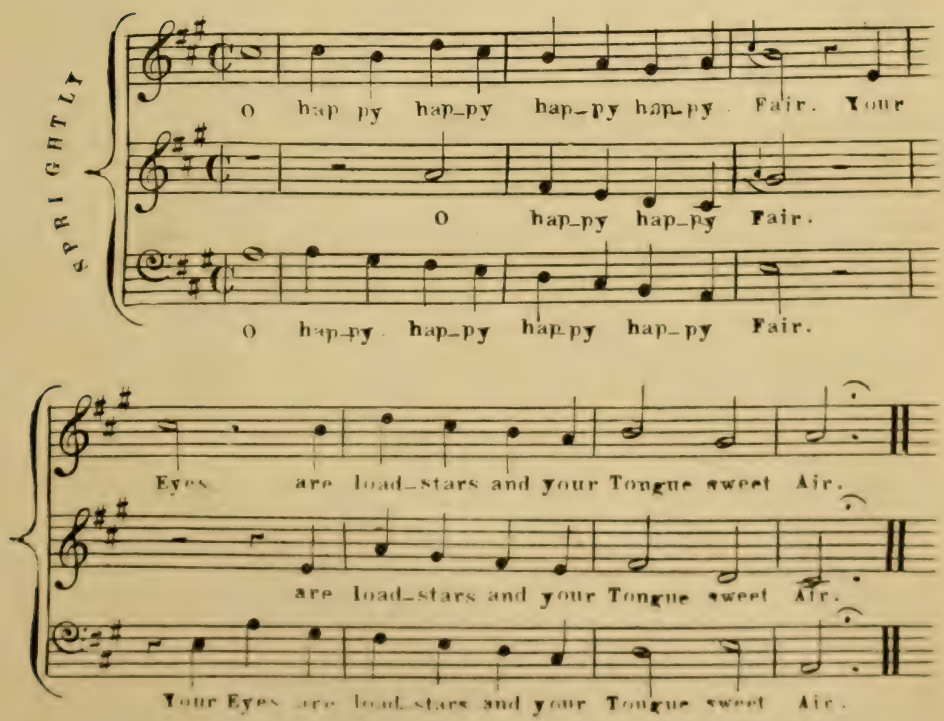
sweet re--ward of Ho--ney all the


Year, The sweet - re - ward of
Ho - ney all the Year.
p
f
p
hr
hr
f

Happy Fair.

SERENADE. COMPOSED BY W. SHIELD.

This admired composition having been introduced by Mr Charles Kean in his splended revival of the Merchant of Venice gives it a place in this Work. The Poetry from the first scene of the Midsummer Nights Dream.



More tune_a_ble than Lark to Shep_herds ear When

More tune_able than Lark to Shepherds ear

More

Wheat is green when Hawthornbuds ap_pear More

More tunea_ble. More tuneable than

tuneable than Lark when wheat is green when Hawthorn_buds appear More

tune_a_ble than Lark to Shep_herds ear.

DA CAPO

Lark than Lark to Shep_herds ear.

tune a ble_than Lark to Shep_herds ear.

More tune_a_ble than Lark to Shep_herds ear

More

when

tunea_ble than Lark to Shep_ _ herds ear when

More tunea_ble than Lark to

wheat is green when Hawthorn buds ap_pear when wheat is

wheat is green when Hawthorn buds ap_pear when wheat is

Shepherds ear when Hawthorn buds ap_pear when wheat is

green when Hawthorn buds ap_pear More tune_a_ble than

green when Hawthorn buds ap_pear More

green when Hawthorn buds ap_pear

Lark when wheat is green More

tunea_ble than Lark to Shepherds ear More

More

tune_a_ble than Lark _ _ to Shep_herds

tune_a_ble than Lark to Shep_herds

tune_a_ble than Lark to Shep_herds

ear when Wheat is green when

ear when

ear _ _ _ when Wheat _ is _ green_

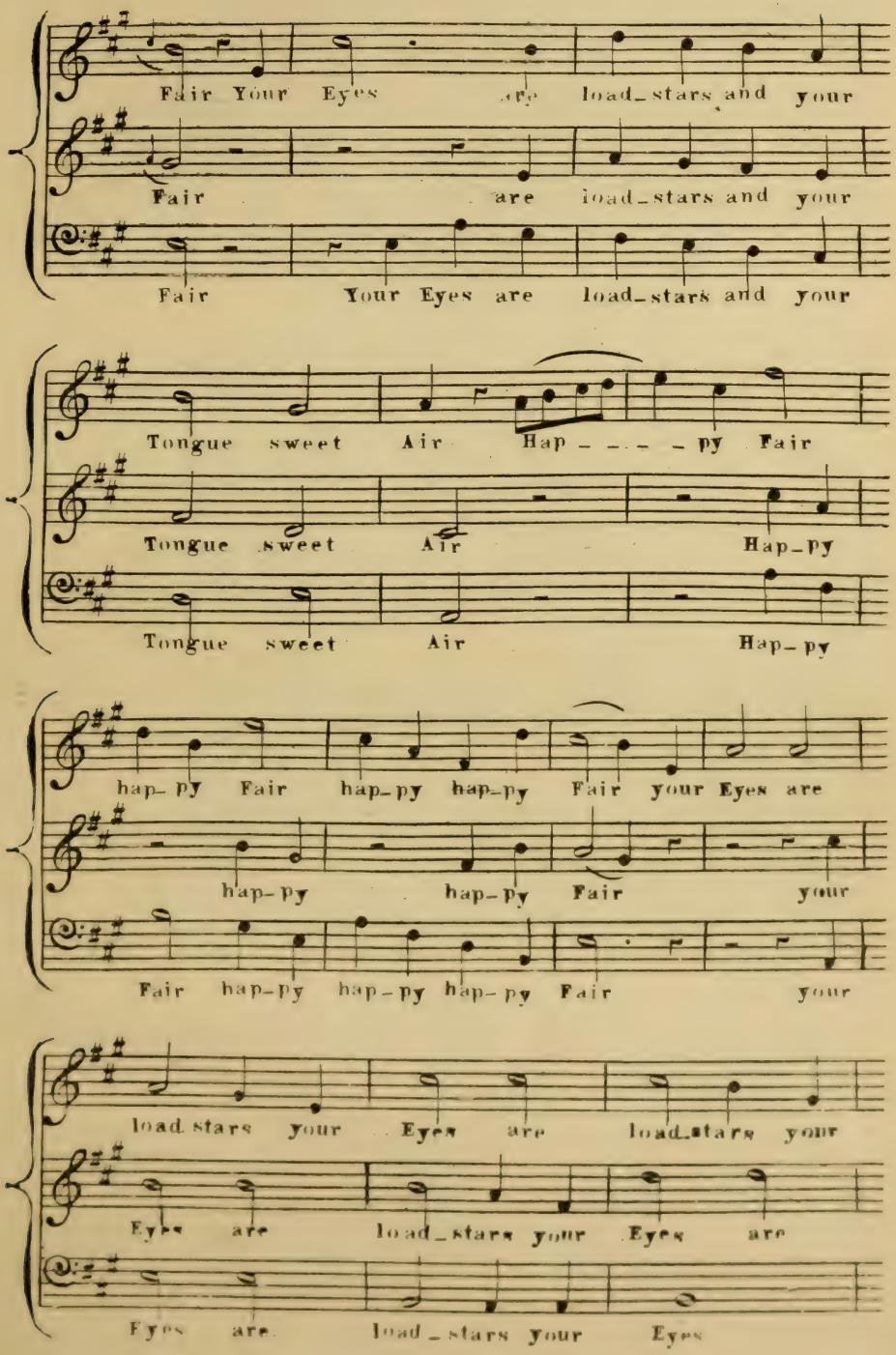
_ Hawthorn_ buds ap_ _ _ pear_

Hawthorn_ buds ap _ _ _ pear_ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _

O _ _ _ _ hap_py hap_py hap_py hap_py

_ _ _ _ _ _ O hap_py hap_py

O hap_py hap_py hap_py hap_py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Tongue sweet Air.

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L. Lindsey
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